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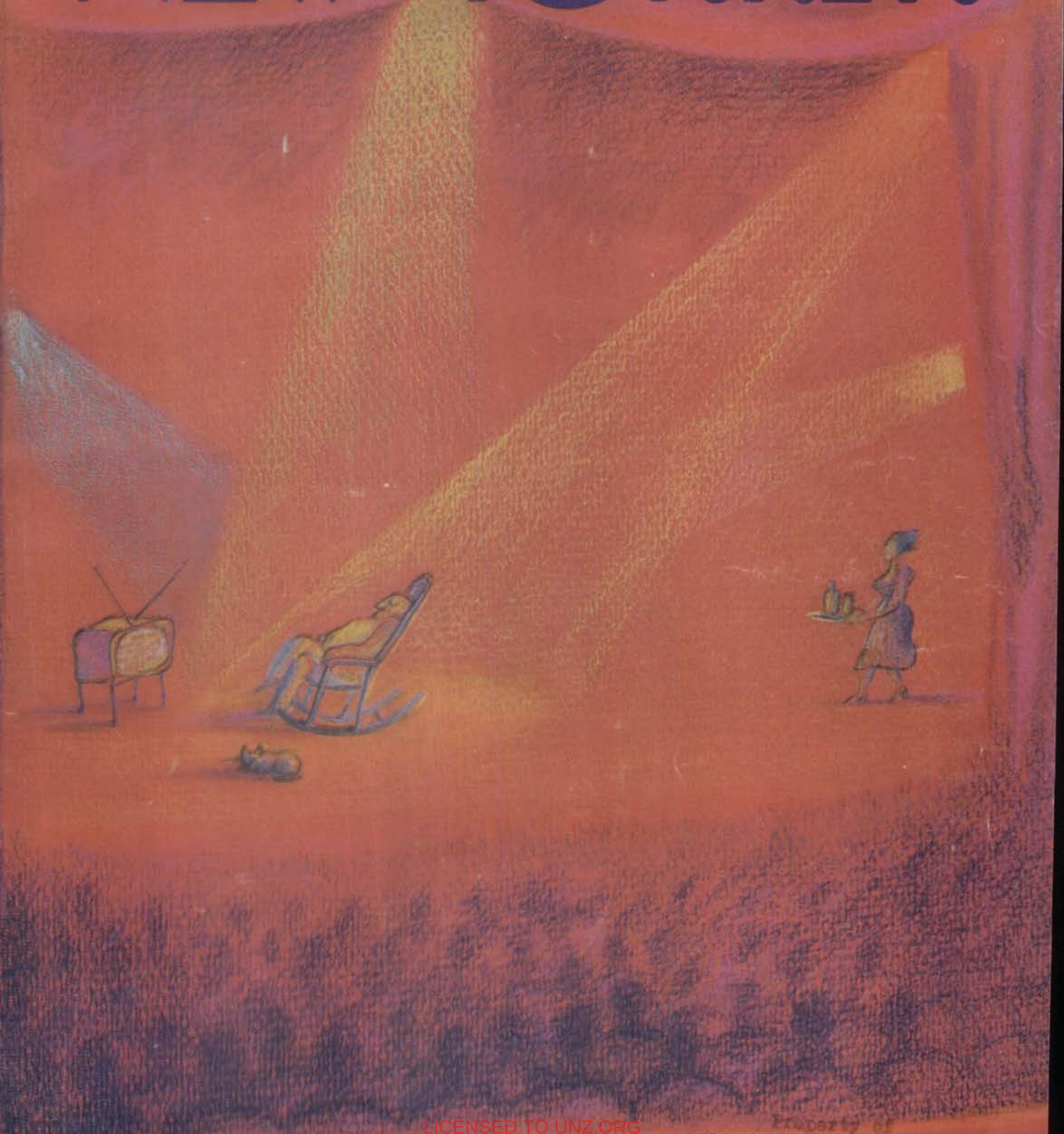

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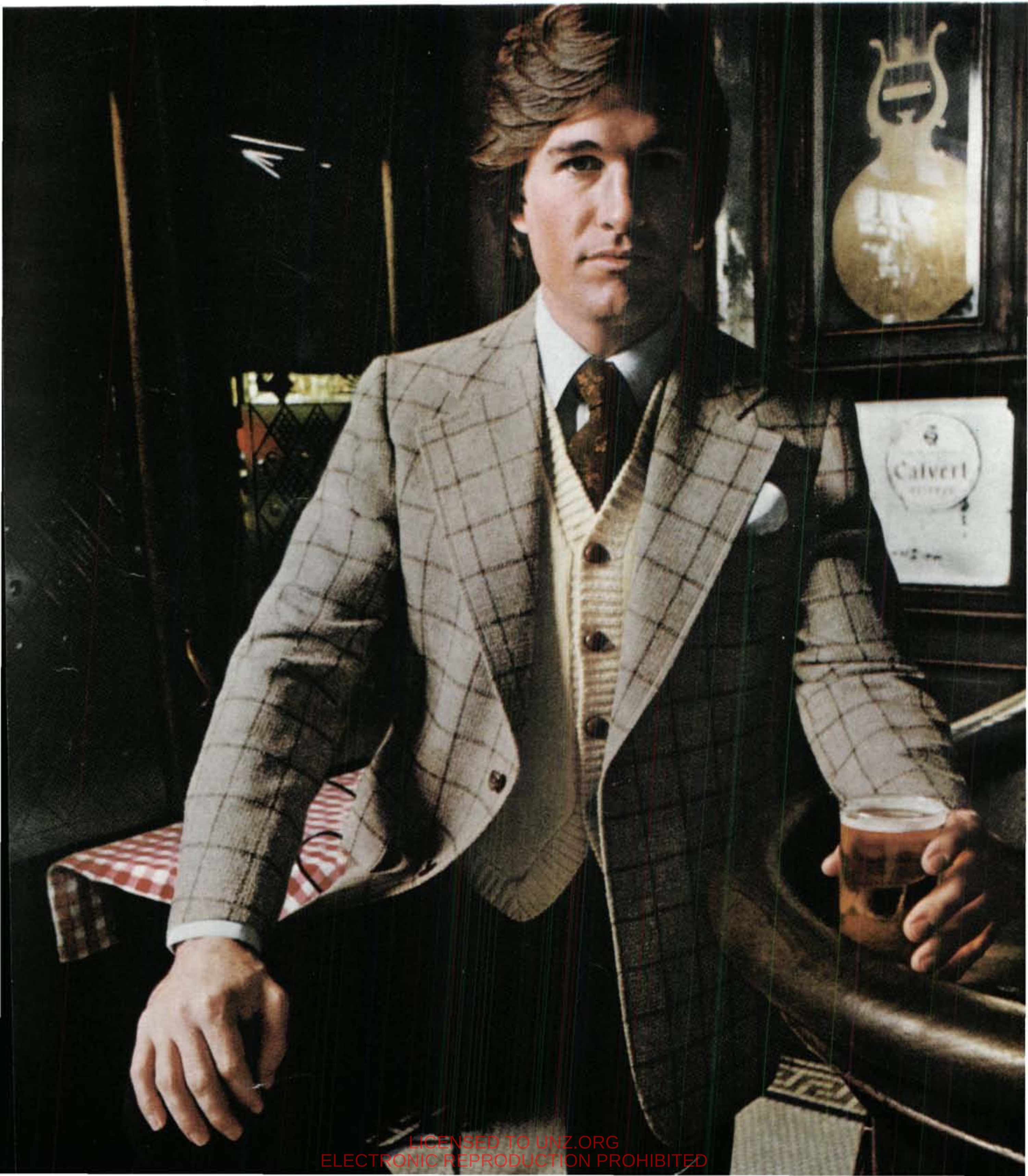

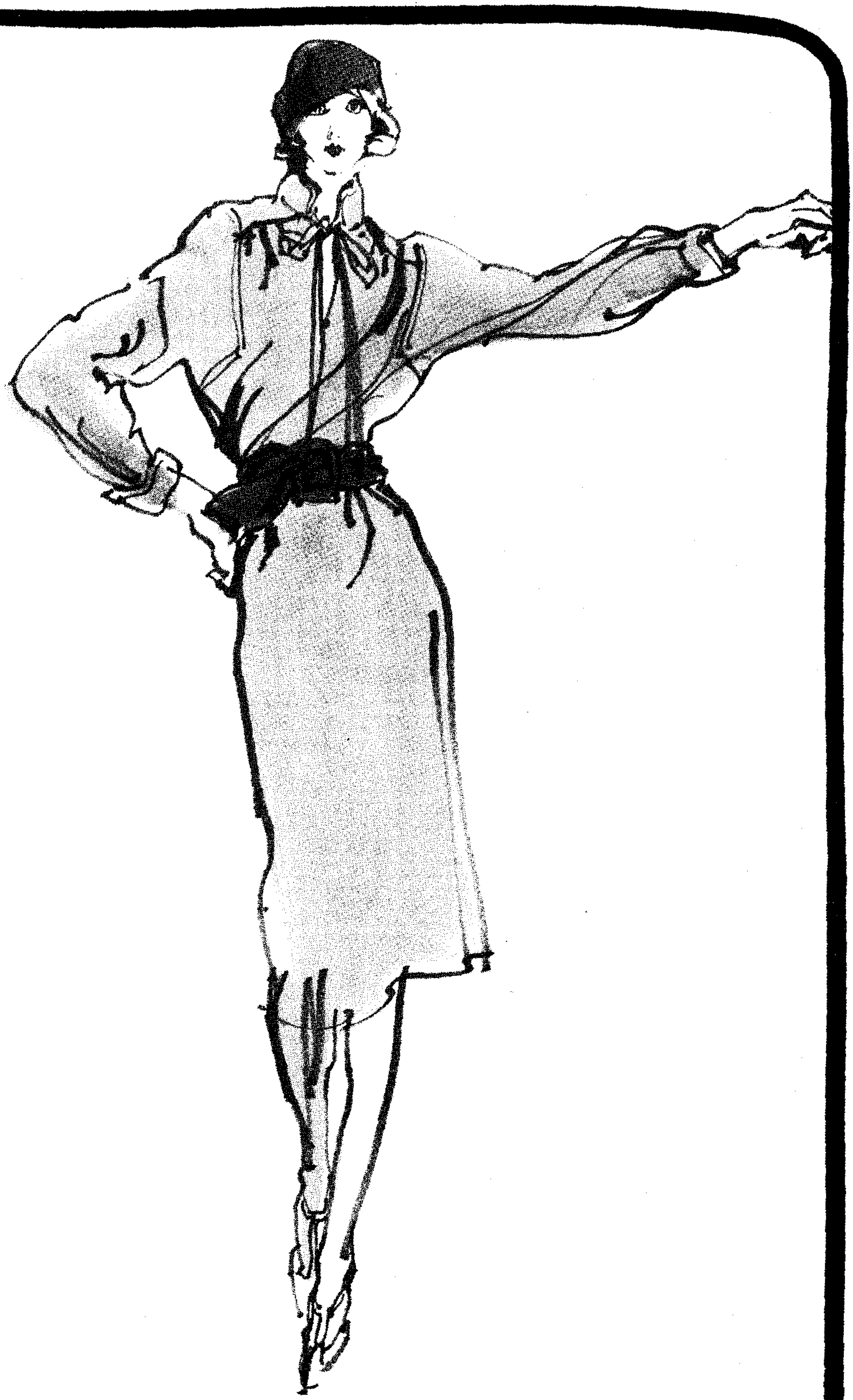

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BERGDORF
GOODMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(At press time, ten Broadway musicals were closed because of the musicians' strike: "Candide," "Chicago," "A Chorus Line," "Grease," "The Magic Show," "Pippin," "Raisin," "Shenandoah," "Treemonisha," and "The Wiz." And at press time there was still no clue as to when the strike would be settled.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACTING COMPANY—Opening performances of a five-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group (formerly called the City Center Acting Company) that will end Saturday, Nov. 8. **THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**, a musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman, and directed by Gerald Freedman), opens Tuesday, Oct. 7 (preview Monday, Oct. 6), and will run through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill's daydream of a domestic happiness he never knew (and wouldn't have been able to endure for long). A delightful production, directed by Arvin Brown and peopled by many members of the Long Wharf Theatre "family," including Geraldine Fitzgerald and William Swetland. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BOY MEETS BOY—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays, and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCE WITH ME—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FINN MACKOOL: THE GRAND DISTRACTION—A play by Frank Hogan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LEAF PEOPLE—A play by Dennis J. Reardon, with a cast of thirty, directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ME AND BESSIE—Linda Hopkins, with Lester Wilson and Gerri Dean, in a musical tribute to Bessie Smith. Written by Will Holt and Miss Hopkins; directed by Robert Greenwald. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 7. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RING ROUND THE MOON—This Off Off Broadway revival of Jean Anouilh's confection, as adapted by Christopher Fry, makes a very agreeable evening. Most of the acting is on the right track; that of Dan Diggles as a pair of identical twins, and of Sharon Laughlin as a little ballerina who impersonates someone else at a ball, are well along it. Niels Miller is the admirable director. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.)

THE RITZ—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TREEMONISHA—A six-week engagement of the Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be

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DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Ed Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Robert Weber, Warren Miller, Charles Barsotti, Edward Frascino, Thomas B. Allen, Donald Reilly, Mort Gerberg, Al Ross, Sidney Harris, Richard Edes Harrison, Frank Modell, Jack Ziegler*

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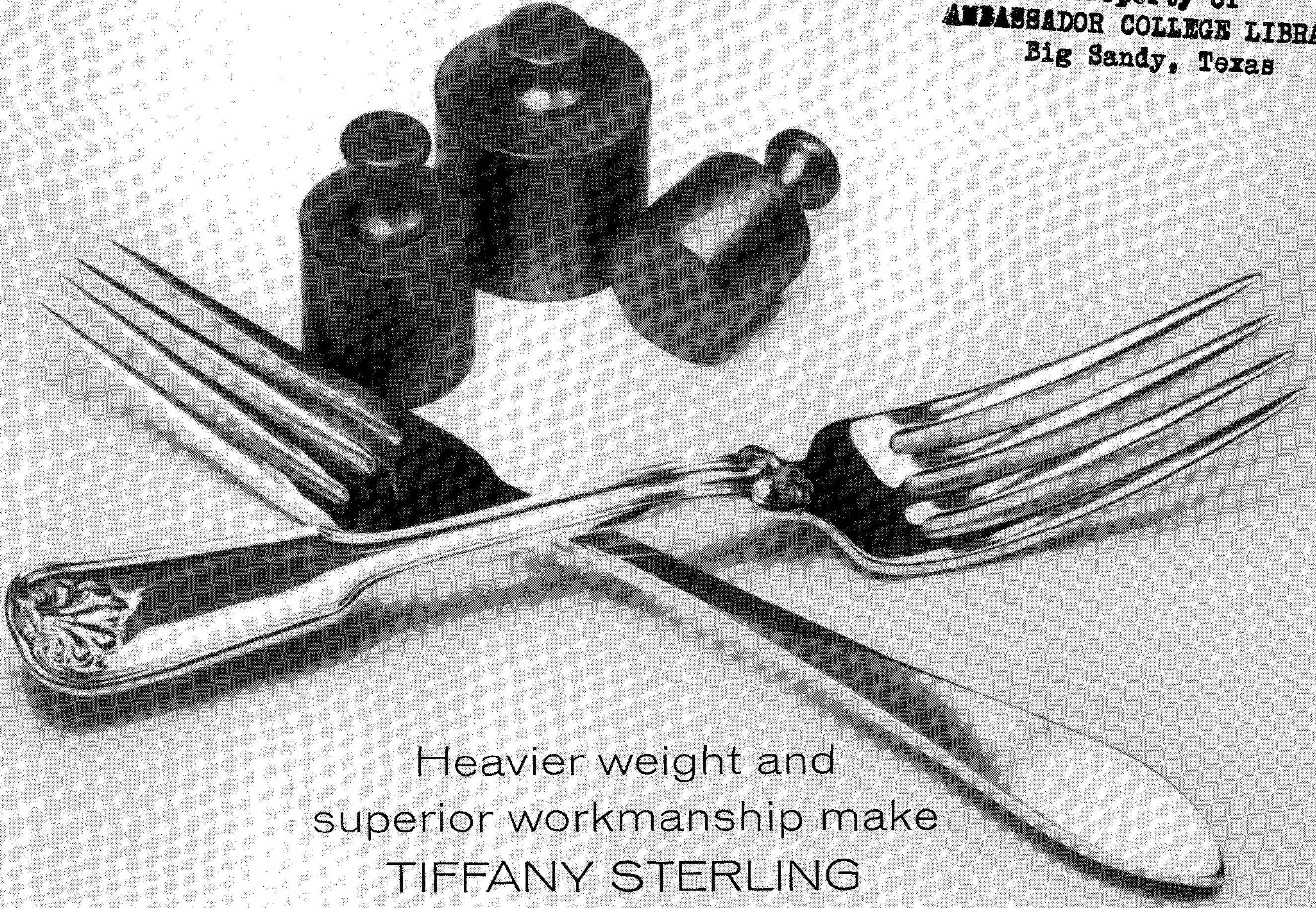

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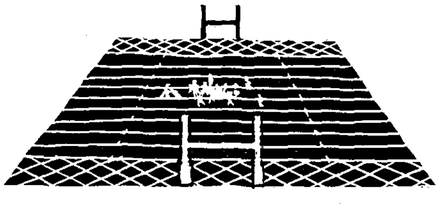

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prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,425 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies," with Peggy Fleming. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 3:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 11:30, 3:30, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 2—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Offenbach in the Underworld" (company première), and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "The Dream," "Opus I" (company première), and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "The Big City," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Big City," "Valentine," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2: "The Dream," "Opus I," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Monotones," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Opus I," "Valentine," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Kettentanz," "As Time Goes By," "The Big City," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," an unnamed ballet (première), and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Big City," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Interplay," "As Time Goes By," "Monotones," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: The new ballet, "Opus I," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 16—Tuesday evening, Oct. 7: "Harbinger" (company première), "Intermezzo," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 8: "Harbinger," "Early Songs" (company première), and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 9: "The Real McCoy," "Mazurka" (première), and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10: "Harbinger," "Mazurka," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Real McCoy," and "Early Songs." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7.)

JOAN MILLER AND THE CHAMBER ARTS/DANCE PLAYERS—In a program consisting of "Mix," "Under It," "Brassy," "Pass fe White," "Currents," "Black on Black," and "Thoroughfare." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF THE BURMESE NATIONAL THEATRE—A troupe of fifteen, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

INDRANI—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—Thursday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: "Power," "In the Beginning: Adam," "Fables for Our Time," and "Dreams." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 7:30: "Seascape," "Cain and Abel," "Night Bloom," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: "Gloria," "Cain and Abel," "1,2,3,4,5," and "Dreams." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "Seascape," "In the Beginning: Adam," "Minstrel Show," and "Fables for Our Time." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 674-8191.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the best performers almost never perform. Johnny Mercer is one, and Lee Wiley another, and the composer-singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH**, in residence here through Saturday, Oct. 4, is still another. Dorough, who's got Arkansas stamped all over him, was once an accompanist to Sugar Ray Robinson in his night-club days, and by the early fifties, had gone out on his own. But in recent years he's been mainly composing and producing for television (the Multiplication Rock songs on ABC television are his), writing funny songs (Blossom Dearie's "I'm Hip"), and setting Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg to music. Now, for kicks, he has begun coming out again. Dorough gangles. He has lots of thin arms and legs and a thin neck, and he moves like a spider when he plays. He has a convex hillbilly face (big teeth, a small chin, a generous nose), and he puts his mouth so close to the mike that one bite and it would be gone. He is a fine jazz singer. He does a lot of Teagarden consonant-swallowing, and his voice is reedy and impassioned. His playing is deceptive. It is loud, and barges steadily ahead, but inside are tricky Bud Powell runs, a strong harmonic sense, and a steady tendency to swing. Indeed, Dorough swings very hard. He sings his own songs ("I'm Hip," "Nothing Like You Has Ever Been Seen Before"), as well as Ellington ("I'm Beginning to See the Light," "I Don't Mind"), Hoagy Carmichael ("Baltimore Oriole"), and Dave Brubeck ("Take Five," with Dorough's words). The best thing about Dorough is that he takes himself just seriously enough to be very good; the rest is for fun—his and ours. Starting Monday, Oct. 6, **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist will take over. Music from ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, Barry Harris holds forth, along with his accompanist, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—For more than a decade, **JONAH JONES**, who is sixty-five and graduated from the same musical Sunday school in Louisville as Helen Humes and Dickie Wells, was a celebrated solo trumpeter with the great Cab Calloway band, which finally vanished in the early fifties. Jones thereupon scuffled, and then hit upon a small group that plays an easy, black Lester Lanin music. It is melodic and rarely strays from a medium tempo (often two-beat and highly danceable), and it has occasional quietly embellished solos. This time around, Jones has a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, a guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a drummer (Cozy Cole). Darr, underrated and largely unknown, is exceptional. Charlie Christian stands front and center in his thinking, but he also has his own attractive and affecting legato approach. Cole (another Calloway alumnus) has been a masterly drummer for forty years, and it is a treat to hear his shushing cymbals and pad-pad brush work. Jones' vocalist, Carrie Smith, bears a striking aural and visual resemblance to Bessie Smith, for whom she has subbed at some of the New York Jazz Repertory Company concerts. The Rainbow Room itself continues on its sublime, spacious, imperial way. Black tie was once compulsory there, and it should be again. The room was born to it. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

•

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and out-there jazz on the bandstand. Junior Cook, who was for several years Horace Silver's tenor saxophonist, and his quintet are crowded onto that bandstand through Saturday, Oct. 4. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Flo & Eddie and the Turtles are here on Wednesday, Oct. 1. Vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** and his quintet alternate with Oregon Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4. On Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6-7, **WEATHER REPORT** will play some Brazilian-based electronic jazz. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, things revert back to rock with Brian Auger and his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH** and his youthful, galloping big band open the show with a rousing set, and then serve to back **JOE WILLIAMS**. Since he left the Basie band more than a decade ago, Williams has gone back to ballad singing, and

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he's become a rather special, exciting, and knowledgeable pop singer. Once in a while, he'll slip a mind-boggling "Roll 'Em Pete!" into his Vegas-flavored act. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Starting Monday, Oct. 6, comic Don Imus will be present, going on at nine and eleven-thirty; on Friday and Saturday, he'll begin at nine and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, much to the relief of his devoted coterie of followers, has returned to the Café Carlyle, accompanied, as usual, by his loyal sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is on hand in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, a rolling, tumbling pianist and a Kansas City legend for some forty years, works with a talented bassist, Buster Williams, Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin sits in with the regulars on Tuesday, Oct. 7. Red Richards plays piano all night from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Soprano Summit, a quintet co-piloted by two master soprano saxophonists, **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER**, will appear on Sunday, Oct. 5, from eight.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—The **DON CHERRY** quartet—with Cherry on pocket trumpet, percussion, barimbau, and other exotic instruments, and singing and chanting; Frank Lowe on reeds; bassist Hakim Jamil; and drummer Billy Higgins—finishes up on Saturday, Oct. 4. Cherry's music, an amalgam of Indian mysticism, African percussion, and free jazz, and the colorful banners and tapestries done by his wife, Moki Cherry—which proclaim the notes of an Eastern scale, "*Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni, Sa*"—transform these usually spare and sombre surroundings into a warm, cheering room. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 7, this establishment furthers its image as an avant-garde center by bringing in alto saxophonist, flutist, and contrabass clarinettist **ANTHONY BRAXTON** and three other highly regarded musicians—bassist Dave Holland, percussionist Barry Altschul, and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler. Braxton, who is thirty years old, emerged in the late sixties from the fertile Chicago-jazz-and-new-music scene (he was a member of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music), and he has noted as his influences Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Paul Desmond. Although much of Braxton's music can be mazelike, mathematical, and about as swinging as a game of chess, his work in the past few years with Holland and Altschul has been downright fiery. About four years ago, the three, along with pianist Chick Corea, comprised the now defunct (but, fortunately, recorded) quartet called Circle, which was one of the most influential and moving of collective-improvisational groups. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist Hal Galper take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** is currently in charge (while Roy Eldridge is away) of the traditional sextet that inhabits these smoky and crowded quarters. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **ANITA O'DAY** is here, accompanied by the Lenny Hambro quartet, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Vibraharpist Roy Ayers heads up his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 5. He is followed by **GORDON EDWARDS'** rhythm-and-blues quintet, which begins performing its satisfyingly repetitive and jogging riffs on Monday, Oct. 6. Music from ten until three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Lori Lieberman looks and sings like a public-relations conception of a folksinger. She's got long blond hair, a face pretty enough for a yogurt commercial, and a delicate, watered-down Baez soprano voice. Miss Lieberman is here with her slick backup arrangements, her inane between-song patter, and her little or no spark through Sunday, Oct. 5. **DAVID AMRAM**, on French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes at one time or another, will come in on Wednesday, Oct. 8, with his pleasant hodgepodge of musical conceits—made up of motifs from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, the conservatory, and the street—and possibly a combo. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Soul and pop singer Alaina Reed winds up her current stint on Saturday, Oct. 4. Novella Nelson, singer, actress, sometime consultant to Joe Papp, will do some dramatic interpretations of standards, starting Tuesday, Oct. 7. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents early-evening concert-style sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. On Sundays, one or another of the various performers on the local campy, cult-engendering café circuit, goes on at eight-thirty and eleven. Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. **CHET BAKER**, who calls it home on Mondays and Tuesdays, plays and sings an occasional tune with his youthful quartet; **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet dominates the room on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Eddie Hazell, a middle-of-the-road guitarist who looks like an ex-football player from the Midwest, executes some no-risk standards with his trio Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, leads a trio through Sunday, Oct. 5. Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 8, pianist Larry Karush will work with a bassist. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist Ted Sturgis on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**CAKEWALK**, a stomping, three-part-harmony rhythm-and-blues quintet, does some flagwavers on Wednesday, Oct. 1; pianist Richy Cole takes on the musical chores on Thursdays and Sundays, when he leads a quartet that features singer Eddie Jefferson; Joe and Blake, two young r.-&-b. players from St. Louis, are here Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8; and, finally, **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his Brazilian-flavored quartet really liven things up on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Charles Earland, a keyboard player of electronic funk, heads up a quintet on Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Hellman's Angels—harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio—work the Terrace, on the ground level, on Tuesday nights, before and after (presumably around nine and eleven) the first set upstairs.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**ROLAND HANNA**, a high-spirited rhythmically attacking pianist, and his quartet perform through Sunday, Oct. 5. Reedman Joe Farrell brings in his latest quartet on Tuesday, Oct. 7. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** aggregation continues its Monday-night lift-offs. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays Chuck Fowler performs; Thursdays through Sundays, Nat Jones works with a bassist. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and-brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ite Earle Warren on alto sax and pianist Dill Jones, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, and tenorman Buddy Tate. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Valve trombonist **MARSHALL BROWN** conducts a fine, versatile quintet—pianist Hod O'Brian, tenor saxophonist Frank Vicari, drummer Jimmy Lovelace, and bassist Knobby Totah—whose repertoire runs from Bartók to the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Half-hour sets, starting at nine-thirty, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, singer and pianist Andy Bey collaborates with a bassist. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

The Return of the Jam Session—Phil Woods, Thad Jones, Ron Carter, Bill Watrous, Connie Kay, Hank Jones, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Earl Hines, Eubie Blake, and **Billy Taylor**—A benefit performance. (Hotel Biltmore Grand

Ballroom, 55 E. 43rd St. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

Roberta Flack, Richard Pryor, and **Chico Hamilton**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 7 and 11.

Chuck Berry, Jay Black & the Americans, and **Sha Na Na**—With Bobby Rydell, the Coasters, the Five Satins, and Bobby Comstock and his band. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Robert Klein and **David Blue**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Rick Wakeman—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Marvin Gaye—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Oct. 12, at 7 and 10:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 14-15, at 8.

McCoy Tyner and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.

Nati Mistral—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:15, and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:15.

Foghat, Black Oak Arkansas, and **Montrose**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

Gentle Giant—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—Semi-abstract oils, mostly of faintly comic animal life (ducks, donkeys), done in his familiar bright, straight-out-of-the-tube colors, laid on thick. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ben Benson / Minoru Niizuma—Small, fashionable-looking paper collages of abstract geometric shapes. / Small abstract carved-marble sculptures. Through Oct. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harry Bouras—Cement tablets in which grave-looking proclamations are carved, intaglio, in a mysterious alphabet reminiscent of the Egyptian. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Olga de Amaral—Assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Nov. 1. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings and works on paper from the forties and fifties. Through Oct. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)... ¶ Recent paintings and *découpes* (canvases mounted on stiff boards), plus a model of the artist's sculpture at Chase Plaza. Through Oct. 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lin Emery—Large bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures that are kept in motion by electric magnets concealed in the base. Through Oct. 18. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hector Escobar—Oil paintings of stylized nudes, many of which seem almost stencilled, done by a Colombian painter; first one-man show in New York. Through Tuesday, Oct. 7. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Kaffe Fassett—Paintings and drawings of intricately patterned table china, seashells, and fabrics. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Alice Forman—Flowery still-lifes incorporating plants, fruit, and porcelains. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Jiří Kolář—Exquisitely contrived collages and other works in a show running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Edward Koren—The fuzzy creatures who inhabit the private world created by this artist are seen here in large, sometimes colored, drawings (one series of which has them visiting French hotels) and in free-standing wooden cutouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Robert Bruce Muirhead—Sketchy paintings of idealized women shown against severely formal, framelike backgrounds, usually sprinkled with stars. Also, landscape drawings in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—A dozen big new drawings turned out with his customary freehand dash and sometimes involving collage—a slash in the surface folded back to provide a peekaboo glimpse of the Stars and Stripes, for instance. Through Oct. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Joan Semmel—Large paintings of nudes, warts and all. Through Oct. 18. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

R. Taylor (1902-70)—Cartoons. Through Oct. 25. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

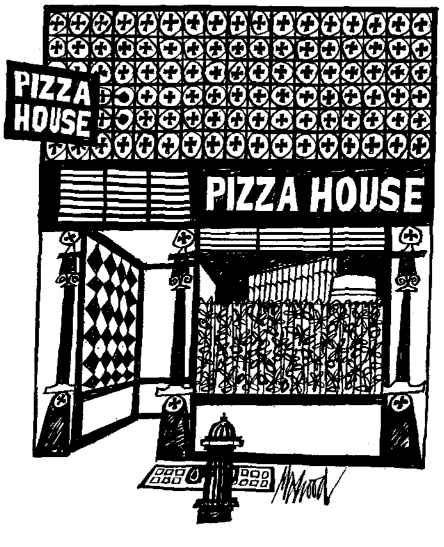
Alice Valenstein—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Oct. 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Hannah Wilke—Female genitalia are the subject of three large wall sculptures and some smaller representations made of chewing gum and kneaded rubber. Through Oct. 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Chloe Zerwick—Assemblages, called "towers," that are constructed of wood, metal, plastic, leather, and textile fragments. Starts Thursday, Oct. 2. (Cordy, 324 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—An impeccably arranged benefit exhibit that includes thirty Western European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper (figures, portraits, and landscapes) by Joseph Floch, Jules Pascin, and Raphael Soyer. Through Oct. 18.... **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Oct. 25.... **ingber,** 3 E. 78th St.: One work by each of fifteen gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.... **jackson,** 32 E. 69th St.: Marisol, Mark Tobey, and Christo are contributors to a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings the gallery has acquired during the last five years. Through Nov. 1.... **krasner,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works in various mediums by Dubuffet, Miró, Picasso, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 3.... **kraushaar,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: To usher in its ninetieth season, this gallery is exhibiting drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century artists, many of whom showed here during their lifetime. The artists include Sloan, Glackens, Prendergast, and Marguerite Zorach. Through Oct. 18.... **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: One work apiece by all the gallery artists, including Carl-Henning Pedersen and Serge Poliakoff. Through Oct. 18.... **mc kee,** 140 E. 63rd St.: A painting each by Francis Bacon, Philip Guston, and Franz Kline, plus sculptures by David Smith and Naum Gabo. Through Oct. 31.... **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Dali, Calder, Maillol, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 11.... **washburn,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Eight artists (Ilya Bolotowsky and Ad Reinhardt among them) in a showing of American abstract art from the early forties. Through Oct. 25.



Sculpture—Steel, marble, and stone works by three artists. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Neil Anderson / Elizabeth Harms—Paintings of the forest floor (twigs and leaves—that sort of thing). / Six works by an abstract painter. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber / Stanley Boxer—Large triangular forms in various arrangements and contrasting fields of color by an artist who often shows sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. / Pastel and pencil drawings in which figures, animals, and plants crop up unexpectedly among otherwise abstract forms. Through Thursday, Oct. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Thirty hand-painted ceramic tiles (about half of her show at the Guggenheim last spring) in strokes of color that seem to retain some of the fire that glazed them. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Recent sculptures, mostly of female figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Pat Lasch / Anne Healy—Metallic threads stitched on stretched muslin in prim, circular designs, some of which have the aura of religious relics. / Colored-chiffon wall pieces that have a decided boudoir flounce. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Paintings based on historical themes and on works by other artists. Through Oct. 24. (Frumkin, in a new, branch location, at 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **janis,** 6 W. 57th St.: David Parrish, George Segal, and Tom Wesselmann are among the six participants in a show of paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays.)... **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Interpretations of Maine by gallery painters who live there. Through Oct. 25.... **parsons-truman,** 24 W. 57th St.: Mathematical planning is the common denominator of these drawings, by Ruth Vollmer, Patrick Ireland, and others. Through Oct. 18.... **schaefer,** 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings that range in style from abstracts to figure studies and in mediums that include crayon and pencil, by Rhys Caparn, Robert Kaupelis, and others. Through Oct. 16.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Solomon Ethe—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 16. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Maxine Fine—Nicely balanced paintings that incorporate free-form circles and spirals. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

James Havard—Large abstract paintings by a Texas-born artist in which cabalistic diagrams and Indian magic sticks, done in trompe-l'oeil style, are prominent. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Ken Juon—Minimal sculpture in the form of elegant, slender staffs of beautifully joined wood cut from plain two-by-fours and finished off with leather bindings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Edwin Ruda—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Oils and pastels, remotely inspired by city vistas. Through Oct. 18. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **emmerich,** 420 West Broadway: Large-scale paintings done during the nineteen-sixties by Noland, Olitski, and others. Through Oct. 15.... **14 sculptors,**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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75 Thompson St.: Works by gallery artists. Through Wednesday, Oct. 8. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery regulars Natalie Bieser, Don Nice, and others. Through Thursday, Oct. 9. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Frank Roth, sculptures by Jay Wholley, photographs by Mark Feldstein, and a photographic documentation of burned objects by Mary Shaffer. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

Shibata—Large, geometric abstract paintings in white on not-so-white, shown in a multi-split-level gallery that doubles as an architect's office. Through Nov. 17. (Berman, 9 E. 19th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Three Buildings—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Oct. 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **ROKO,** 90 E. 10th St.: Drawings by Dotty Attie, Massimo Pierucci, May Stevens, and others. Through Oct. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to six.) . . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING,** 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A thirty-fifth anniversary exhibit of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, consisting of members' works from the last ten years. Through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—Portraits made between 1949 and the day before yesterday of famous writers, painters, actors, and politicians, and of a few unknown persons; three oversize group pictures (the Chicago Seven, the Mission Council, and members of Andy Warhol's Factory); and twenty-five pictures of the Manhattan Project doing its manic "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Doug Prince / Nancy Rexroth—Portraits and landscapes, along with Plexiglas boxes containing layers of images on clear film. / Fuzzy pictures of landscapes, mostly, that were *taken with a camera costing $1.50. Through* Saturday, Oct. 11. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell / Hiroji Kobuta—Small, delicate, mysterious pictures, some of them multiple images, all taken with a Polaroid camera. / Pictures of contemporary America by a Japanese photographer. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

August Sander (1876-1964)—Portraits and a few landscapes by a German master photographer. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—An exhibition of a hundred and twenty-five Surrealistic multiple-image prints by a leading practitioner of this kind of "trick photography." Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **CAMERA CLUB,** 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs by women on the subject of windows. Through Friday, Oct. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of the photographs of Gordon Parks. . . . ¶ A survey of Polaroid color photography including examples by Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, and Lucas Samaras. Both exhibitions through Nov. 11. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by women photographers. Through Oct. 12. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eighty-six drawings by European artists, recently acquired by the museum. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Ten galleries housing a new and permanent installation of Islamic art that covers an area stretching from Spain to India and includes an eighteenth-century reception room, originally built in Damascus (it has a colored marble floor, a mosaic fountain, stained-glass windows, and carved and gilded walls and ceiling), carpets (the "Simonetti" carpet, for instance), ceramics, paintings, manuscripts, and religious and secular furnishings. The examples range from the seventh century to the nineteenth, and are arranged chronologically. Starts Saturday, Oct. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, which were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Oct. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings by Elie Nadelman (1882-1946). Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Sunday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A display of American folk art, including quilts, weathervanes, and wood carvings, *from the collection* of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty women artists are each represented by a single work on paper in a show that offers a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A letter to a young boy written by Beatrix Potter and embellished with drawings of her pet rabbit Peter and the only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts—a writing desk, lock of hair, glasses, and so forth—as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibition of drawings by John Trumbull (1756-1843), made up of portrait sketches and studies for some of his historical paintings, and including memorabilia. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

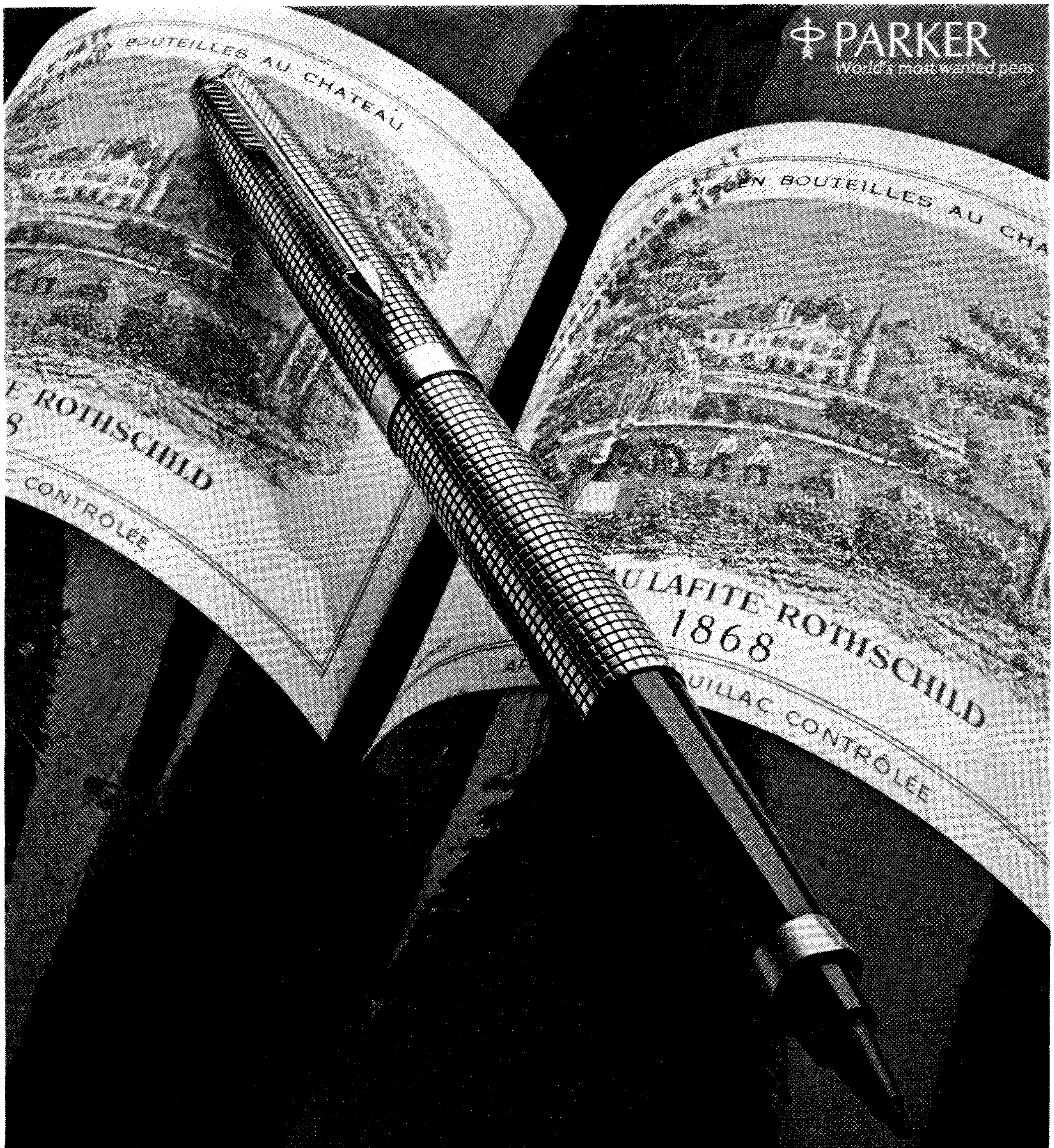
(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; conducted by Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Marianna Ciraulo, Olivia Stapp, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Diana Soviero, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Clamma Dale, Samuel Ramey, and Richard Taylor; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Glenys Fowles, David Clatworthy, and Spiro Malas; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Kenneth Collins, Richard Fredricks, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Kathleen Hegierski, Melvyn Poll, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, Richard Taylor, Charles Roe, and David Holloway; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Emily Derr, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 (all with Johanna Meier, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Jennings, tenor;



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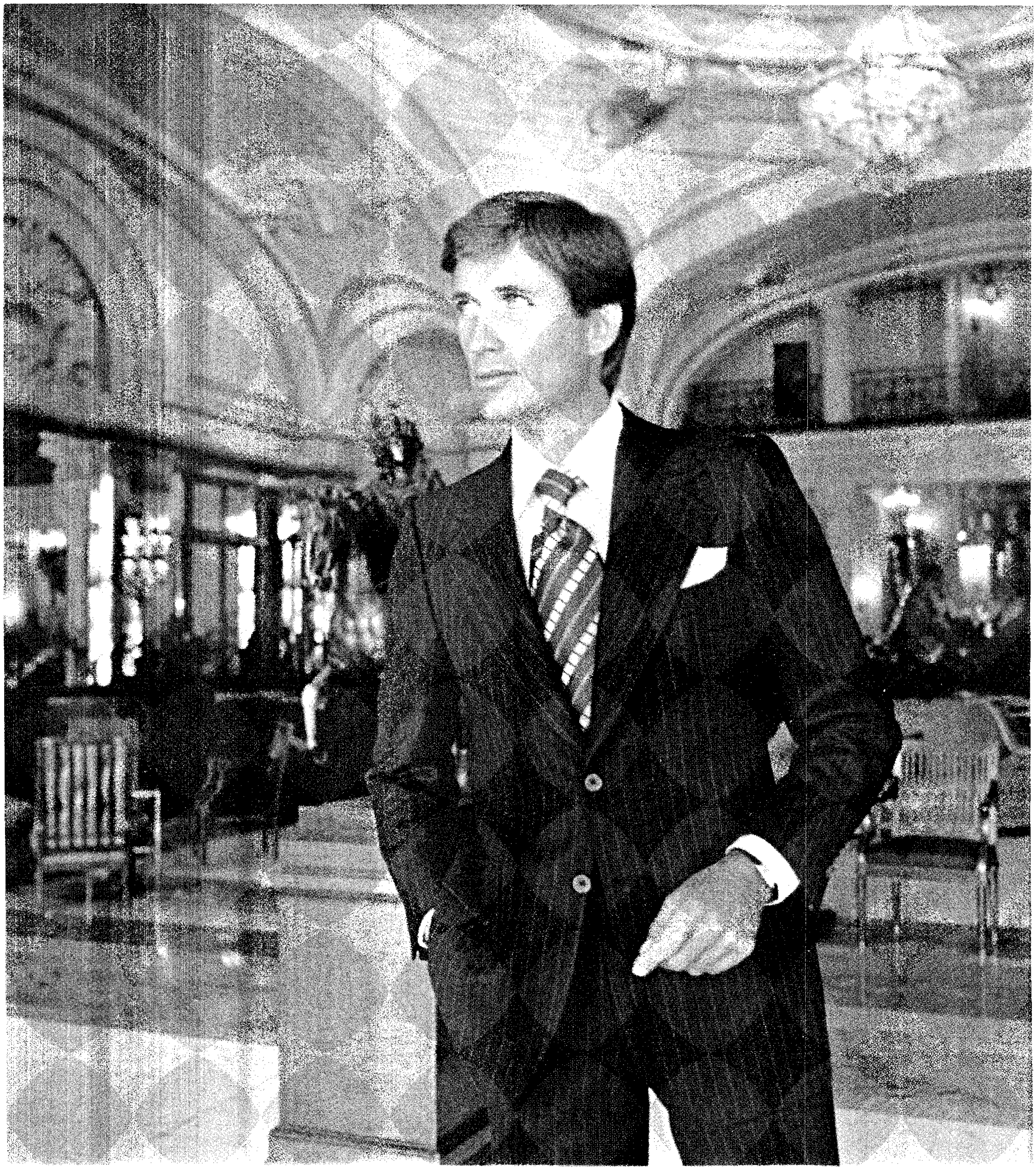

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano).

OSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Jean Dupouy, tenor; José van Dam, bass; and the New England Conservatory Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9, at 8.)

ONTEVERDI CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF HAMBURG—Jürgen Jürgens directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

ICHARD GOODE—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2:15.)

NDRÉE JULIETTE BRUN AND ALBERTE BRUN—Duo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

JLIAN BREAM—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

ES MENESTRIERS—A program of songs and instrumental music from the French, English, and Italian medieval and Renaissance periods. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

NDRIUS KUPREVICIUS—Piano, in an all-Ravel program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

ISELA MAY—Songs of Brecht and Weill. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

DWARD BREWER—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

The box-office number for Madison Square arden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd its., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Iempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-100.)

UTOMOBILE RACING—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

ROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Washington vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Oct. 9, at 6. . . . ¶ Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 6. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:05.

OLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 4 (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Hawaii, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2.

ROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Oct. 5: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Sunday, Oct. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:05.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; last day Tuesday, Nov. 4. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 1; the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 4; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 8; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

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TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

WALKING TOUR—"Madison Square," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 5, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

BRYANT PARK FLOWER SHOW—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Garden Clubs of America, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 2-7, from 10 to 5.)

NATIONAL ARTS AND ANTIQUES FESTIVAL—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed are ten antique rocking chairs, including a Hitchcock Boston rocker, circa 1832-43, and miniature examples of the blacksmith's art. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 1-4, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 5, from 1 to 7.)

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art, from the collection of Jay C. Leff. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 4.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Friday, Oct. 3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 4, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Monday, Oct. 6, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Oct. 18 (Nets, exhibition game), Oct. 23 (Los Angeles), Oct. 25 (Cleveland), Oct. 28 (Golden State), Oct. 30 (Kansas City), Nov. 1 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM: Oct. 15 (Golden State, exhibition game), Oct. 26 (Indiana), Oct. 29 (San Antonio), Oct. 31 (St. Louis), and Nov. 2 (Utah).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, OCT. 12: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, and Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings, at Minneapolis. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 19: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium. . . . MONDAY, OCT. 20: Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 26: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 2: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 9: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Shea Stadium, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Oct. 12, 15, 19, 26, and 29, and Nov. 2. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Oct. 14, 18, 21, 23, and 25, and Nov. 1 and 4.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 4-11.)

RACING—At LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 20-Dec. 31. . . . AQUEDUCT: Nov. 6-Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 13-Dec. 13.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Oct. 13, with Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," and will run through April 17. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15. . . . ¶ Maurice André, trumpet, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Nov. 9. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Oct. 21 and 27 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Toshiya Eto, violin, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Hague Philharmonic, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Katia Ricciarelli, soprano, and José Carreras, tenor, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Vladimir Spivakov, violin, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Robert Goldsand, piano, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 17, 19, 26, and 28, and Nov. 7 and 9. . . . ¶ Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Marie-Françoise Bucquet, piano, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Maro Ajemian, piano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Ursula Oppens, piano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Pierre Cochereau, organ, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Gary Karr, double bass, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 8. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Pavel Kogan, violin, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Gérard Souzay, baritone, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Raymond Lewenthal, piano, Nov. 5. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Janos Starker, cello, and Menahem Pressler, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, and Emanuel Ax, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 8-9.

DANCE—The American Ballet Theatre, performing "Raymonda," at the Uris Theatre, Nov. 4-16. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 11-Feb. 15.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Boccaccio," a musical based on the fourteenth-century stories in Boccaccio's "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Kenneth Cavander wrote the book and lyrics, and Richard Peaslee composed the music. . . . ¶ A play, "Lamppost Reunion," by Louis LaRusso II, in which Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello will appear. . . . ¶ Marybeth Hurt plays the title role in the Arthur Wing Pinero comedy "Trelawny of the 'Wells.' " A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ Pearl Bailey will return in a limited engagement of "Hello, Dolly!" (book, Michael Stewart; music and lyrics, Jerry Herman), with Billy Daniels. . . . ¶ The Acting Company repertory continues with Marlowe's "Edward II," Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life," and Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." . . . ¶ "Yentl," a play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy" by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer, and seen last season at the Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn. The cast includes Tovah Feldshuh, John V. Shea, and Lynn Ann Leveridge. . . . ¶ Imported from London, Tom Stoppard's comedy "Travesties," with John Wood and members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. . . . ¶ Another London import, "Kennedy's Children," by Robert Patrick; among those in the cast are Shirley Knight, Michael Sacks, and Barbara Montgomery. . . . ¶ "A Musical Jubilee" is a potpourri of the music of Strauss, Herbert, Lehár, Kern, and Cohan, involving none less than Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, Cyril Ritchard, Larry Kert, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Yul Brynner and Joan Diener in a musical, "Home, Sweet, Homer," with a book by Roland Kibbee and Albert Marre, music by Mitch Leigh, and lyrics by Forman Brown. . . . ¶ Alan Bennett's comedy "Habeas Corpus," imported from London and with Donald Sinden, Jean Marsh, Celeste Holm, Rachel Roberts, and June Havoc.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ The Fall Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 27. (There will be a second Veterans Day on Tuesday, Nov. 11.) . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 4.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 7: To be announced.
From Oct. 8: “Nashville.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 1: “The Guardsman” and “Rasputin and the Empress.”
Oct. 2-4: “On the Town” and “Anchors Aweigh.”
Oct. 5: “Christopher Strong” and “Dance, Girl, Dance.”
Oct. 6-8: “Freaks,” “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” and “Mark of the Vampire.”
From Oct. 9: “Broadway Melody” and “Broadway Melody of 1936.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 7: “The Return of the Pink Panther” and “Ten from Your Show of Shows.”
From Oct. 8: “Tommy” and “Aloha, Bobby and Rose.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 7: “The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 7: “The Return of the Pink Panther.”
From Oct. 8: “Monty Python and the Holy Grail.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“Farewell, My Lovely.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Jaws.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Love and Death.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 7: “Bonnie and Clyde” and “Thieves Like Us.”
From Oct. 8: “Hearts of the West.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“A Brief Vacation.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 7: “Woodstock.”
From Oct. 8: “Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman” and “I. F. Stone’s Weekly.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 4: “A Clockwork Orange” and “Deliverance.”
From Oct. 5: “Conduct Unbecoming.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Nashville.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Oct. 8: “Walking Tall, Part 2.”
From Oct. 9: “Manson.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 2: “Last Tango in Paris” (X-rated).
From Oct. 3: “The Master Gunfighter.”

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 7: “The Hound of the Baskervilles” and “Sherlock Jr.”
From Oct. 8: “Sweet Movie.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Dog Day Afternoon.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Swept Away.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“And Now for Something Completely Different.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 4: Programs of short films on psychic matters, such as telepathy, levitation, ESP.
From Oct. 5: “Tommy.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
To be announced.

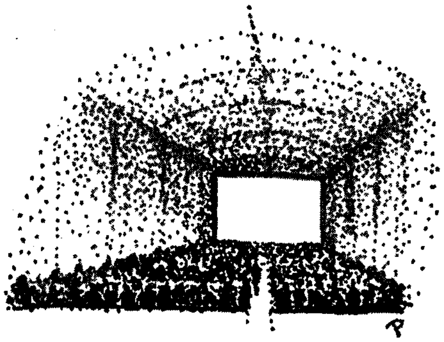
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“A Pain in the A—.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“Three Days of the Condor.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 7: “The Fortune.”
From Oct. 8: “Monty Python and the Holy Grail.”

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 7: “Flossie” (X-rated).
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 7: “A Clockwork Orange” and “Deliverance.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 7: “The Return of the Pink Panther.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Love and Death.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 7: “Jaws.”
From Oct. 8: “Mahogany.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“Farewell, My Lovely.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
“The Boob Tube” (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 7: “Walking Tall, Part 2.”
From Oct. 8: “Hard Times.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 2: “Last Tango in Paris” (X-rated).
From Oct. 3: “The Master Gunfighter.”

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 1: “Alphaville” and “Fahrenheit 451.”
Oct. 2: “Variety Lights” and “The White Sheik.”
Oct. 3: “Le Fantôme de la Liberté” and “Tristana.”
Oct. 4: “The Misfits” and “Some Like It Hot.”
Oct. 5: “Animal Crackers” and “Duck Soup.”
Oct. 6: “Johnny Guitar” and “In a Lonely Place.”
Oct. 7: “Crime and Punishment.”
Oct. 8: “Rashomon” and “The Idiot.”
Oct. 9: “I Vitelloni” and “La Strada.”

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 7: “A Clockwork Orange” and “Deliverance.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 2: “State of Siege” and “Z.”
Oct. 3-4: “Gimme Shelter” and “Putney Swope.”
From Oct. 5: “Xala.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“Love and Death.”

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 7 at one or another of the theatres: “A Clockwork Orange” and “Deliverance” / “The Day of the Locust” / “S.O.S.” (X-rated). . . . ¶ Through Oct. 4: “Swing Time” and “Shall We Dance.” . . ¶ Oct. 5-7: “Alice Adams” and “Mary of Scotland.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 1: “Harry & Tonto” and “Save th Tiger.”
Oct. 2: “Faces” and “Minnie and Moskowitz.
Oct. 3-4: “Woman in the Dunes” and “Th Collector.”
Oct. 5: One performance, at noon, of “Plise skaya Dances.”
Oct. 5-6: “Stavisky” and “Hiroshima, Mo Amour.”
Oct. 7: “Claire’s Knee” and “Chloé in th Afternoon.”
Oct. 8: “Daisy Miller” and “The Great Gat by.”
Oct. 9: “The Boys in the Band” and “Sunda Bloody Sunday.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Benji.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Give ’Em Hell, Harry!”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“The Day of the Locust.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 7: “The Return of the Pin Panther” and “The Neptune Factor.”
From Oct. 8: “The Drowning Pool” an “Bank Shot.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Monty Python and the Holy Grail.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757 2131)
Oct. 1: “My Night at Maud’s” and “Chloé i the Afternoon.”
Oct. 2: “Kind Hearts and Coronets” an “The Lavender Hill Mob.”
Oct. 3: “Jules and Jim” and “The Lovers.”
Oct. 4: “Platinum Blonde” and “Mr. Deed Goes to Town.”
Oct. 5: “Lawrence of Arabia.”
Oct. 6: “Limelight” and “A King in Ne York.”
Oct. 7: “Shakespeare Wallah” and “Bomba Talkie.”
Oct. 8: “The Epic That Never Was” an “Salvation Hunters.”
Oct. 9: “Mean Streets” and “Accattone!”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Just Before Nightfall.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 7: “The Seduction of Mimi” and “Love and Anarchy.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
“Love and Death.”

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 4: “Wuthering Heights” an “The Little Foxes.”
Oct. 5-7: “The Hurricane” and “Barbar Coast.”
From Oct. 8: “It’s a Wonderful Life” an “Ball of Fire.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 7: “Funny Lady” and “La and Disorder.”
From Oct. 8: “Moses and Aaron.”

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: “Framed” and “Save the Tiger.” From Oct. 8: “Nashville.”
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: To be announced From Oct. 8: “Hard Times.”
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: “Race with the Devil” and “W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings.” From Oct. 8: “Supervixens” (X-rated).

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
“The Day of the Locust.”

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 7: “A Clockwork Orange” and “Deliverance.”
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
“Love and Death.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 7: “The Fortune” and “Little Big Man.”
From Oct. 8: “The Return of the Pink Panther” and “The Mad Adventures of ‘Rabbi’ Jacob.”

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 1 at 2: “The Wind” (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: “The Village of Sin” (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Olga Preobrazhenskaya; no

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English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: "Wrong Movement" (1975), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5:30 and Oct. 4 at noon: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: "Katka's Reinette Apples" (1926), directed by Eduard Johanson and Friedrich Ermler, and "The Parisian Cobbler" (1927), directed by Friedrich Ermler; both Russian silent films, with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 12:30 and 3: A program of animated films by John and Faith Hubley. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: "Mary Pickford's Kiss" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Komarov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2: "Katka's Reinette Apples" and "The Parisian Cobbler.". . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5:30: "Wings" (1927), directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2: "The Village of Sin.". . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "Honor" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Amo Bek-Nazarov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2: "Wings.". . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5:30: "Love's Berries" (1926) and "Diplomatic Pouch" (1927), both Russian silent films, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: "Part-Time Work of a Domestic Slave" (1974), in German, directed by Alexander Kluge; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 7: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer," directed by Thom Andersen. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 8: "Fireworks" (1947), "Rabbit's Moon" (1950), "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" (1954), and "Lucifer Rising, Part I" (1974), all directed by Kenneth Anger. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Gehr, Jacobs, Frampton, Griffith, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Hill, Flaherty, Murnau, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Landow, Mekas, Grant, Polidori, and others. Showings Oct. 1 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 2 at 6 and 8; Oct. 3 at 6 and 9; Oct. 4 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 5 at 8; Oct. 7 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 8 at 6 and 8; and Oct. 9 at 6, 8, and 10.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Wonderful Crook" (Claude Goretta; Switzerland) . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Xala" (Ousmane Sembene; Senegal). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Black Moon" (Louis Malle; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "F for Fake" (Orson Welles; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "The Wonderful Crook." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: "La Chienne" (Jean Renoir; France, 1931). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "Xala.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Hearts of the West" (Howard Zieff; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3: "Moses and Aaron" (Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Autobiography of a Princess" (James Ivory; Great Britain) and "Compañero" (Martin Smith; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9 and Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Exhibition" (Jean-François Davy; France; no one under eighteen will be admitted). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum.". . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Hearts of the West.". . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Moses and Aaron.". . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "India Song" (Marguerite Duras; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "Milestones" (Robert Kramer and John Douglas; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Smile" (Michael Ritchie; United States, reviewed in this issue). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30: "French Provincial" (André Téchiné; France).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 5-7.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 8.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Anchors Aweigh (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi—like maybe turn Terry Southern loose on them. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless, and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed; Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2-4.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Columbia I.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman (1974)—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/16/74.) (Plaza; starting Oct. 8.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence seems strong. The professor's colleagues have corny, cute names and carry on like something left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Regency; starting Oct. 8.)

Bank Shot (1974)—Directed by Gower Champion, this bank-heist story is a vehicular dream: enormous earthmovers, driven with great zest by George C. Scott to escape from a maximum-security prison; a golf cart housing an infuriated prison warden (Clifton James); a bank for senior citizens that is set on wheels and translated into a mobile home by a gang of bank robbers. The film ends facetiously, and it has some moments when characters go through complicated maneuvers simply for laughs; all the same, a droll movie of its kind. (8/12/74) (Playboy; starting Oct. 8.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Regency; Oct. 5-7.)

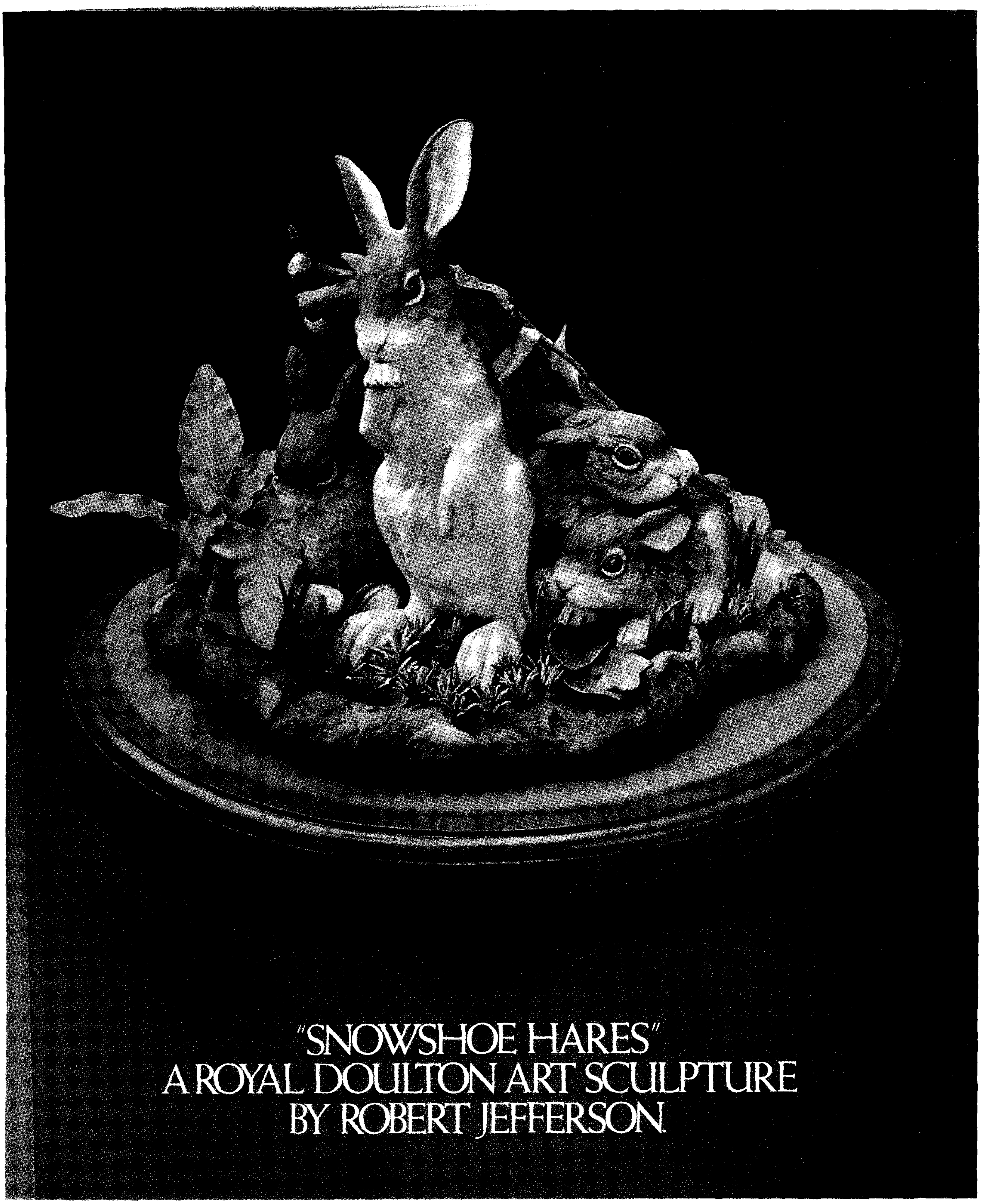
Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

Bombay Talkie (1970)—A James Ivory film about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodramas for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Sutton; through Oct. 7.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Elgin; Oct. 9.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis,



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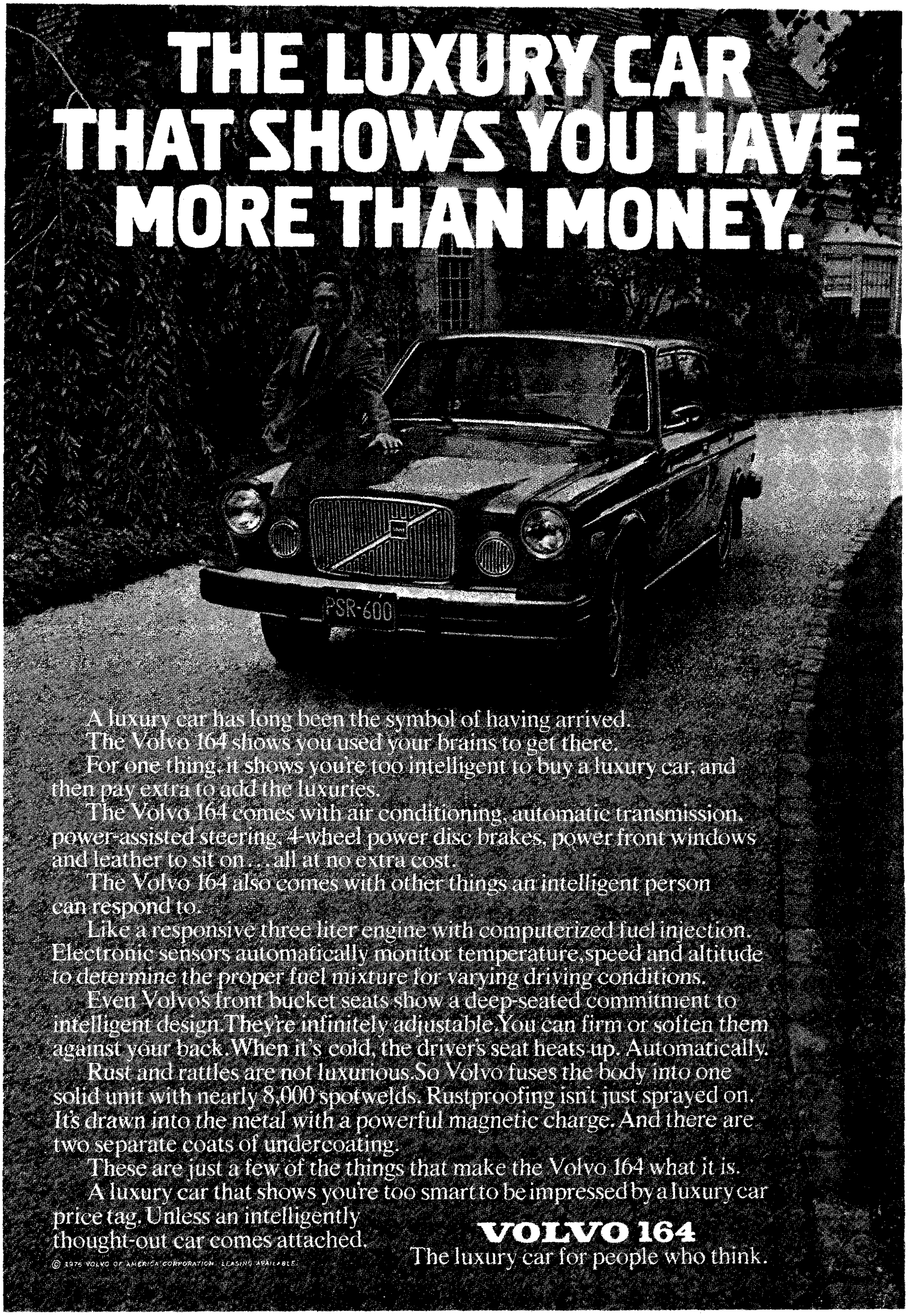

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

he discovers art and spirituality, and from hen on it's all swoony romanticism. In Ital-an. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts.)

adway Melody (1929)—When talkies were ew, this was the musical that everyone vent to see. It's the one with "The Wedding f the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melo-y," of course, and "You Were Meant for ⁄le," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb rown. It's the one with Anita Page and Besie Love as the sisters from tank-town audeville whose hearts are broken in the ig city. (Bessie Love can be seen, looking nuch the same, as the telephone-answering-ervice operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunlay.") With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and ary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (Originally in Technicolor, it is now in black-nd-white.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting ct. 9.)

adway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical vith Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, ut she manages to be wholesome even in littering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, ack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, nd June Knight. A good score by Arthur reed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I otta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 9.)

loé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou) or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Elgin; Oct. 7.)

ristopher Strong (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a distinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

laire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 7.)

Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Baronet; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Juliet 2, Waverly, Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Oct. 7.)

he Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Elgin; Oct. 3-4.)

onduct Unbecoming—With Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York, directed by Michael Anderson. (Baronet; starting Oct. 5.)

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Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov's that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

Dance, Girl, Dance (1940)—With Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward, directed by Dorothy Arzner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 7.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Baronet; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Juliet 2, Waverly, Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Oct. 7.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Rouben Mamoulian directed this version; he rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-8.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery in a temperature of ninety-seven degrees, carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking mate. The casting is acute and affectionate. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (Playboy; starting Oct. 8.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5.)

The Epic That Never Was (1966)—A documentary, made for British television, about the circumstances that caused the Josef von Sternberg production of "I, Claudius," based on Robert Graves' "I, Claudius" and "Claudius the God," to be abandoned midway in 1937. The temperamental problems between the star, Charles Laughton, and the director were obviously enormous, and the production was hit by a series of disasters; however, from the look of the footage which is included, the world did not lose a masterpiece. The interviews with survivors of the debacle (such as Merle Oberon) are very entertaining. This is probably the only film ever made about an abandoned film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

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the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Oct. 7.)

Framed—With Joe Don Baker and Brock Peters, directed by Phil Karlson. (Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 7.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-8.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 7.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, with special attention to the disaster at Altamont. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 3-4.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Mr. Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Ziegfeld.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Elgin; Oct. 8.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

Hard Times—With Charles Bronson, James Coburn, Jill Ireland, and Strother Martin, directed by Walter Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 8.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Elgin; Oct. 1.)

Hearts of the West—With Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, Blythe Danner, and Alan Arkin, directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton; starting Oct. 8.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 5-6.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone pla Holmes suavely (though with diminish wit) for the next eight years, always w Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Wats Here, among the moors and mists, Holn investigates the mystery involving "the fo prints of a gigantic hound," and at the he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needl The cast includes fatuously dimpled Rich Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barı John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ra Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. Griffith; through Oct. 7.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Handsome and exciti adventure film, directed by John Ford, w some exteriors shot in Samoa. The tall-c story seems to enhance this particular mov Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong, is the nat girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweethea who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a cious European governor (Raymond Masse With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jero Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubı Smith. The hurricane itself is a knocko Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldw produced, lavishly. (Regency; Oct. 5-7.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this versi of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rasl mon," using the same two men—Masay Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prir Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, even, fascinating film, with such curiosit as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Har modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "C pheus." In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinem Oct. 8.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—Mr. Stone's nacity in investigative reporting and in stud ing open government records has been o good fortune for many years. This is a wo derful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, J about one of the great mavericks that Ame can politics sometimes throws up. Narrat by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Plaza; starti Oct. 8.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Boga as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dix Steele, in an atmospheric but basically poir less murder melodrama, directed by Nichol Ray. Steele is suspected by the police having killed a hat-check girl after inviti her to his quarters to grill her about a bo she happens to have read. (He is suppos to adapt this book to the screen, and he wan to save himself the trouble of reading it He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she nat rally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ra doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas work with; he keeps the thing going, but t writing is no more than functional, ar there's not much of a supporting cast. Fro a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Bleeck St. Cinema; Oct. 6.)

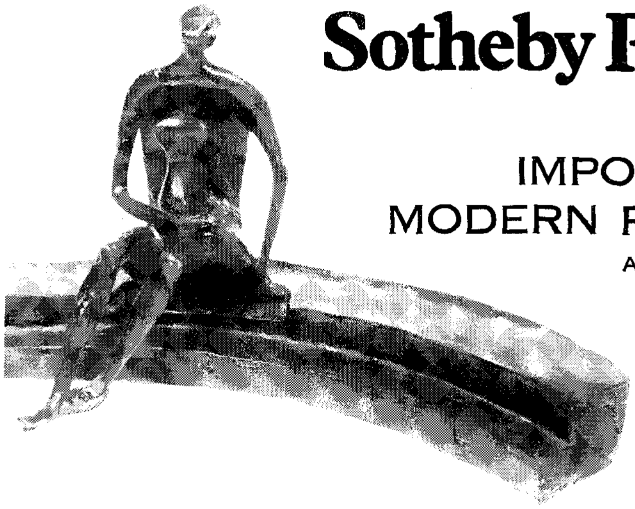
It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra best-sustained piece of sentimentality aft the war (though the postwar public wasn in the Capra mood, and the picture didn catch on). James Stewart is the man on th brink of suicide who is given a vision o what life would be like for his family an his town if he had never been born. Donn Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingl familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymor Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beula Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Glori Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its ow icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective but did Frank Capra have an honest bon in his body? (Regency; starting Oct. 8.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loew Orpheum; through Oct. 7.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed b Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owne Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directe by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, whic at least makes his work more of a fling tha usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few Frenc masterpieces of the sixties. François Truf faut's lyrical celebration of the lives of thre bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, an Oskar Werner) from the First World Wa to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Ha Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sado masochistic killing by a rather down-at-the



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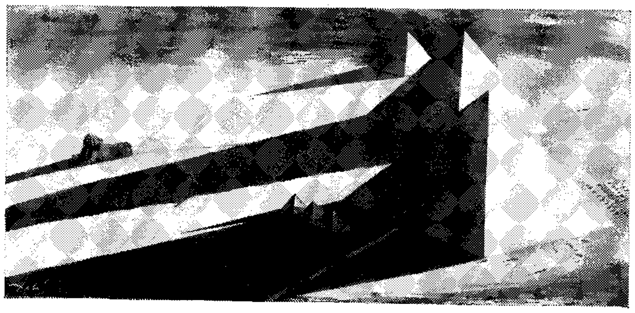
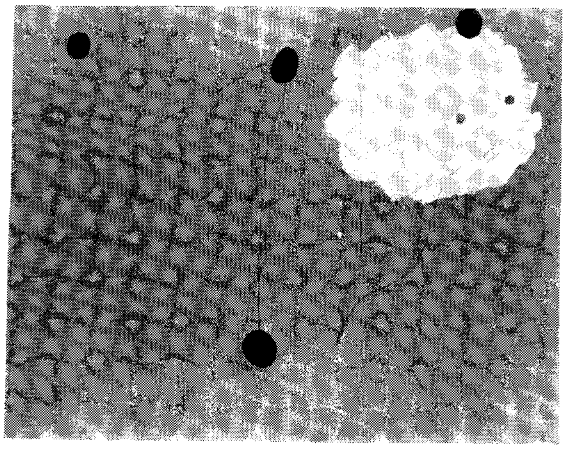
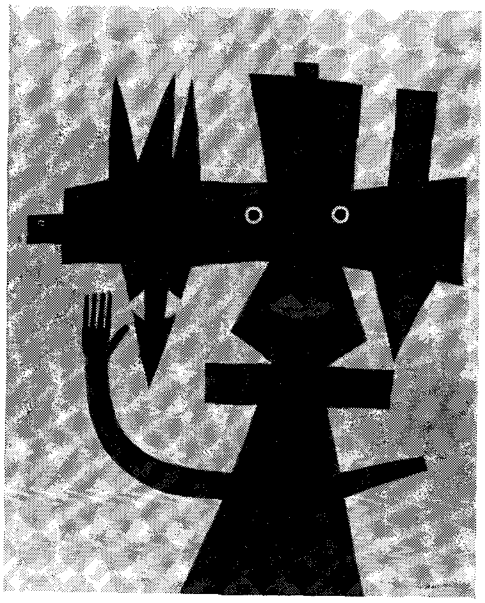
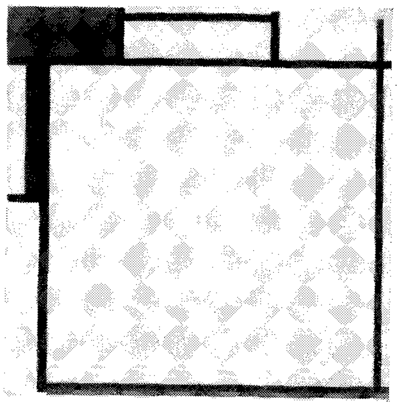




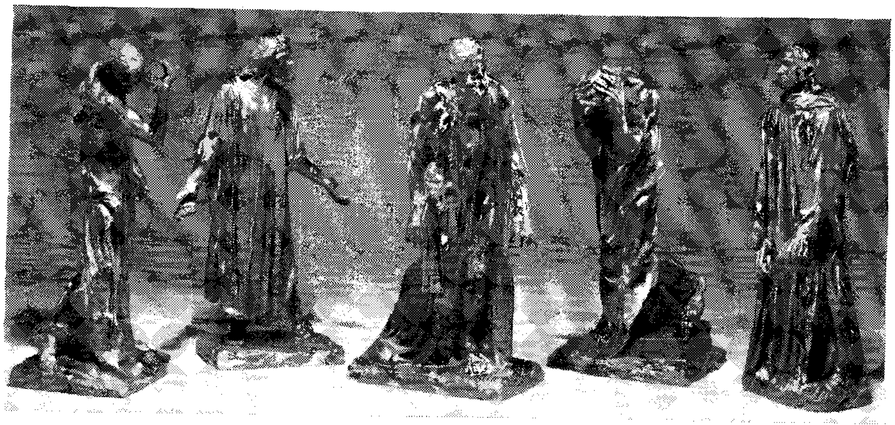
'Pyramids at Chizeh', 1957, by Salvador Dali, signed and titled
on the reverse. Oil on canvas. 9¾ x 21½ inches
(top left) 'Seated figure on circular steps' by Henry Moore, numbered 5/8.
Length 10¼ inches, height 7¼ inches.
(left) 'Peinture' by Joan Miro, signed and dated 1927.
Oil on canvas. 38⅛ x 51⅛ inches
(below) 'Outil Spirituel III' by Victor Brauner, signed and dated 'II 1959'.
Oil on canvas, 39½ x 31⅞ inches



mposition in a square , 1922,
Piet Mondrian, signed.
l on canvas. 21 x 21¼ inches



elow) 'The Burghers of Calais' signed and inscribed 'Alexis Rudier Fondeur Paris';
rom a group of twenty-two Rodin bronzes
the Collection of the Late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge



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The Roots sole is a single, seamless piece.

Inside, it is sculptured to fit your foot.

It cradles your heel and supports your arch. Unlike ordinary shoes, you stand *in* Roots, not *on* them.

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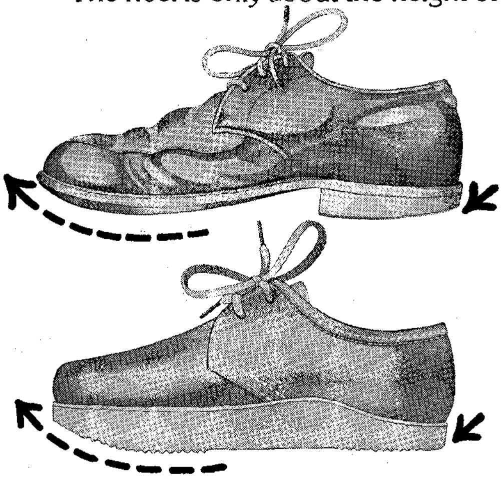
The bottom of the sole is molded in a "rocker" shape so that it fits the natural heel-to-toe motion of walking.

The heel is only about the height of the heel on a tennis shoe and the "rocker" sole curves up toward the tip of the toe.

If you wonder whether or not all this makes any sense put one of your ordinary shoes on a table and look at it for a minute.

Notice that the heels have worn away and the sole has assumed a comfortable curve. Whether you wear size 3½ or 13, high heel or regular heel, the more you wear an ordinary shoe, the more it assumes the shape of Roots.



Your shoes are trying to tell you something

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There are other casual shoes that look like Roots at first glance.

Some have sculptured soles. Others are styled to look as though they do.

But none of them has the obvious love of good leather and fine boot-making you'll find in a pair of Roots.

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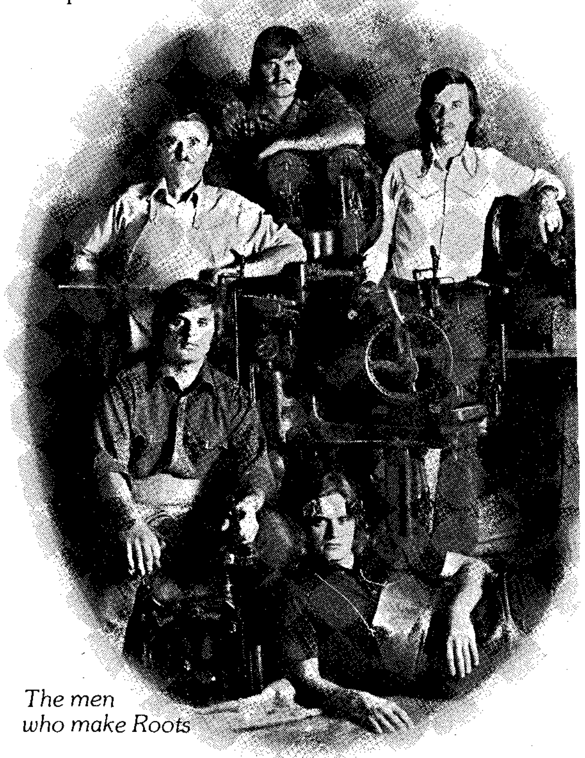

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ome people just like to worry.

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mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 2.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness as the fubsy little bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies and a minor classic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director, Ivan Passer, doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. (10/21/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 7.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Olympia; through Oct. 7.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Regency; through Oct. 4.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Paramount; through Oct. 7.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. A French film, dubbed in English. (7/22/74) (Olympia; starting Oct. 8.)

Mahogany—With Diana Ross, Anthony Perkins, and Billy Dee Williams, directed by Berry Gordy. (Loews Orpheum; starting Oct. 8.)

Manson—A documentary. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 9.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6-8.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 5-7.)

The Master Gunfighter—With Tom Laughlin, directed by Frank Laughlin. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 3.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (10/8/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand.

Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank-Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratiating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *Satevepost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 8.)

Moses and Aaron—A film version of the Arnold Schönberg opera, directed by Danièle Huillet and Jean-Marie Straub. In German. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 8.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Art, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 8.)

The Neptune Factor (1973)—With Ben Gazzara and Yvette Mimieux, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Playboy; through Oct. 7.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2-4.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Elgin; Oct. 5, one performance, at noon.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 3-4.)

Race with the Devil—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates, directed by Jack Starrett. (Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 7.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Playboy; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 8.)

Salvation Hunters (1925)—Josef von Sternberg made his directing début with this highly symbolic lower-depths film, shot in and around the mud flats of San Pedro, California, on a budget of forty-eight thousand dollars. The characters are derelicts who sit around and think dark thoughts. George K. Arthur is the boy who defends the girl (Georgia Hale) against the advances of a brute who shows his lust by scratching his thigh when he's hot for her. The film was much admired by Chaplin, Max Reinhardt, and many other artists, and one can certainly see why. It was fiercely hated by quite a few others, and the reasons for that are evident, too. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Elgin; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 7.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Paramount; through Oct. 7.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the her-

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oine's father. (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 7.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 4.)

State of Siege (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 2.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Elgin; Oct. 5-6.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Elgin; Oct. 9.)

Sweet Movie—With Carole Laure and Pierre Clémenti, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; starting Oct. 8.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, shuddering with Latin rows about élitism. It is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 7.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Oct. 7.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Sutton; through Oct. 7.)

Three Days of the Condor—With Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, Max von Sydow, and John Houseman. Directed by Sydney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II; starting Oct. 5. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 8.)

Tristana (1970)—Made by a master at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian (Fernando Rey) is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

Walking Tall, Part 2—Bo Svenson plays Buford Pusser in this sequel. Directed by Earl Bellamy. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 8.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 3-4.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Plaza; through Oct. 7.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Regency; through Oct. 4.)

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 7.)

Xala—A Senegalese film, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 5.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 2.)

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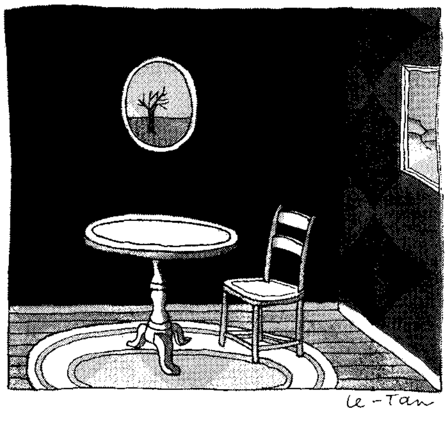
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the press and on the television news programs, the last couple of months have unexpectedly turned out to be a season of spectacular crime. The first episode in this highly publicized crime wave was, perhaps, the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa. The next was the kidnapping of Samuel Bronfman II, whose face was soon staring out at the nation from the cover of *Newsweek*. Then came the first apparent attempt on the life of President Ford, by Lynette Fromme, a member of the Charles Manson "family," and her face was seen on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*. It was at this point that a certifiable trend—a wave of occurrences governed to some extent by the laws of fashion—became evident. The element of crime-as-fashion may or may not have been present in the thoughts of the criminals, who, we are told, thrive on the publicity their crimes get, but that element was unquestionably present in the news coverage of the crimes. Two weeks later, when Patricia Hearst was captured by the F.B.I., all restraint broke down. Again, an accused criminal was on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and this time *Newsweek* gave the story a nineteen-page spread, including seven pages of photographs and, strange to say, a painting of Patricia Hearst with raised clenched fist. Television news programs got out old bank-monitor photographs of one of her alleged crimes, the San Francisco bank robbery, and the *Times* gave the story of the capture a four-column headline. The week after that, the second apparent attempt was made on the President's life, this one by a left-wing activist and F.B.I. informer, Sara Moore, who in her official capacity had had peripheral involvement in the Hearst case, and who in discussing her reasons for shooting at the President mentioned the strong impact on her of the Patricia Hearst story. By this time, it appeared that an alliance of terrorists hungry for publicity, of news organizations seeking to expand their audiences, and of readers and viewers eager to learn about violent and sensational events had coalesced into an informal system not very different from a Roman circus—a system in which the terrorists were the gladiators, and the whole wired-up, tuned-in nation was the arena.

Meanwhile, news of assassins of another kind was emerging. These assassins—the kind who, instead of shooting people in the government, shoot people for the government—did not thrive on publicity. Far from it; the television and press coverage they were receiving, in connection with the congressional C.I.A. hearings, was the very last thing they wanted. These assassins, whose world was every bit as weird and frightening as that of Charles Manson or that of the Symbionese Liberation Army, did not need television coverage, authors' lecture tours, or large advances from book publishers in order to feel that they and their crimes had won respectability; they were already enjoying the feeling of respectability which comes from working for the government on projects of national security. In any event, murder of every sort, even as it was universally deplored, was gaining in respectability. An atmosphere of assassination had spread across the country, and in that atmosphere distinctions were blurring and disappearing—distinctions between fame and notoriety, between entertainment and tragedy, between law enforcement and criminality. Things that should be kept strictly apart were merging. The government, by apparently undertaking to carry out assassinations, had placed itself on a level with the assassins who had thinned the ranks of American leadership in recent years, and who even now were aiming their guns at the President. Every poison dart that the government may have fired, every poison cigar it may have handed out, every poison light bulb it may have screwed into a socket was an invitation to all the lunatics in the world to make attempts on the President's life. A would-be assassin turned out to be associated with the F.B.I. The C.I.A. was revealed to be in league with the Mafia. The S.L.A.'s symbol, a seven-headed cobra, was turning out to be appropriate for the C.I.A., too, because the C.I.A. had found a use for cobra venom and had been collecting the stuff. The C.I.A., the S.L.A., the F.B.I., and Charles Manson's family were mingling on our television screens, in our thoughts, and, it seemed, in the real world, and it was getting harder by the minute to tell them apart.



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Vestmaker

NO one seems to know exactly how many full-time vestmakers there are in New York City these days, but Chauncey Hunter, executive secretary of the Custom Tailors & Designers Association of America, and a man in a position to make a guess, puts the number at about a dozen. "Bergdorf Goodman, Bonwit Teller, and Saks Fifth Avenue certainly don't have any vestmakers, because they've closed their custom-tailoring departments," Mr. Hunter told us when we called him to ask where we might find one of the city's remaining vestmakers. "Chipp and J. Press have none here, because their custom departments are in New Haven. Brooks Brothers has a couple of men out at its Long Island City plant who spend most of their time making vests. Bernard Weatherill, an English firm on East Fifty-second Street, has a vestmaker, but he's called a waistcoat-maker. The biggest custom tailor in New York City today is William Fioravanti. I saw him in a smart three-piece suit at a trade-association dinner just the other evening. He's sure to have a vestmaker."

Mr. Hunter was right. Mr. Fioravanti does indeed have a vestmaker. His name is Carmine Di Fabio, and he is a short, thin, soft-spoken man of seventy-four, who has been making vests for all but two of the last fifty-six years. When we went to see Mr. Di Fabio in Mr. Fioravanti's workroom, at 45 West Fifty-seventh Street, he told us that he was born in the province of Potenza, Italy; came to the United States in 1911; and learned tailoring, with his four older brothers, when he was a young man. "All five of us were vestmakers," he said. "One is now retired; three are dead." When Mr. Di Fabio was "something like eighteen," he went to work for a New York tailor named Bennett, and he stayed there for ten years. He has worked, for various periods of time, for about twenty other custom tailors, among them McCord & Mace, Earl Benham, Wetzel, Wallachs, Rosenthal-Maretz, and Knize. "I tried working in ready-made coats for a couple of years, but I didn't care for it," he said. "I prefer custom work. I like making vests." He has been with Fioravanti for the past twenty-three years.

Mr. Di Fabio has made "who knows how many thousands of vests" in his fifty-four years of vestmaking. "To make a plain vest, it's not so bad," he told us. "Double-breasted vests and dress vests are a little harder. The hardest is an all-silk vest. You must be careful not to get a shine on it when you press it." He has made velvet vests, needlepoint vests, and one leather vest. When he worked for Knize, he made a fair number of women's vests. Once, when he was with Rosenthal-Maretz, he did eighty vests for a musical called "Free and Easy." ("Lots of them had gold threads, and some were made of very shining cloth.") While he was with Earl Benham, who had many theatrical clients, he made numerous vests for Jackie Gleason.

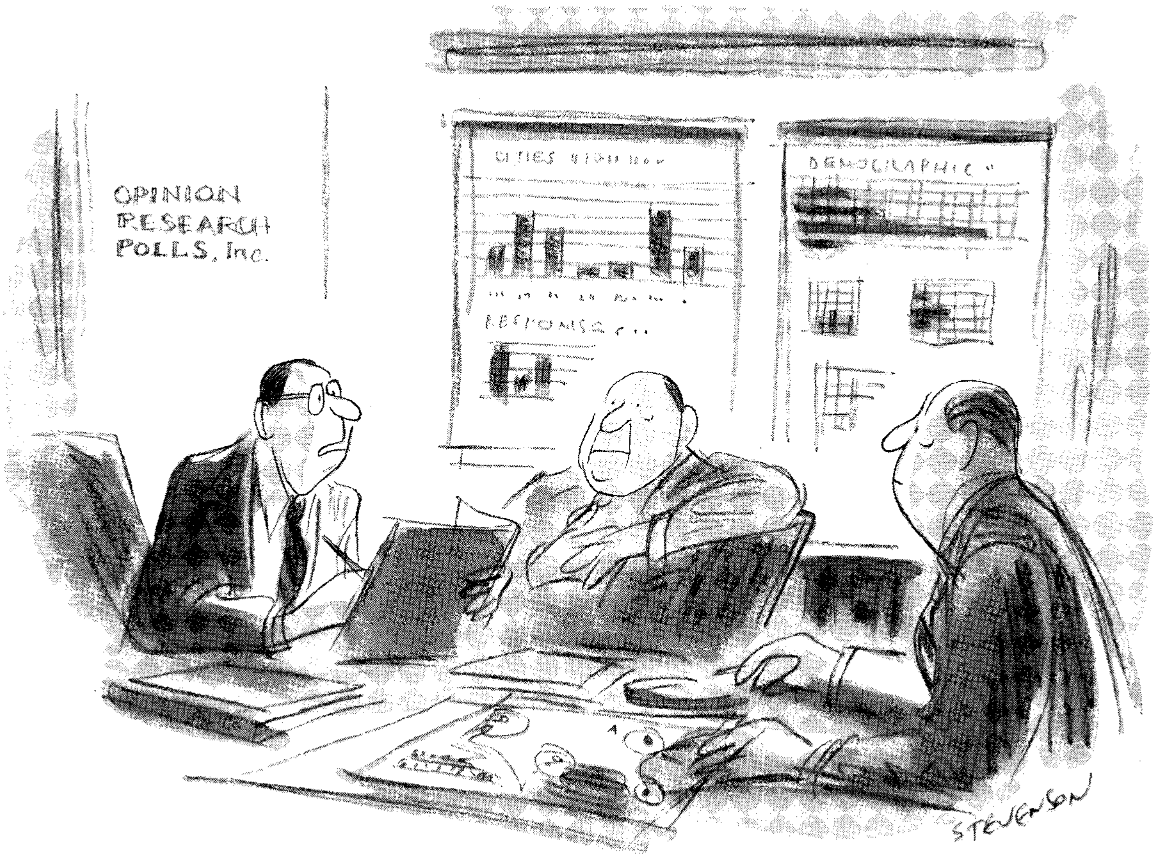
We asked Mr. Di Fabio—who was wearing a gold cotton shirt, a tie of the same color and fabric, cufflinks and a tiepin set with red stones, light-brown wool trousers, and a light-brown wool vest he himself had made—how long it takes him to make a vest and how much he is paid for making one. He told us that it takes him about six hours to make a plain vest—he does everything on it except the buttonholes—for which Fioravanti pays him twenty-five dollars. Double-breasted and dress vests take him a little longer, and he is paid nine or ten dollars more for these. Mr. Di Fabio works from 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., five days a week, except in summer, when he takes a few weeks off. He makes about three hundred vests a year and earns about two hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. "Hardly anyone wants to take up a trade like vestmaking anymore," he said. "It's nice. It's a clean job. But if you have the dexterity to work with your hands you can earn far more doing something like carpentry. Most men stopped wearing vests when Franklin Roosevelt was President, and vestmakers had to go out to find other jobs. Now vests are coming back into style, but most custom tailors try to talk men out of wearing vests, because they can't hire a vestmaker. It's too bad, because vests serve a practical purpose. They keep you warm in winter, and they're more refined-looking than sweaters. Machine-made vests don't ever fit right. They have no shape, and they always seem to be too short or too long. I do everything by hand."

Having obviously spoken more than was customary, Mr. Di Fabio put on his glasses and thimble, and turned his attention to a gray-blue wool vest-in-progress on the workboard before him. He basted tape to the interlining, taking four speedy stitches before he pulled the long white thread through to tighten them. "If you pull the thread through after each stitch, you'll never get done," he said, and then proceeded to stitch away quickly and quietly. While Mr. Di Fabio sewed and occasionally hummed, we took a look at the Fioravanti workroom, a large, fluorescent-lit place in which twenty men, in addition to Mr. Di Fabio, were seated at three long canvas-covered tables. One was a young Trinidadian, one was a young Frenchman, the rest were middle-aged or elderly Italians. The work of each man was as specialized as Mr. Di Fabio's. The Frenchman did alterations, and each of the others devoted himself to a particular aspect of coatmaking. (Mr. Fioravanti's pantsmakers work elsewhere.) Some were cutters, some did nothing but coat fronts, some only put on collars, some put in shoulders and sleeves. Three women, employed as finishers, were bent over sewing machines. The whirr of the sewing machines was punctuated by the pleasant, purposeful sounds of scissor blades snipping and irons being pounded down on worktables, pressing fabrics flat. The men spoke rarely and softly, mostly in Italian.

Before we left, we stopped to have a chat with "the biggest custom tailor in New York City today." William Fioravanti is a tall, lean, blond, good-looking man of forty-nine. He was wearing a white military-type shirt with rolled-up sleeves, which revealed a tattoo—"Mom"—on his left arm; tight-fitting, cuffless, dark-gray slacks of his own design; black patent-leather shoes; a religious medal; a gold ring with his initials in diamonds; and a slim watch. He was born into a tailoring family, grew up in Brooklyn, served in the Navy (where he acquired the tattoo), studied at the Cybick School of Design and Tailoring, on East Nineteenth Street, went to work for a custom tailor named Ernest DeRose in 1946, opened his own business in 1951, and has prospered. The Fioravanti suit is very fitted, with a straight look at the shoulders, and narrow, tapered sleeves, Mr. Fioravanti said, showing us an especially handsome plaid sports jacket that had just emerged from the workroom. He charges six hundred and fifty dollars for a two-piece suit and seven hundred and forty-five dollars for a three-piece suit. He said that there is little profit in the ninety-five dollars he gets for a vest, but that vests are becoming fashionable again, and that he is wearing them with all the new suits he is having made for himself. He turns out about two thousand garments a year, and while he doesn't want his volume to go down, he doesn't want it to go up, either. He has exactly the amount of business he can handle. Many of his customers are industrialists or businessmen, who order four or five thousand dollars' worth of suits and jackets at a time. The waiting time for a Fioravanti suit is from twelve to fifteen weeks. Mr. Fioravanti is proud of the fact that his is a family business—he is the president and sole owner, but shares the designing and fitting with his brother Anthony; his father is in the workroom; his wife does secretarial chores—and of the fact that he has never had to advertise. "I think I've done well, while other custom tailors went under, because I've always aimed for a very high-priced market and made a very finely tailored suit," he said to us. "I need only an infinitesimal part of the population to do all the business I want to do. I've never had to call up old customers or seek new ones. I don't mean to boast, but a good tailor doesn't go looking for customers; customers go looking for a good tailor."

Improvs

AMONG the several ways not to break into show business—big-time or small-time—is the familiar collapse-into-nervous-tears-during-the-audition routine, which we saw flawlessly executed one day recently by a dark-haired eight-year-old named Judith. Along with thirty or so other would-be thespians, Judith had answered a Saturday-morning casting call for the Meri Mini Players, a repertory company, made up of spirited six-to-thirteen-year-olds, that has been in the business of producing plays for peer-group members in town for the past six years. The Meri Mini company started out in a church basement on Central Park West and later moved to the basement of a hotel on upper Broadway, which is where rehearsals, performances, and auditions are now held. Anyone who wants to become a Meri Mini Player must first attend a Meri Mini production—they did "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz" and the less classic "Alliwishes I. Tickle" and "Looice" last season—and then sign up for an audition. This filtering process, devised by Meridee Stein, the founder and director of the company, and its grownup motivating force, is supposed to guarantee the free will of those who appear for auditions. Unfortunately, it doesn't account for a last-minute clutch.



"Frankly, I'm worried about the country. Our questions on substantive issues have been getting one-hundred-per-cent 'Don't know.'"

In midmorning, when the reluctant Judith arrived for her reading, Mrs. Stein and six Meri Mini regulars—Lori, Catharine, Stephanie, Linda, Mandy, and Trudelle—were coaching several children through a brief scene from "Pinocchio." "Rebecca, you read the Blue Fairy's part," Mrs. Stein instructed. "Every time it says 'F' on the script, you read that line. Now let's see how you sneak up on a sleeping puppet."

After several readings, Mrs. Stein announced that it was time to do some "improvs," which is theatre talk for improvisations. The first improv—an idea that several of the auditioners thought up themselves—involved three drunks and an alley cat in a New York City gutter. It began lamely and dragged along.

"This is boring," Mrs. Stein finally complained, shifting from her normal tone of positive reinforcement to a den-motherly sternness. "Who can tell me what's wrong with this scene? What does it need?"

The children decided that it needed dialogue.

Mrs. Stein began to cast another improvisation and asked Judith, among others, to take a place on the stage, which is white and octagonal. Judith whimpered a bit and said sotto voce that she didn't feel like taking a place on any stage. Mrs. Stein assured her that she didn't have to, and she left the room, followed by three Meri Mini Players, who went along to console her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Stein gave directions to the remaining improvisers.

"All right, the scene is this," Mrs. Stein said. "A hunter is on the prowl in the jungle, and he is looking for giraffes. He has a mean old lady boss, who's sent him to Africa and told him not to come back without some big game. Mandy, you play the hunter, and the rest of you are giraffes—a big family of giraffes—and you are down by the river. O.K., now I want to see a hunter on the prowl, and, Eric, Amy, Rebecca, Erica, and Angela, all of you are giraffes, and I want to see you doing your giraffe business. And I want action. And I want dialogue."

Midway through the improv, which involved a lot of jumping around and not very much dialogue, Judith returned and, without really saying anything, indicated that she wanted to be part of the improv. "O.K.," Mrs. Stein said. "Get up there and be a giraffe with the rest of them." Judith proceeded with her interpretation of a rather melancholy giraffe, and the jungle scene soon broke up.

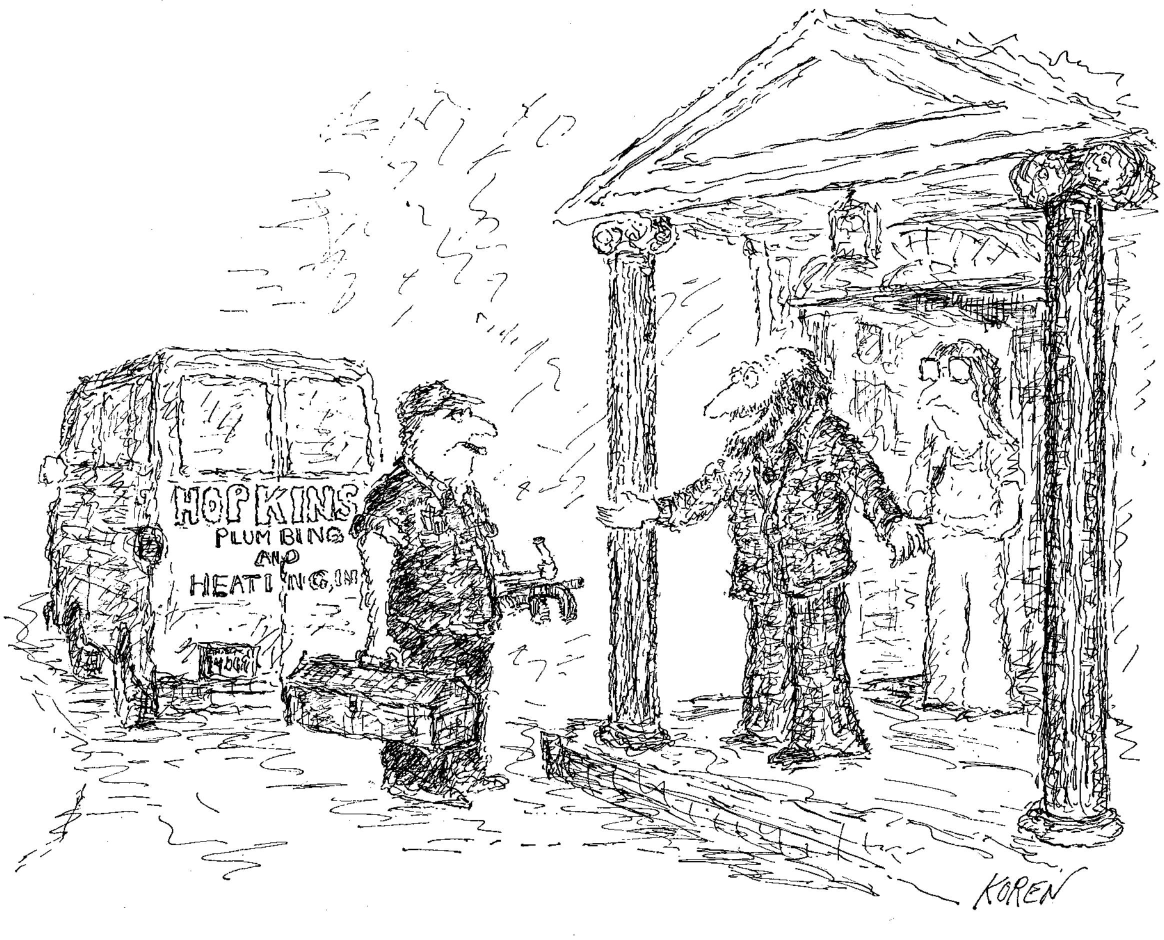
Another group of auditioners entered, and went through a couple of "Pinocchio" bits and then did some improvs. Mrs. Stein asked the children what they would like to be if they could be someone or something else, and then she appointed roles accordingly. A girl named Jessica, who is slightly larger than a cat, played a cat. Hilary became an Italian woman, Julie a candy store, Renetta a doll, Dina a flower, Catharine a cash register, Stephanie a doll-store clerk, David a piano, and Mark a fire hydrant. When the scene opened, the Italian woman went into the doll store to buy a doll for an unspecified niece. She negotiated with the store clerk, who presided over the cash register. Mark, the fire hydrant, who wore a brown corduroy leisure suit and black boots, and looks like a seven-year-old David McCallum, crouched outside the store with his elbows resting on his knees. Occasionally, he said "Squirt! Squirt!" Eventually, he got bored with this and wandered into the doll store. Upon noticing him there, the Italian woman turned and said, "I'm terribly sorry, but fire hydrants are *not* allowed in a doll store."

Go Far East, Young Man

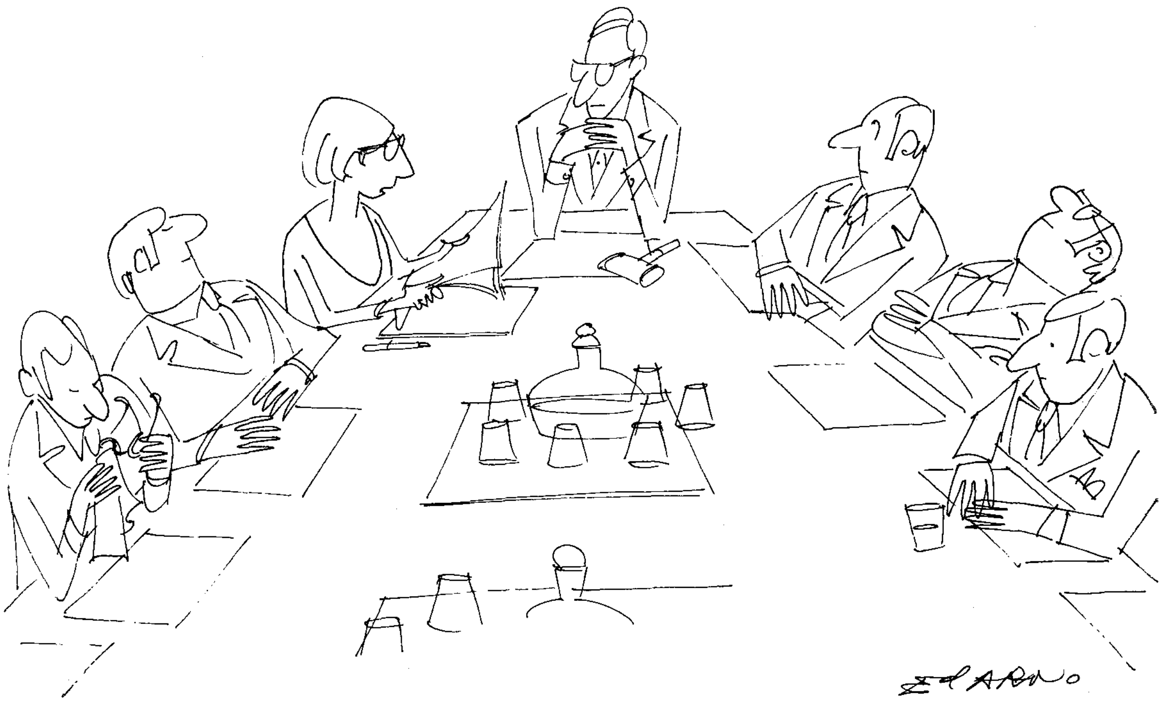
SEPTEMBER rains lashed the big plate-glass windows of the Lexicographers Club, a club whose very existence is the best-kept secret in New York, and in front of the bright library fire Ernest M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff, fresh from two thousand miles of railroading in the Farthest East, stretched out in a comfortable chair and crossed Dacron-clad legs. Frimbo's trousers had several small holes in them. Burn marks, they looked like to us. What was this? The Frimbo we have known for many years has invariably been impeccably dapper.

"Those, young man, are battle scars," the great man said, following the direction of our eyes. "Sumatra, you know. A gift from the ancient and honorable wood-burning locomotives of that wildly beautiful island. So many wood-burners there! And so many hills! At first, I thought it was scorpions biting my thighs. Then I realized I was aglow. 'You can't throw away those holy pants,' my companions commanded. 'They should be presented to a museum.'

"Theoretically, there are no passenger trains at all in parts of Sumatra. That is what they tell foreigners. Then you see one and ask why you can't get on it. 'Oh,' say the railway officials, 'that train is not suitable for visitors. But,' they say, 'there is a freight train that goes to the same station, and we can arrange to have a car for your party placed on the head end of that train.' So there we were, a band of twenty—Americans, Britons, a government official from Hong Kong; it's a group that meets once or twice a year, anywhere in the world (many of us had last met months before, when we startled the population of Florence by rolling into the main station in a cloud of steam)—in an open-platform coach directly ahead of a great big Japanese steam locomotive spewing wood smoke and char all over everything. Such are the grades that the engine must push you up. If you trailed the engine and a coupling broke, there would be little chance of saving you. These are rack-and-pinion railways—cog railways, we call them in this country. There's a center rail in the track with slots in it, and gears on the underside of the locomotives which engage these slots. The trains travel at six or seven miles an hour. It is a luxuriously willful waste of time travelling this way instead of on the decrepit Sumatran buses, but it's a wonderful way to see the jungle and the resident snakes. Over great high passes and scary bridges, twisting through wild gorges. Some of the most beautiful country in the world. The railway stations are the social centers of the dark little towns at all hours, whether a train is expected or not, and in each town we were greeted by five thousand children excited by the fact that real foreigners with cameras had been presented to them for their inspection. In one town, the local schoolteacher came aboard. 'I heard from the stationmaster,' he said, 'that you were coming again this year. School's over for the day, and we're all going home.' He and his gang of children rode out with us to the end of the line, and he kept them reasonably subdued. It was the last train of the day—maybe of the year—and while we waited for our hotel drivers to pick us up in cars and take us home to dinner, my companions thought they'd like to photograph the glorious variety of steam locomotives



"*Ah, Hopkins! Finalmente!*"



"At that point, a fly entered the room and Mr. Hornblower killed it."

• •

anging around the ailway yard under heir canopies of wood moke. Sumatra's realy a paradise for anyne who has ever vanted to play with rains—West Gernan, East German, Dutch, Japanese, Swiss, nd British steam loomotives of all shapes nd every dimension, rom little ones the ize of dogcarts to huge easts with twelve drivng wheels. But my ompanions found the hildren within six nches of their lenses. I am not a photograher, so my friends apealed to me. One litle boy stuck out his ongue at me, and I taggered toward him Boris Karloff fashion, urning my fingers into laws. He shrieked with delight and ran way from me. I followed him, and so lid all the children, also shrieking with elight. In two minutes, the way was lear for my friends to photograph whatever they wanted. That's life in the Indonesian highlands."

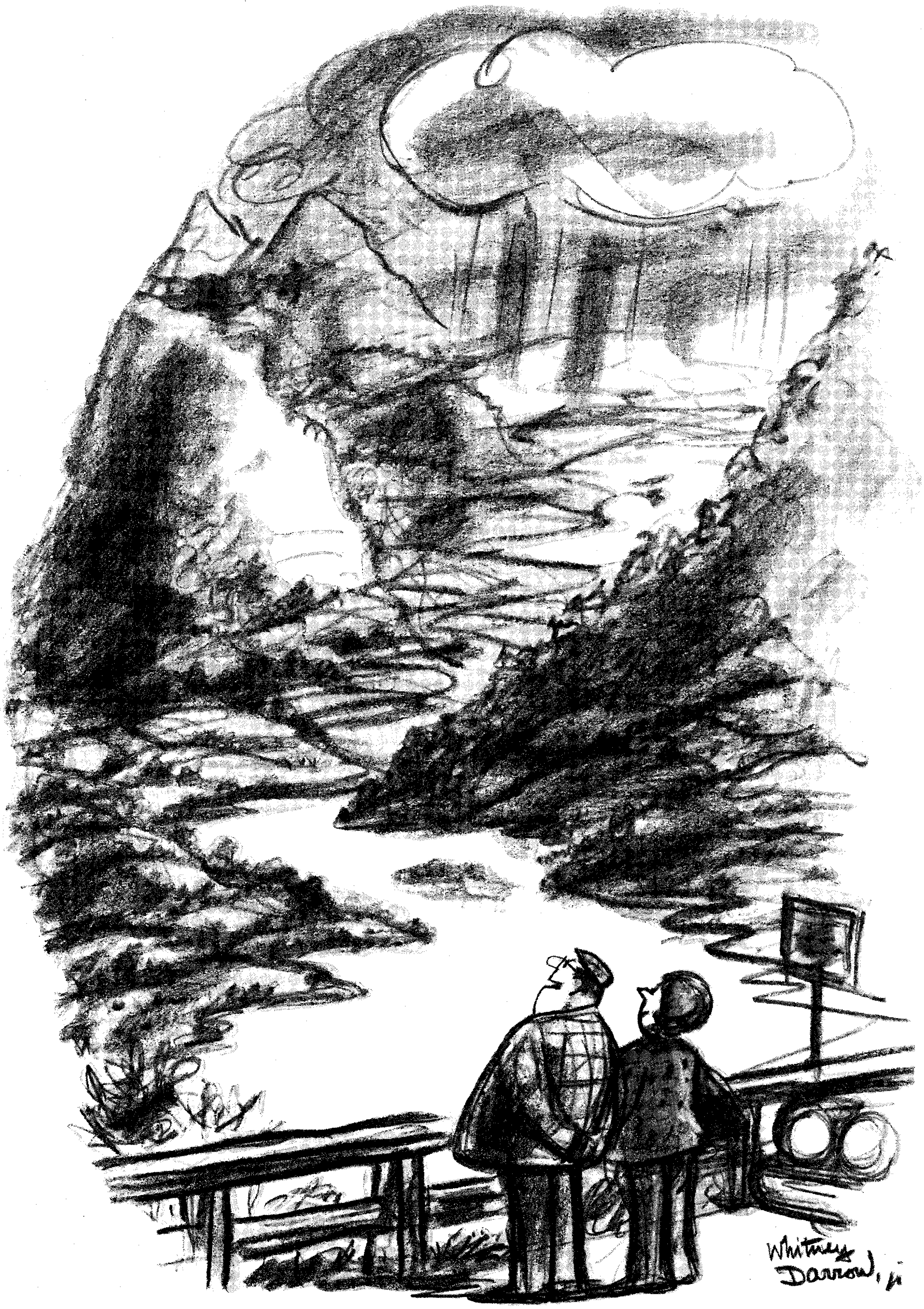
Frimbo's journey took him from New York to San Francisco—by train, naturally. He flew from San Francisco to Taipei for the trains of Taiwan, an island whose hundred-and-eighty-mile-long main line has forty-six expresses a day, and he observed in the city of Kao-hsiung the construction of a four-hundred-and-forty-thousand-ton tanker. Then it was off to Djakarta, in the lowlands of Indonesia. The lowlands of Indonesia were left behind as quickly as possible. There is oil in the lowlands, and the Indonesians there have discovered the delights and perils of the motorcar and the rubber tire. Automobiles, buses, and oxcarts do not blend well on the narrow highways of the region. "Djakarta, the capital city, is trying to develop the worst air pollution in the world," Frimbo told us. "It has already pulled abreast of Tokyo and Los Angeles, and has shaded Mexico City. The American tourist, an invisible ring in his nose, lands at the airport in a 747 and feels thoroughly at home breathing this familiar atmosphere. He lodges himself in high-rise hotels for prices greater than you would pay at the Brown Palace, in Denver, or the Clift, in San Francisco—hotels that know a great deal more about the business. One Continental breakfast, obviously prepared with a hummingbird in mind, came to four dollars and thirty-five cents.

"So, on to Malaysia and the Eastern & Oriental Hotel, in Penang, a city on the island that with reason calls itself the Pearl of the Orient. The E. & O.—it's listed that way in the Penang phone book, which is entirely in English—is the Pearl of Penang. I like to think that at the E. & O. I sat under the palm tree that Somerset Maugham sat under to write about English teaplanters and their difficult wives. My palm tree, under which I usually had breakfast, lunch, *and* dinner, was in the forecourt of the hotel, along its own private five-hundred-foot length of seawall, and from there I could look across the straits to the mountains on the mainland of Asia. Fighting off an occasional seagull as I dined, I watched the fishing boats arrive with prawns or lobsters, knowing that whatever they brought in would be part of my next meal. Noiseless Malay waiters padded about to ask, 'Another fresh-lime drink, sir?' I soon felt like a full-fledged wealthy colonial malefactor of the good old days. The E. & O. charges twelve dollars a day less than the Djakarta high rises, by the way.

"Across the straits lies another delight—the Malaysian State Railways, which look just about as they did when part of Malaysia was under British administration as the Federated Malay States. Sleepy, leisurely trains from a more placid part of history bumbled through the countryside while I sat in the restaurant car consuming prawn soup in a three-hundred-and-ninety-degree-heated bowl, served sometimes with seaweed, Chinese style, and beer made under license from two Holland breweries. In the morning, in the sleeping cars, bearers bring you a cup of English tea and a distinctly Malaysian ripe banana.

"Out in the jungles of Indonesia, I should have said, all the big boys—Uniroyal, Goodyear, Dunlop—have almost secret plantations, guarded by high fences and private police. One of the plantations, where we were guests, has developed the perfect solution to the energy problem. The little locomotives that snuffle through the plantation, which grows palm-oil nuts for the international soap market, burn the husks of the nuts. When day is done, the hostlers in the roundhouse scoop out the ashes from the fireboxes of the locomotives and cart this highly valuable fertilizer out to where new palm-oil-nut trees are being planted. The system is self-perpetuating, and the only cost is the hand-forging of an occasional repair part for the steam engines."

Frimbo grew silent and stared into the fire. A noiseless Lexicographers Club non-Malay waiter appeared by his side. Frimbo awoke as from a brief trance. "It's hot under this palm," he said. "Time for my four-o'clock fresh lime, please."


Whitney Darrow, jr

"*What a beautiful spot to build something!*"

WANDA'S

When May's mother went to find her father, May was left with her Aunt Wanda. She wasn't really an aunt; she was a friend of her mother's who ran a boarding house. Wanda called it a boarding house, but she rarely accepted boarders. There was only one boarder, who had been there six years. May had stayed there twice before. The first time was when she was nine, and her mother left to find her father, Ray, who had gone to the West Coast and had vacationed too long in Laguna Beach. The second time was when her mother was hung over and had to have "a little rest," and she left May there for two days. The first time, she left her for almost two weeks, and May was so happy when her mother came back that she cried. "Where did you think Laguna Beach was?" her mother said. "A hop, skip, and a jump? Honey, Laguna Beach is practically across the world."

The only thing interesting about Wanda's is her boarder, Mrs. Wong. Mrs. Wong once gave May a little octagonal box full of pastel paper circles that spread out into flowers when they were dropped in water. Mrs. Wong let her drop them in her fishbowl. The only fish in the fishbowl is made of bright-orange plastic and is suspended in the middle of the bowl by a sinker. There are many brightly colored things in Mrs. Wong's room, and May is allowed to touch all of them. On her door Mrs. Wong has a little heart-shaped piece of paper with "Ms. Wong" printed on it.

Wanda is in the kitchen, talking to May. "Eggs don't have many calories, but if you eat eggs the cholesterol kills you," Wanda says. "If you eat sauerkraut there's not many calories, but there's a lot of sodium, and that's bad for the heart. Tuna fish is full of mercury—what's that going to do to a person? Who can live on chicken? You know enough, there's nothing for you to eat."

Wanda takes a hair clip out of her pants pocket and clips back her bangs. She puts May's lunch in front of her—a bowl of tomato soup and a slice of lemon meringue pie. She puts a glass of milk next to the soup bowl.

"They say that after a certain age milk is no good for you—you might as well drink poison," she says. "Then you read somewhere else that Americans don't have enough milk in their diet. I don't know. You decide what you want to do about your milk, May."

Wanda sits down, lights a cigarette, and drops the match on the floor.

"Your dad really picks swell times to disappear. The hot months come, and men go mad. What do you think your dad's doing in Denver, honey?"

May shrugs, blows on her soup.

"How do you know, huh?" Wanda says. "I ask dumb questions. I'm not used to having kids around." She bends to pick up the match. The tops of her arms are very fat. There are little bumps all over them.

"I got married when I was fifteen," Wanda says. "Your mother got married when she was eighteen—she had three years on me—and what's she do but drive all around the country rounding up your dad? I was twenty-one the second time I got married, and that would have worked out fine if he hadn't died."

Wanda goes to the refrigerator and gets out the lemonade. She swirls the container. "Shaking bruises it," she says, making a joke. She pours some lemonade and tequila into a glass and takes a long drink.

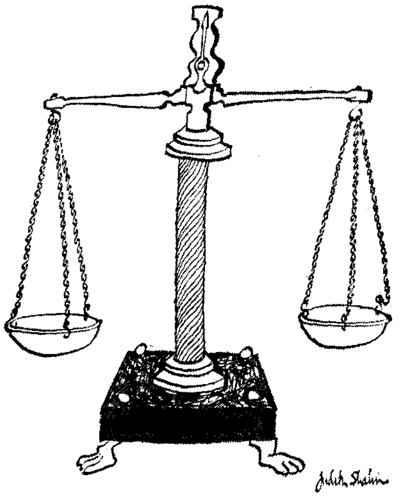
"You think I talk to you too much?" Wanda says. "I listen to myself and it seems like I'm not really conversing with you—like I'm a teacher or something."

May shakes her head sideways.

"Yeah, well, you're polite. You're a nice kid. Don't get married until you're twenty-one. How old are you now?"

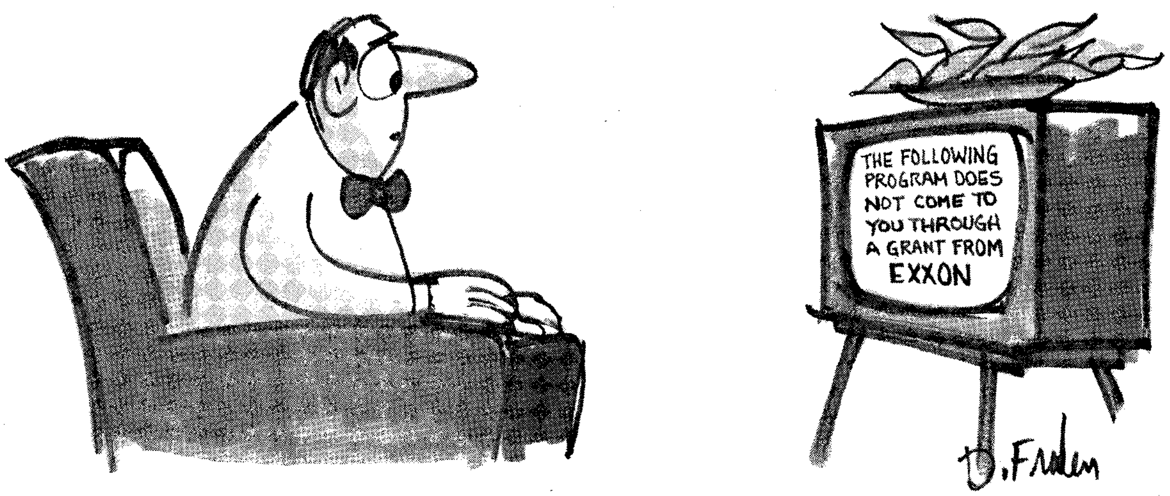
"Twelve," May says.

After lunch May goes to the front porch and sits in the white rocker. She looks at her watch—a present from her father—and sees that one of the hands is straight up, the other straight down, between the Road-Runner's legs. It is twelve-thirty. In four and a half hours she and Wanda will eat again. At Wanda's, they eat at nine, twelve, and five. Wanda worries that May isn't getting enough to eat. Actually, she is always full. She never feels like eating. Wanda eats almost constantly. She usually eats bananas and Bit-O-Honey candy bars, which she carries in her shirt pocket. The shirt belonged to her second husband, who drowned. May found out about him a few days ago. At night, Wanda always comes into her bedroom to tuck her in. Wanda calls it tucking in, but actually she only walks around the room and then sits at the foot of the bed and talks. One of the stories she told was about her second husband, Frank. He and Wanda were on vacation, and late at night they sneaked onto a fishing pier. Wanda was looking at the lights of a boat far in the distance when she heard a splash. Frank had jumped into the water. "I'm cooling off!" Frank hollered. They had been drinking, so Wanda just stood there laughing. Then Frank started swimming. He swam out of sight, and Wanda stood there at the end of the pier waiting for him to swim back. Finally she started calling his name. She called him by his full name. "Frank Marshall!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. Wanda is sure that Frank never meant to drown. They had been very happy at dinner that night. He had bought her brandy after dinner, which he never did, because it was too expensive to drink anything but beer in restaurants.



May thinks that is very sad. She remembers the last time she saw her father. It was when her mother took the caps off her father's film containers and spit into them. He grabbed her mother's arm and pushed her out of the room. "The great artist!" her mother hollered, and her father's face went wild. He has a long, straight nose (May's is snubbed, like her mother's) and long brown hair that he ties back with a rubber band when he rides his motorcycle. Her father is two years younger than her mother. They met in the park when he took a picture of her. He is a professional photographer.

May picks up the *National Enquirer* and begins to read an article about how Sophia Loren tried to save Richard Burton's marriage. In a picture, Sophia holds Carlo Ponti's hand and beams. Wanda subscribes to the *National Enquirer*. She cries over the stories about crippled children, and prays for them. She answers the ads offering little plants for a dollar. "I always get suckered in," she says. "I know they just die." She talks back to the articles and chastises Richard for ever leaving Liz, and Liz for ever having married Eddie, and Liz for running


THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM DOES NOT COME TO YOU THROUGH A GRANT FROM EXXON
D. Fradon

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around with a used-car salesman, and all the doctors who think they have a cure for cancer.

After lunch, Wanda takes a nap and then a shower. Afterward, there is always bath powder all over the bathroom—even on the mirror. Then she drinks two shots of tequila in lemonade, and then she fixes dinner. Mrs. Wong comes back from the library punctually at four o'clock. May looks at Wanda's *National Enquirer*. She turns the page, and Paul Newman is swimming in water full of big chunks of ice.

Mrs. Wong's first name is Maria. Her name is written neatly on her notebooks. “Imagine having a student living under my roof!” Wanda says. Wanda went to a junior college with May's mother but dropped out after the first semester. Wanda and May's mother have often talked about Mrs. Wong. From them May learned that Mrs. Wong married a Chinese and then left him, and she has a fifteen-year-old son. On top of that, she is studying to be a social worker. “That ought to give her an opportunity to marry a Negro,” May's mother said to Wanda. “The Chinese man wasn't far out enough, I guess.”

Mrs. Wong is back early today. As she comes up the sidewalk, she gives May the peace sign. May gives the peace sign, too.

“Your mama didn't write, I take it,” Mrs. Wong says.

May shrugs.

“I write my son, and my husband rips up the letters,” Mrs. Wong says. “At least when she does write you'll get it.” Mrs. Wong sits down on the top step and takes off her sandals. She rubs her feet. “Get to the movies?” she asks.

“She always forgets.”

“Remind her,” Mrs. Wong says. “Honey, if you don't practice by asserting yourself with women, you'll never be able to assert yourself with men.”

May wishes that Mrs. Wong were her mother. It would be nice if she could keep her father and have Mrs. Wong for a mother. But all the women he likes are thin and blond and young. That's one of the things her mother complains about. “Do you wish I strung *beads*?” her mother shouted at him once. May sometimes wishes that she could have been there when her parents first met. It was in the park, when her mother was riding a bicycle, and her father waved his arms for her to stop so he could take her picture. Her father has said that her mother was very beautiful that day—that he decided right then to marry her.

“How did you meet your husband?” May asks Mrs. Wong.

“I met him in an elevator.”

“Did you go out with him for a long time before you got married?”

“For a year.”

“That's a long time. My parents only went out together for two weeks.”

“Time doesn't seem to be a factor,” Mrs. Wong says with a sigh. She examines a blister on her big toe.

“Wanda says I shouldn't get married until I'm twenty-one.”

“You shouldn't.”

“I'll bet I'll never get married. Nobody has ever asked me out.”

“They will,” Mrs. Wong says. “Or you can ask them.”

“You're not supposed to ask them.”

“Honey,” Mrs. Wong says, “I wouldn't ever have a date now if I didn't ask them.” She puts her sandals back on.

Wanda opens the screen door. “Would you like to have dinner with us?” she says to Mrs. Wong. “I could put in some extra chicken.”

“Yes, I would. That's very nice of you, Mrs. Marshall.”

“Chicken fricassee,” Wanda says, and closes the door.

The tablecloth in the kitchen is covered with crumbs and cigarette ashes. The cloth is plastic, patterned with golden roosters. In the center, there is a large plastic hen (salt) and a plastic egg (pepper). The tequila bottle is lined up with the salt and pepper shakers.

At dinner, May watches Wanda serving the chicken. Will she put the spoon in the dish? She is waving the spoon; she looks as if she is conducting. She drops the spoon on the table.

“Ladies first,” Wanda says.

Mrs. Wong takes over. She dishes up some chicken and hands the plate to May.

“Well,” Wanda says, “here you are happy to be gone from your husband, and here I am miserable because my husband is gone, and May's mother is out chasing down her husband, who wants to run around the country taking pictures of hippies.”

Wanda accepts a plate of chicken. She picks up her fork and puts it in her chicken. “Did I tell you, Mrs. Wong, that my husband drowned?”

“Yes, you did,” Mrs. Wong says. “I'm very sorry.”

“What would a social worker say if some woman was unhappy because her husband drowned?”

“I really don't know,” Mrs. Wong says.

“You might just say, ‘Buck up,’ or something.” Wanda takes a bite of the chicken. “Excuse me, Mrs. Wong,” she says with her mouth full. “I want you to enjoy your dinner.”

“It's very good,” Mrs. Wong says. “Thank you for including me.”

“Hell,” Wanda says, “we're all on the same sinking ship.”

“WHAT are you thinking?” Wanda says to May when she is in bed. “You don't talk much.”

“What do I think about what?”

“About your mother off after your father, and all. You don't cry in here at night, do you?”

“No,” May says.

Wanda swirls the liquor in her glass.

She gets up and goes to the window.

"Hello, coleus," Wanda says. "Should I pinch you back?" She stares at the plant, picks up the glass from the windowsill, and returns to the bed.

"If you were sixteen, you could get a license," Wanda says. "Then when your ma went after your father you could chase after the two of them. A regular caravan."

Wanda lights another cigarette. "What do you know about your friend Mrs. Wong? She's no more talkative than you, which isn't saying much."

"We just talk about things," May says. "She's rooting an avocado she's going to give me. It'll be a tree."

"You talk about avocados? I thought that, being a social worker, she might do you some good."

Wanda drops her match on the floor. "I wish if you had anything you wanted to talk about that you would," she says.

"How come my mother hasn't written? She's been gone a week."

Wanda shrugs. "Ask me something I can answer," she says.

IN the middle of the following week a letter comes. "Dear May," it says, "I am hot as hell as I write this in a drugstore taking time out to have a Coke. Ray is nowhere to be found, so thank God you've still got me. I guess after another day of this I am going to cash it in and get back to you. Don't feel bad about this. After all, I did all the driving. Ha! Love, Mama."

Sitting on the porch after dinner, May rereads the letter. Her mother's letters are always brief. Her mother has signed "Mama" in big, block-printed letters to fill up the bottom of the page.

Mrs. Wong comes out of the house, prepared for rain. She has on jeans and a yellow rain parka. She is going back to the library to study, she says. She sits on the top step, next to May.

"See?" Mrs. Wong says. "I told you she'd write. My husband would have ripped up the letter."

"Can't you call your son?" May asks.

"He got the number changed."

"Couldn't you go over there?"

"I suppose. It depresses me. Dirty magazines all over the house. His father brings them back for them. Hamburger meat and filth."

"Do you have a picture of him?" May asks.

Mrs. Wong takes out her wallet and removes a photo in a plastic case. There is a picture of a Chinese man sitting on a boat. Next to him is a brown-haired boy, smiling. The Chinese man is also smiling. One of his eyes has been poked out of the picture.

"My husband used to jump rope in the kitchen," Mrs. Wong says. "I'm not kidding you. He said it was to tone his muscles. I'd be cooking breakfast and he'd be jumping and panting. Reverting to infancy."

May laughs.

"Wait till you get married," Mrs. Wong says.

Wanda opens the door and closes it again. She has been avoiding Mrs. Wong since their last discussion, two days ago. When Mrs. Wong was leaving for class, Wanda stood in front of the door and said, "Why go to school? They don't have answers. What's the answer to why my husband drowned himself in the ocean after a good dinner? There aren't any answers. That's what I've got against women's liberation. Nothing personal."

Wanda had been drinking. She held the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other.

"Why do you identify me with the women's movement, Mrs. Marshall?" Mrs. Wong had asked.

"You left a perfectly good husband and son, didn't you?"

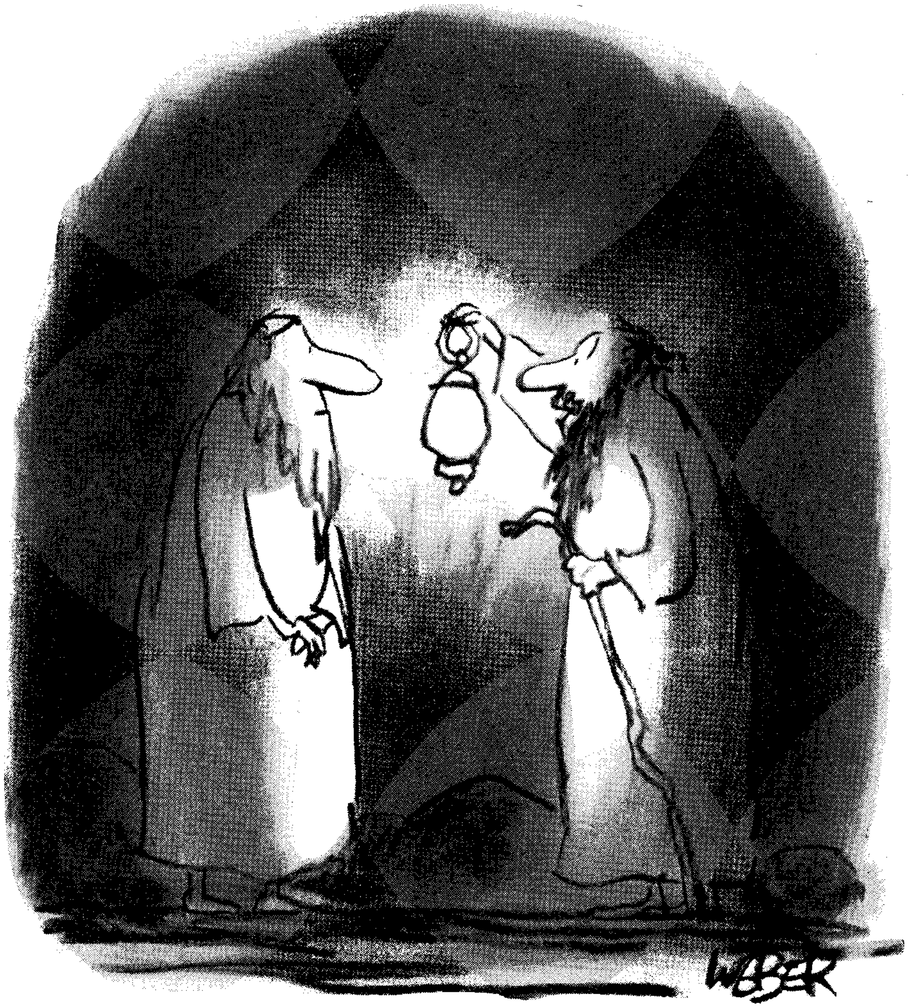
"My husband stayed out all night, and my son didn't care if I was there or not."

"He didn't *care*? What's happening to men? They're all turning queer, from the politicians down to the delivery boy. I was ashamed to have the delivery boy in my house today. What's gone wrong?"

Wanda's conversations usually end by her asking a question and then just walking away. That was something that always annoyed May's father. Almost everything about Wanda annoyed him. May wishes she could like Wanda more, but she agrees with her father. Wanda is nice, but she isn't very exciting.

Now Wanda comes out and sits on the porch. She picks up the *National Enquirer*. "Another doctor, another cure," Wanda says, and she sighs.

May is not listening to Wanda. She is watching a black Cadillac with



"Actually, I'm looking for someone about thirty-five to forty, reasonably attractive, nice personality, good sense of humor, straightforward and sincere, who likes to dance."

STANZAS FOR THE GRAVES

Rain had eased, an end-of-summer rain
Over Wales. Soon the sheened chapel roof,
Its wet slate tinctured like a rubbed plum,
Would dull, drying back into its bloom.
Day's lustre drained as late afternoon

Entered evening. Bringing autumn flowers,
Jagged dahlias, we trod coarse gravel
Away from laughter—stubbed cigarettes
And jokes while my friend spent his minutes
With dead kin, people I never knew.

The way was hard from the iron gate.
Marauding bracken and ripe blackberries
Stifled paths among forgotten graves
And graves half forgotten, where black leaves
Rotted in sundry vessels chosen

With special care not so long ago.
I was a total stranger. No one
Lay in this ground to whom I might owe
My tepid, my true, my trumped-up awe,
Respect, remorse, or plain, wholesome love;

A neutral I came, shy guest without
Acquaintance at a party. I stood
Apart against an awkward headstone.
With nowhere to sit, to be alone,
I stared out over the pocked valley

Where nobody at that moment chose
To hang out washing, wheel a barrow
Of tools from a garden shed. I said
I'd fetch water. And as I half slid,
Half fell, scrambling down amid the crush

And clamor of these who wore their names
Like delegates at a convention,
I learned their ages, knew who loved whom
For how long and how much. Not for them
Had I felt pain of loss; but neither

Could I accord them that indifference
With which so casually I snub
Unimpinging billions of the quick.
I turned the tap on full, rubbed the muck
From a glass jar, filled it to the brim.

For all those who cannot be disowned,
Whose lives have not been marked with costly
Marble, I remember, with this, how
Strident were the flowers as the dusk grew
Around us. But not for them alone

I make my elegy. Imminent
Dead, you whom I love negligently,
Often hurt, and sometimes disremember,
Know how, as we left for the umber
Dark, I saw all your eyes, alive as stars.

—TED WALKER

* * *

a white top coming up the street. The black Cadillac looks just like the one that belongs to her father's friends Gus and Sugar. There is a woman in the passenger seat. The car comes by slowly, but then speeds up. May sits forward in her rocking chair to look. The woman did not look like Sugar. May sits back.

"Men on the moon, no cure for cancer," Wanda says. "Men on the moon, and they do something to the ground beef now so it won't cook. You saw me put that meat in the pan tonight. It just wouldn't cook, would it?"

They rock in silence. In a few minutes, the car coasts by again. The window is down, and music is playing loudly. The car stops in front of Wanda's. May's father gets out. It's her father, in a pair of shorts. A camera bounces against his chest.

"What the hell is this?" Wanda hollers as May runs toward her father.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Wanda yells again.

May's father is smiling. He has a beer can in one hand, but he hugs May to him, even though he can't pick her up. Looking past his arm, May sees that the woman in the car is Sugar.

"You're not taking her *anywhere!*" Wanda says. "You've got no right to put me in this position."

"Aw, Wanda, you know the world always dumps on you," Ray says. "You know I've got the right to put you in this position."

"You're drunk," Wanda says. "What's going on? Who's that in the car?"

"It's awful, Wanda," Ray says. "Here I am, and I'm drunk, and I'm taking May away."

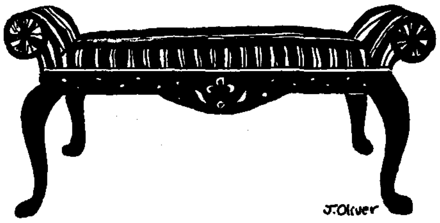
"Daddy—were you in Colorado?" May says. "Is that where you were?"

"Colorado? I don't have the money to go West, sweetheart. I was out at Gus and Sugar's beach place, except that Gus has split, and Sugar is here with me to pick you up."

"She's not going with you," Wanda says. Wanda looks mean.

"Oh, Wanda, are we going to have a big fight? Am I going to have to grab her and run?"

He grabs May, and before Wanda can move they are at the car. The music is louder, the door is open, and May is in the car, crushing Sugar.



"Move over, Sugar," Ray says. "Lock the door. Lock the door!"

Sugar slides over behind the wheel. The door slams shut, the windows are rolled up, and as Wanda gets to the car May's father locks the door and makes a face at her.

"Poor Wanda!" he shouts through the glass. "Isn't this awful, Wanda?"

"Let her out! Give her to me!" Wanda shouts.

"Wanda," he says, "I'll give you this." He puckers his lips and blows a kiss, and Sugar, laughing, pulls away.

"Honey," Ray says to May, turning down the radio, "I don't know why I didn't have this idea sooner. I'm really sorry. I was talking to Sugar tonight, and I realized, My God, I can just go and get her. There's nothing Wanda can do."

"What about Mom, though?" May says. "I got a letter, and she's coming back from Colorado. She went to Denver."

"She didn't!"

"She did. She went looking for you."

"But I'm here," Ray says. "I'm right here with my Sugar and my May. Honey, we've made our own

"Holy cow, all these years I thought that after they made you they broke the mold!"

• •

peanut butter, and we're going to have peanut butter and apple butter, and a beer, too, if you want it, and go walking in the surf. We've got boots—you can have my boots—and at night we can walk through the surf."

May looks at Sugar. Sugar's face is set in a wide smile. Her hair is white. She has dyed her hair white. She is smiling.

Ray hugs May. "I want to know every single thing that's happened," he says.

"I've just been, I've just been sitting around Wanda's."

"I *figured* that's where you were. At first I assumed you were with your mother, but I remembered the other time and then it hit me that you had to be there. I told Sugar that—didn't I, Sugar?"

Sugar nods. Her hair has blown across her face, almost obscuring her vision. The traffic light in front of them changes from yellow to red, and May falls back against her father as the car speeds up.

SUGAR says that she wants to be called by her real name. Her name is Martha Joanna Leigh, but Martha is fine with her. Ray always calls her all three names or else just Sugar. He loves to tease.

It's a little scary at Sugar's house. For one thing, the seabirds don't always see that the front wall is glass, and sometimes a bird flies right into it. Sugar's two cats creep around the house, and at night they jump onto May's bed or get into fights. May has been here for three days. She and Ray and Sugar swim every day, and at night they play Scrabble or walk on the beach or take a drive. Sugar is a vegetarian. Everything she cooks is called "three"-something. Tonight, they had three-bean loaf; the night before, they had mushrooms with three-green stuffing. Dinner is usually at ten o'clock, which is when May used to go to bed at Wanda's.

Tonight, Ray is playing Gus's zither. It sounds like the music they play in horror movies. Ray has taken a lot of photographs of Sugar, and they are tacked up all over the house—Sugar cooking, Sugar getting out of the shower, Sugar asleep, Sugar waving at the camera, Sugar angry about so many pictures being taken. "And if Gus comes back, loook out," Ray says, strumming the zither.

"What if he does come back?" Sugar says.

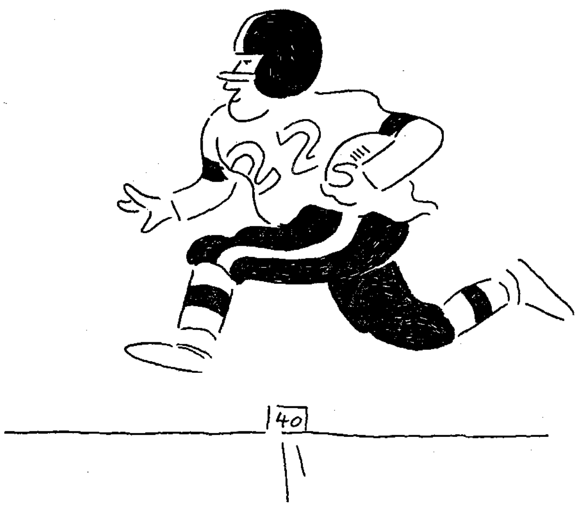
"Listen to this," Ray says. "I've written a song that's about something I really feel. John Lennon couldn't have been more honest. Listen, Sugar."

"Martha," Sugar says.

"Coors beer," Ray sings, "there's none here. You have to go West to drink the best—Coooors beeeer."

May and Sugar laugh. May is holding a ball of yarn that Sugar is winding into smaller balls. One of the cats, which is going to have kittens, is licking its paws, with its head against the pillow Sugar is sitting on. Sugar has a box of rags in the kitchen closet. Every day, she shows the box to the cat. She has to hold the cat's head straight to make it look at the box. The cat has always had kittens on the rug in the bathroom.

"And tuh-night, Johnny's guests are . . ." Ray is imitating Ed McMahon again. All day, he has been announcing Johnny Carson, or talking about Johnny's guests. "Ed McMahon," he says, shaking his head. "Out there in Burbank, California, Ed has probably got a refrigerator full of Coors beer, and I've got to make do with Schlitz." Ray runs his fingers across the strings. "The hell with you, Ed. The hell with you." Ray closes the window above his head. "Wasn't there



a talking horse named Ed?" He stretches out on the floor and crosses his feet, his arms behind his head. "What do you want to do?" he says.

"I'm fine," Sugar says. "You bored?"

"Yeah. I want Gus to show up and create a little action."

"He just might," Sugar says.

"Old Gus never can get it together. He's visiting his old mama way down in Macon, Georgia. He'll just be a rockin' and a talkin' with his poor old mother, and he won't be home for days and days."

"You're not making any sense, Ray."

"I'm Ed McMahon," Ray says, sitting up. "I'm standing out there with a mike in my hand, looking out on all those faces, and suddenly it looks like they're *sliding down on me.* Help!" Ray jumps up and waves his arms. "And I say to myself, 'Ed, what are you *doing* here, Ed?' "

"Let's go for a walk," Sugar says. "Do you want to take a walk?"

"I want to watch the damned Johnny Carson show. How come you don't have a television?"

Sugar pats the last ball of wool, drops it into the knitting basket. She looks at May. "We didn't have much for dinner. How about some cashew butter on toast, or some guacamole?"

"O.K.," May says. Sugar is very nice to her. It would be nice to have Sugar for a mother.

"Fix me some of that stuff, too," Ray says. He flips through a pile of records and picks one up, carefully removes it, his thumb in the center, another finger on the edge. He puts it on the record-player and slowly lowers the needle to Rod Stewart, hoarsely singing "Mandolin Wind." "The way he sings 'No, no,' " Ray says, shaking his head.

In the kitchen, May takes a piece of toast out of the toaster, then takes out the other piece and puts it on her father's plate. Sugar pours each of them a glass of cranberry juice.

"You just love me, don't you, Sugar?" Ray says, and bites into his toast. "Because living with Gus is like living with a mummy—right?"

Sugar shrugs. She is smoking a cigarillo and drinking cranberry juice.

"I'm your Marvin Gardens," Ray says. "I'm your God-damned *Park Place.*"

Sugar exhales, looks at some fixed point on the wall across from her.

"Oh, *metaphor,*" Ray says, and cups his hand, as though he can catch something. "Everything is like everything else. Ray is like Gus. Sugar's getting tired of Ray."

"What the hell are you talking about, Ray?" Sugar says.

"Your one cat is like your other cat," Ray says. "All is one. Om, om."

Sugar drains her glass. Sugar and Ray are both smiling. May smiles, to join them, but she doesn't understand them.

Ray begins his James Taylor imitation. "Ev-ery-body, have you hoid, she's gonna buy me a mockin' boid . . ." he sings.

Ray used to sing to May's mother. He called it serenading. He'd sit at the table, waiting for breakfast, singing and keeping the beat with his knife against the table. As May got older, she was a little embarrassed when she had friends over and Ray began serenading. Her father is very energetic; at home, he used to sprawl out on the floor to arm-wrestle with his friends. He told May that he had been a Marine. Later, her mother told her that that wasn't true—he wasn't even in the Army, because he had too many allergies.

"Let's take a walk," Ray says now, hitting the table so hard that the plates shake.

"Get your coat, May," Sugar says. "We're going for a walk."

Sugar puts on a tan poncho with unicorns on the front and stars on the back. May's clothes are at Wanda's, so she wears Sugar's raincoat, tied around her waist with a red Moroccan belt. "We look like we're auditioning for Fellini," Sugar says.

Ray opens the sliding door. The small patio is covered with sand. They walk down two steps to the beach. There's a quarter-moon, and the water is dark. There is a wide expanse of sand between the house and the water. Ray skips down the beach, away from them, becoming a blur in the darkness.

"Your father's in a bad mood because another publisher turned down his book of photographs," Sugar says.

"Oh," May says.

"That raincoat falling off you?" Sugar says, tugging on one shoulder. "You look like some Biblical figure."

It's windy. The wind blows the sand against May's legs. She stops to rub some of it away.

"Ray?" Sugar calls. "Hey, Ray!"

"Where is he?" May asks.

"If he didn't want to walk with us, I don't know why he asked us to come," Sugar says.

They are close to the water now. A light spray blows into May's face.

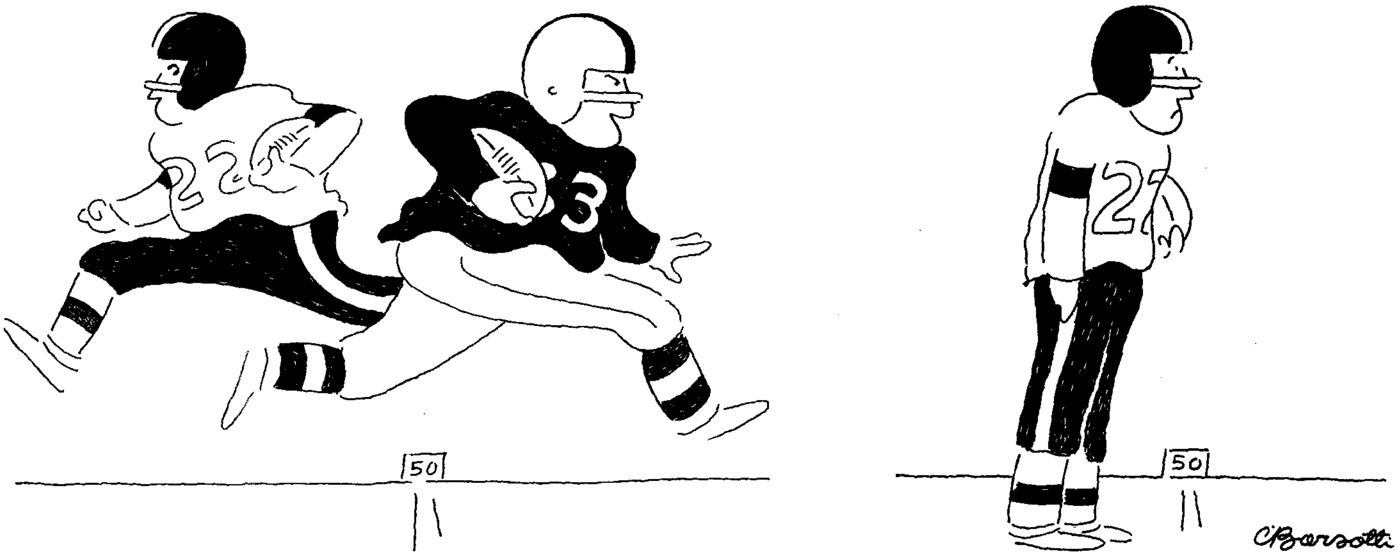
"Ray!" Sugar calls down the beach.

"Boo!" Ray screams, in back of them. Sugar and May jump. May screams.

"I was crouching. Didn't you see me?" Ray says.

"Very funny," Sugar says.

Ray hoists May onto his shoulders. She doesn't like being up there. He scared her.



"Your legs are as long as flagpoles," Ray says to May. "How old are you now?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve years old. I've been married to your mother for thirteen years."

Some rocks appear in front of them. It is where the private beach ends and the public beach begins. In the daytime, they often walk here and sit on the rocks. Ray takes pictures, and Sugar and May jump over the incoming waves or just sit looking out at the water. They usually have a good time. Right now, riding on Ray's shoulders, May wants to know how much longer they are going to stay at the beach house. Maybe her mother is already back. If Wanda told her mother about the Cadillac, her mother would know it was Sugar's, wouldn't she? Her mother used to say nasty things about Sugar and Gus. "*College* people," her mother called them. Sugar teaches crafts at a high school; Gus is a piano teacher. At the beach house, Sugar has taught May how to play scales on Gus's piano. It is a huge black piano that takes up almost a whole room. There is a picture on top of a Doberman, with a blue ribbon stuck to the side of the frame. Gus used to raise dogs. Three of them bit him in one month, and he quit.

"Race you back," Ray says now, lowering May. But she is too tired to race. She and Sugar just keep on walking when he runs off. They walk in silence most of the way back.

"Sugar," May says, "do you know how long we're going to be here?"

Sugar slows down. "I really don't know. No. Are you worried that your mother might be back?"

"She ought to be back by now."

Sugar's hair looks like snow in the moonlight. "Go to bed when we get back and I'll talk to him," Sugar says.

WHEN they get to the house, the light is on, so it's easier to see where they're walking. As Sugar pushes open the sliding door, May sees her father standing in front of Gus in the living room. Gus does not turn around when they walk in. He does not turn around when Sugar says, "Gus. Hello."

Everyone looks at him. "I'm tired as hell," Gus says. "Is there any beer?"

"I'll get you some," Sugar says. Almost in slow motion, she goes to the refrigerator.

Gus has been looking at Ray's pictures of Sugar and suddenly he snatches one off the wall. "On *my* wall?" Gus says. "Who did that? Who hung them up?"

"Ray," Sugar says. She hands him the can of beer.

"Ray," Gus repeats. He shakes his head. He shakes the beer in the can lightly but doesn't drink it.

"May," Sugar says, "why don't you go upstairs and get ready for bed?"

"Go upstairs," Gus says. Gus's face is red, and he looks tired and wild.

May runs up the stairs and then sits down there and listens. No one is talking. Then she hears Gus say, "Do you intend to spend the night, Ray? Turn this into a little social occasion?"

"I would like to stay for a while to—" Ray begins.

Gus says something, but his voice is so low and angry that May can't make out the words.

Silence again.

"Gus—" Ray begins again.

"*What?*" Gus shouts. "What have you got to say to me, Ray? You don't have a damned thing to say to me. Will you get out of here now?"

Footsteps. May looks down and sees her father walk past the stairs. He does not look up. He did not see her. He has gone out the door, leaving her. In a minute she hears his motorcycle start and the noise the tires make riding through gravel. May runs downstairs to Sugar, who is picking up the pictures Gus has ripped off the walls.

"I'm going to take you home, May," Sugar says.

"I'm coming with you," Gus says. "If I let you go, you'll go after Ray."

"That's ridiculous," Sugar says.

"I'm going with you," Gus says.

"Let's go, then," Sugar says. May is the first one to the door.

Gus is barefoot. He stares at Sugar and walks as if he is drunk. He is still holding the can of beer.

Sugar gets into the driver's seat of the Cadillac. The key is in the ignition. She starts the car and then puts her head against the wheel and begins to cry.

"Get moving, will you?" Gus says. "Or move over." Gus gets out and walks around the car. "I knew you were going crazy when you dyed your hair," Gus says. "Shove over, will you?"

Sugar moves over. May is in the back seat, in one corner.

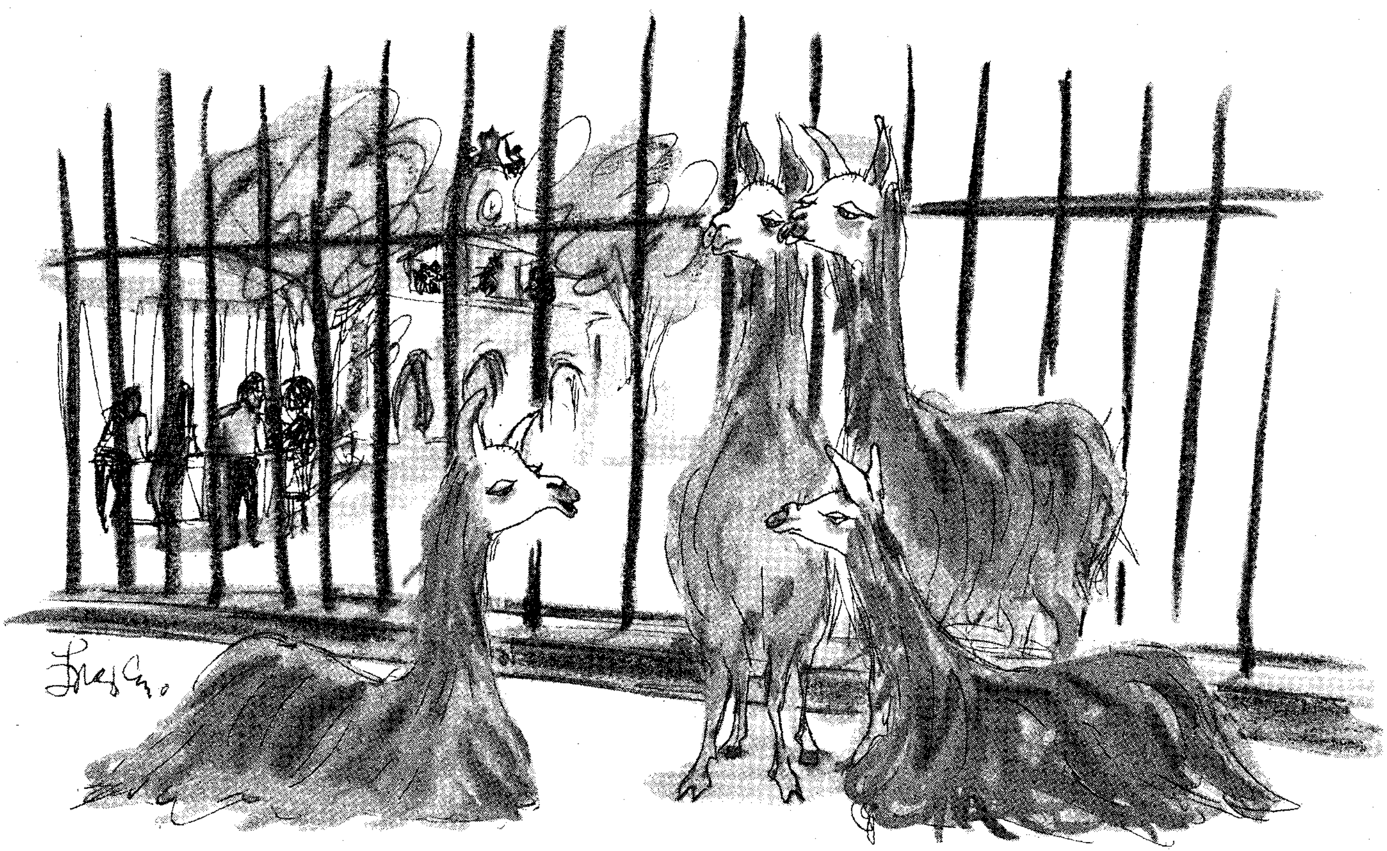
"For God's sake, stop crying," Gus says. "What am I doing to you?"

GUS drives slowly, then very fast. The radio is on, in a faint mumble. For half an hour they ride in silence, except for the sounds of the radio and Sugar blowing her nose.

"Your father's O.K.," Sugar says at last. "He was just upset, you know."

In the back seat, May nods, but Sugar does not see it.

At last the car slows, and May sits up and sees they are in the block where



"As a matter of fact, I love New York. I don't think I could live anywhere else."

• •

she lives. Ray's motorcycle is not in the driveway. All the lights are out in the house.

"It's empty," Sugar says. "Or else she's asleep in there. Do you want to knock on the door, May?"

"What do you mean, it's empty?" Gus says.

"She's in Colorado," Sugar says. "I thought she might be back."

May begins to cry. She tries to get out of the car, but she can't work the door handle.

"Come on," Gus says to her. "Come on, now. We can go back. I don't believe this."

May's legs are still sandy, and they itch. She rubs them, crying.

"You can take her back to Wanda's," Sugar says. "Is that O.K., May?"

"Wanda? Who's that?"

"Her mother's friend. It's not far from here. I'll show you."

"What am I even doing talking to you?" Gus says.

The radio drones. In another ten minutes they are at Wanda's.

"I suppose nobody's here, either," Gus says, looking at the dark house. He leans back and opens the door for May, who runs up the walk. "Please be here, Wanda," she whispers. She runs up to the door and knocks. No one answers. She knocks harder, and a light goes on in the hall. "Who is it?" Wanda calls.

"May," May says.

"May!" Wanda hollers. She fumbles with the door. The door opens. May hears the tires as Gus pulls the car away. She stands there in Sugar's raincoat, with the red belt hanging down the front.

"What did they do to you? What did they do?" Wanda says. Her eyes are swollen from sleep. Her hair has been clipped into rows of neat pin curls.

"You didn't even try to find me," May says.

"I called the house every hour!" Wanda says. "I called the police, and they wouldn't do anything—he was your father. I did too try to find you. Look, there's a letter from your mother. Tell me if you're all right. Your father is crazy. He'll never get you again after this, I know that. Are you all right, May? Talk to me." Wanda turns on the hall lamp. "Are you all right? You saw how he got you in the car. What could I do? The police told me there was nothing else I could do. Do you want your mother's letter? What have you got on?"

May takes the letter from Wanda and turns her back. She opens the envelope and reads: "Dear May, A last letter before I drive home. I looked up some friends of your father's here, and they asked me to stay for a couple of days to unwind, so here I am. At first I thought he might be in the closet—jump out at me for a joke! Tell Wanda that I've lost five pounds. Sweated it away, I guess. I've been thinking, honey, and when I come home I want us to get a dog. I think you should have a dog. There are some that hardly shed at all, and maybe some that just plain don't. It would be good to get a medium-size dog—maybe a terrier, or something like that. I meant to get you a dog years ago, but now I've been thinking that I should still do it. When I get back, first thing we'll go and get you a dog. Love, Mama."

It is the longest letter May has ever gotten from her mother. She stands in Wanda's hallway, amazed.

—Ann Beattie

VISION

What is unseen
flows to what is unseen
passing in part
through what we partly see
we stood up from all fours
far back in the light
to look
as long as there is day
and part of the night

—W. S. Merwin

TIMBER!

(No. 36 in Our Series "Meet the Presidential Contenders")

IS Senator C. Carlton Roemaster's stained, narrow-brim Stetson about to join the growing pile of homburgs, porkpies, and beanies already n the Presidential ring? Little known outside his home state and completely unknown in it (he is filling out an unexpired Senate term to which he was appointed when the governor, stung by press charges that the job would go to a political crony, picked him from a line of tourists waiting to make a tour of the gubernatorial mansion), Charlie Roemaster is nonetheless a force to be reckoned with in the complex game of pre-nomination politics. As vice-chairman of the obscure but non-influential Weights and Measures Subcommittee of the Senate's august Committee on Different Things, Roemaster is respected by party regulars as a workhorse. "There's not a night Charlie doesn't carry home a fat load of papers," one colleague observed recently. "The funny thing is he never seems to bring anything back in the morning. But when Charlie *does* tackle the fourteen months of stuff he must have tucked away in his attic, watch out! The man is a workhorse."

Add to the workhorse legend Roemaster's reputation for being well liked on both sides of the aisle. It is one measure of his evenhanded warmth and genuine conviviality that only a handful of senators are able to state with certainty which side of the aisle he actually sits on. Insiders give much of the credit for this personal popularity to Roemaster's wife, the former Hermina Grausch. It is generally agreed that out on the primary trail, where wives count heavily, Hermy Roemaster will make copy. For some years before her marriage Mrs. Roemaster was the "catcher" in an Argentinian trapeze act, and the news magazines have already revealed that problems in the Roemaster home are often solved after Hermy hangs by her heels from a doorframe or light fixture and "thinks things through." Last year, she was widely applauded for her one-woman campaign to secure citizenship, under the "unique and unduplicatable skills" provision of the Immigration Act, for a Bulgarian trampoline troupe. "The issue," she said at the time, "is not the Twirling Vaptarovs per se but rather whether Americans should be denied access to a ten-man pyramid topped by a Kodiak bear."

Frankly, Senator Roemaster is not expected to match his wife for pizzazz. His background resembles that of other Presidential candidates, although the record is sometimes sketchy on details. He either sold or stole *Saturday Evening Posts* as a boy, was captain of his college crew or rented out rowboats on Lake Watchamaug, and spent either two days or two years in the South Pacific during the Second World War. A standard bio. But his supporters believe it is more than compensated for by Roemaster's reputation for fiscal soundness. For seventeen years prior to his plunge into the Washington maelstrom he was controller of Midwest Sprocket, a medium-sized bicycle-manufacturing concern. His guidance of the company during a difficult period of transition from three-speed to five (he offset increased costs by omitting the tail-light and bell and devising a cheaper but often workable brake) won the respect of Wall Street. And his personal stock soared when he devised Sprocket bikes' catchy sales motto "Hell on Wheels."

Admittedly weak in foreign affairs (his one trip abroad to date has been a three-day vacation package to Tijuana), Roemaster expects to bolster his international image with a sixteen-nation fact-finding trip in January. During his week overseas, he plans to huddle with heads of state or key governmental members, and has already pencilled in a conference with Oman's Deputy Director of Camel Traffic. Mrs. Roemaster will accompany her husband, and he is counting on her to bridge the "people to people" gap. "I have old friends in Rumania, Denmark, Spain, and Turkey," she told a reporter last week, "although at that time of year they may all be in winter quarters." Until his trip, Roemaster's aides are maintaining a low profile on the diplomatic front and are downplaying gaffes like the one at a recent brunch at the Dutch Embassy, when the fun-loving solon plunked down five slices of imported cheese on his table, cried "Edam and weep!," and fell to the floor in helpless paroxysms of laughter.

Whether Roemaster has the skill to generate the cash essential to an effective primary campaign is one of the big remaining questions, and it seems headed for an affirmative answer after his private meeting this week in a New York hotel suite with a dozen hard-eyed businessmen. For twenty-three minutes the Senator fielded questions on the economy, Israel, busing, the environment, South Korea, and energy before the group repaired to "21" for well-earned drinks and steaks. Many insiders take it as a sign of confidence in his money sense that when the others present had to rush off after lunch to other top-level meetings or to catch trains, Charlie Roemaster was permitted to stay and deal with the check.

As the race hots up, the opposition is expected to try to spotlight the few minuses in the Charlie Roemaster balance sheet. Adversaries will make much of the fact that his ill-fitting suits are made of double-knit linsey-woolsey, that he moved out of his last apartment owing twenty-five months' rent, and that once, as a youthful prank, he loaded and fired the memorial cannon on the statehouse lawn, disabling three sightseeing buses and crumbling the north wall of the historic capitol building. "When they announce your act in the main tent," Hermy Roemaster says, chuckling, "there's always some sorehead in the crowd who blames you if there's no prize in his Cracker Jacks."

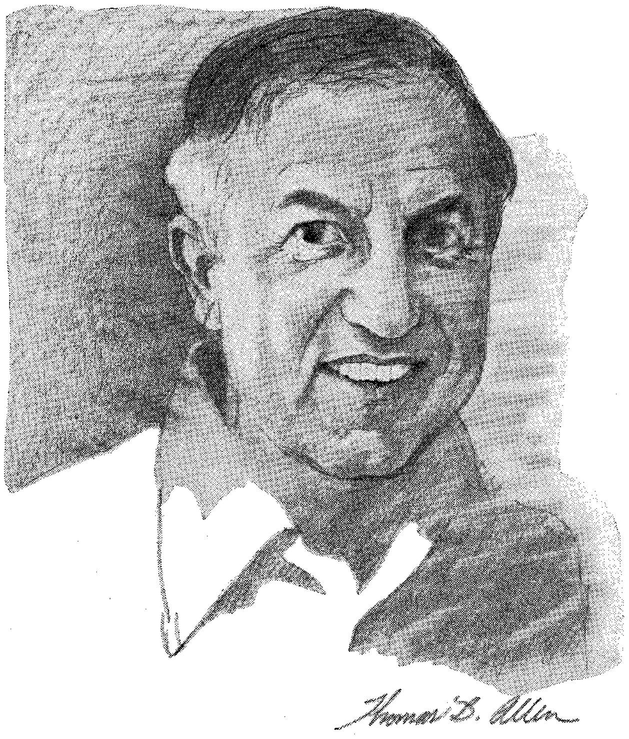
Perhaps the best assessment of Charlie Roemaster's chances next year is embodied in his Harry Truman story—one of a seemingly endless supply of political anecdotes with which he entertains visitors to his Senate office, passersby in the halls, and people trying to find their cars in the parking lot. "This was back when Harry was a senator, and he came to my town for some committee hearings on defense-contract frauds," he says. "Those were gruelling times, and when Harry stepped into the elevator I was running at the Corn Palace Hotel that night he looked beat. 'Floor, please?' I asked, and, tired as he was, he quickly replied, 'Seven.' It was just the two of us in the elevator, and I said, 'You're going up, Senator. Mind if I go up, too?' He just looked at me—if I live to be a hundred and ten I'll never forget that look—and up we went. I let him out at Seven, and then"—and Roemaster usually pauses here to light his pipe and twinkle—"I went on up to Nine."

—Gordon Cotler

PROFILES

DOWN IN THE MINORS

EACH year, between New Year's Day and the end of September, Robert Freitas visits upward of fifty cities all across the Western United States, some of them two or three times. Forty-four of them are bush-league towns, and the rest, less grandly still, are bush-league towns without bush-league ball clubs. Freitas is a baseball man. He is fifty-seven years old now, and baseball has dominated his life since he was old enough to walk and talk. For all but one of the past fifteen years, he has been the Western field representative of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues—the umbrella organization of the minor leagues. The job keeps him in touch with every minor-league baseball team west of the Mississippi, from the Dubuque Packers, of the Midwest League, to the Hawaii Islanders, of the Pacific Coast League. The National Association sponsors an annual winter meeting, at which minor-league executives spend a few days listening to speeches and voting on proposed rules changes; but, apart from that, minor-league baseball men in the West deal with their parent organization, and often with each other, through the rumpled, friendly figure of Freitas. Once a decade or so, a baseball writer does a feature story on him and calls him a "trouble-shooter." Factually, it's not a bad description—but "trouble-shooter" is too jut-jawed and haughty a term to use in connection with someone whose jacket pockets are as baggy and whose smile is as innocent as the jacket pockets and the smile of Bob Freitas. When Freitas is asked, he generally says, "My job is to do anything I can to help baseball and the people in baseball."



Robert Freitas

By "the people in baseball" Freitas means everyone: players, fans, managers, umpires, grounds keepers, Little Leaguers, hot-dog-stand operators, scouts, ticket-takers—even the widows of old-time ballplayers. He is careful, though, to steer clear of what he calls "the playing end." Hiring, firing, and promoting minor-league ballplayers and deciding who plays how much in what position are up to the major-league organizations, which supply players and managers to all but a tiny handful of minor-league clubs, and anything that might be thought of as interference is decidedly unwelcome. To the twenty-four front offices of the National and American Leagues, the minors exist only for "player development." They are a training ground, and an expensive one. Bowie Kuhn, the Commissioner of Baseball, has estimated that minor-league operations cost each major-league team an average of a million and a half dollars annually, and even if such expenses as scouting, spring training, and bonuses, which are peripheral to the actual day-to-day minor-league operations, are subtracted, the figure is close to half a million dollars per big-league team. If some genius were to hit upon a less expensive and less cumbersome way of teaching people how to play baseball, the majors would undoubtedly let the minors go the way of Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds—revered in memory but gone forever. To the players, the minor leagues' chief characteristic is that they are not the major leagues. In the lower minors, the bus rides between games are killingly long and the pay is lousy. (Five hundred dollars a month for the two or three months of the season is typical, plus six-fifty a day for meals on the road.) In the upper minors, the frustration of being so near Valhalla without having reached it can grow acute.

But to Freitas minor-league baseball is an end in itself. Most of the people he deals with directly are local league officials and owners or general managers of minor-league clubs. These men are not tycoons—not baseball tycoons, anyway. Some of them are comfortably off, but that's because they own a couple of sporting-goods stores, or a car-rental agency, or a few hundred head of cattle. Once in a while, though far more rarely now than in years past, a crooked operator absconds with the funds in midseason; but minor-league baseball is no way to get rich, even dishonestly. Usually, the baseball people are like Freitas himself—middle-aged men who sometimes have to struggle to make ends meet, who loved baseball as kids and played it (perhaps not very well) as young men, and who were never quite able to put the game behind them. Freitas knows them all, and he also knows hundreds of men who used to work in the minors and got out, or who love baseball and therefore might someday be persuaded to set up a new franchise or rescue a sick one. In this network of baseball men, Freitas serves as a kind of oral newspaper, employment agency, management consultant, and handyman. When a new owner or general manager takes over a ball club, Freitas is on hand to show him the ropes; he knows the ropes because, among other things, he operated minor-league clubs—the Utica Braves, the Stockton Ports, the San Jose Red Sox, the Amarillo Gold Sox, the San Francisco Seals, the Vancouver Mounties—for the better part of two decades himself. When a league shows signs of collapse, he gets on the telephone or goes on the road until he has lined up enough money, talent, big-league support, and towns with ballparks to keep the league alive. When, in the course of his routine travels, he hears of a promising promotional idea, he makes a note of it (the Denver Bears had a lot of success with a Straight-A Night, letting little overachievers in free and collecting from their parents at full-admission prices), and later, when he finds himself in a town whose ball club plainly needs a promising promotional idea, he mentions it, quietly and offhandedly. He has been one of two field representatives for the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues since 1961, and sometimes he gets discouraged. His honesty and his decency are apparent, yet by his own expressed standards he is not a particularly successful man. He admires the dynamic types who know how to make money and achieve their ambitions. When he describes someone as a successful businessman, it is always in tones of respect. His salary from the National Association is only eleven thousand dollars a year—not much for a man with more than three decades of experience in his field. He and his wife have sunk their savings into a coin-operated laundromat that opened a year ago and seems to be doing all right; still, their oldest son, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Oregon, had to postpone going to law school for lack of money. Freitas has tried to quit—in 1968, he worked for Charles Finley and the Oakland A's as group-sales-and-promotions director, his only try at the big leagues—but he always goes back. "People think I'm nuts because I love the bushes," he remarked to me one day. "I guess it's a disease, and I caught it a long time ago."

I GOT my introduction both to Freitas and to minor-league baseball one cool evening last season at John Affleck Park, in Ogden, Utah, which is thirty-three miles north of Salt Lake City and was, in 1974, the home of the Ogden Spikers, of the Pioneer League. There was a parking space—in fact, there were many parking spaces—within a couple of dozen steps of the admission gate. I bought a ticket—general admission was a dollar and a quarter, or seventy-five cents for those under eighteen or over sixty-five—and went through the turnstile. Off to one side, next to a chain-link fence, I noticed a small camping trailer. This, it turned out, was the front office of the Ogden Spikers. I poked my head in. Sitting on a bench in the tiny dining area was a skinny blond girl of about fourteen.

"Do you know where I can find Bob Freitas?" I asked.

"Oh, he's around someplace. I think he's on the third-base side."

"What does he look like?" I had seen only a fuzzy inch-square photograph of him in the National Association's *News*.

"Gee. I don't know. Sorta regular."

"Well, is he tall or short?"

"Tall, I guess, but not too tall."

"Fat or thin?"

She shrugged.

"How is he dressed?"

"He has on a brown jacket."

"Is he dark-haired or light-haired?"

"Kind of in the middle."

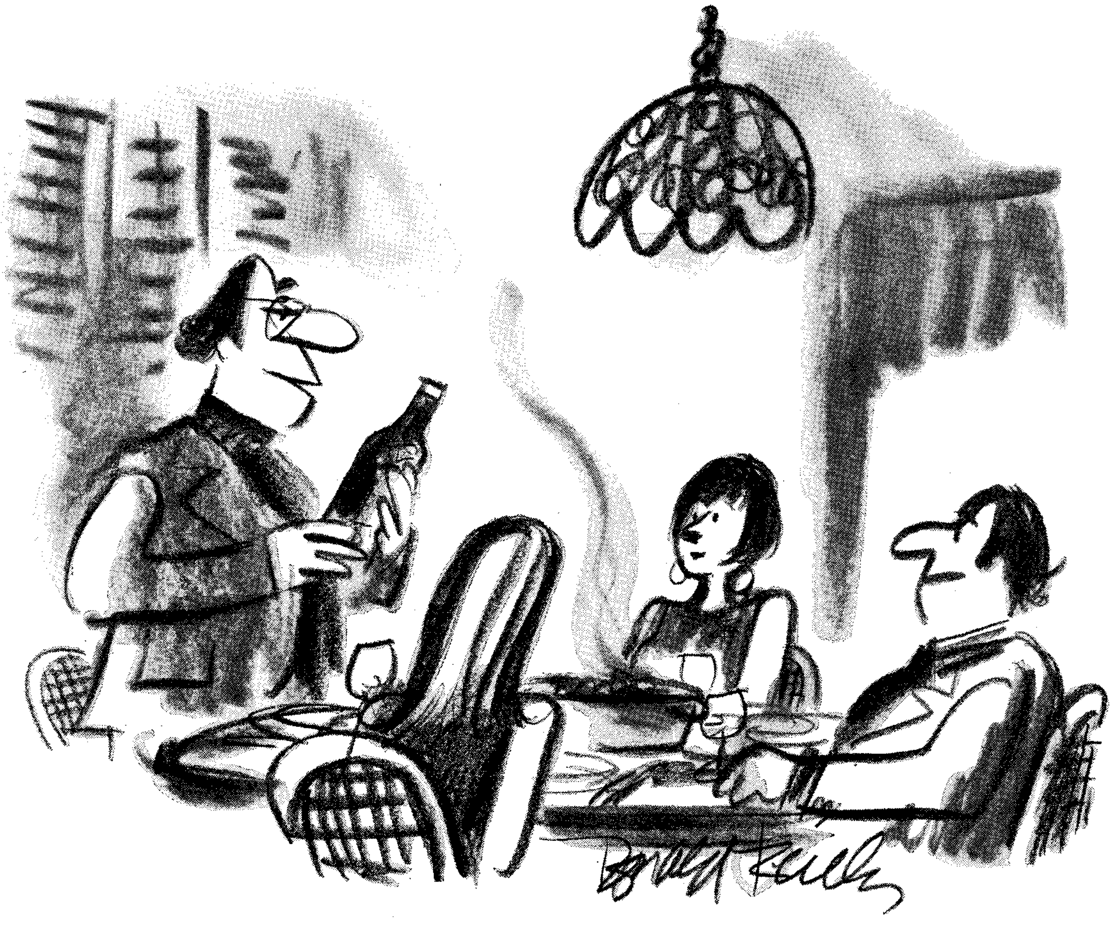
"The third-base side, right?"

"Mmm."

I walked up a ramp into the ballpark, found Freitas immediately, and introduced myself. There were about three hundred people in the stands, but only one who fitted the skinny blond girl's entirely adequate description. He was sitting on a folding chair behind the home team's dugout. He is a big man, six feet tall and a hundred and ninety pounds, but his rather shy, unassertive manner makes his presence less imposing than his size. His hairline has receded a bit at the corners of his brow, but he will never be bald. His face is heart-shaped, large-featured, and fleshy, and when he smiles, as he did when we shook hands, he looks boyish and surprised, with a hint of dimples in his cheeks. Under his jacket, which was indeed brown and was also weighed down by pockets full of oddments, he wore a short-sleeved tan knit shirt. The collar of the shirt was flattened under the jacket. "I've been in Ogden eight days," he told me. "The league president, Claude Engberg, got sick, and I've been helping Harold Welch here, the vice-president, get the season started. Eight days is a long time for me to stay anyplace. I'm getting restless. I think I'll go on up to Great Falls, Montana, tomorrow."

Welch, one of the owners of the Ogden club, was sitting in a folding chair next to Freitas. He had a Wallace Beery face, wire-rimmed glasses, and spiky hair the color of leaf smoke, and he was splendidly dressed: white shoes, brown textured-polyester pants, a salmon-colored shirt, a light-brown-and-white checked sports coat, and a white bow tie. Besides being vice-president of the league, he ran the Ogden ball club and was general manager of the Ben Lomond Motor Hotel, where the visiting teams stayed in Ogden. I asked him how he got to be vice-president of the league.

"Two years ago, they had a league



"What we have here is a very together but laid-back Bordeaux."

meeting, and I was late getting there," he said. "So they elected me. I never had a chance."

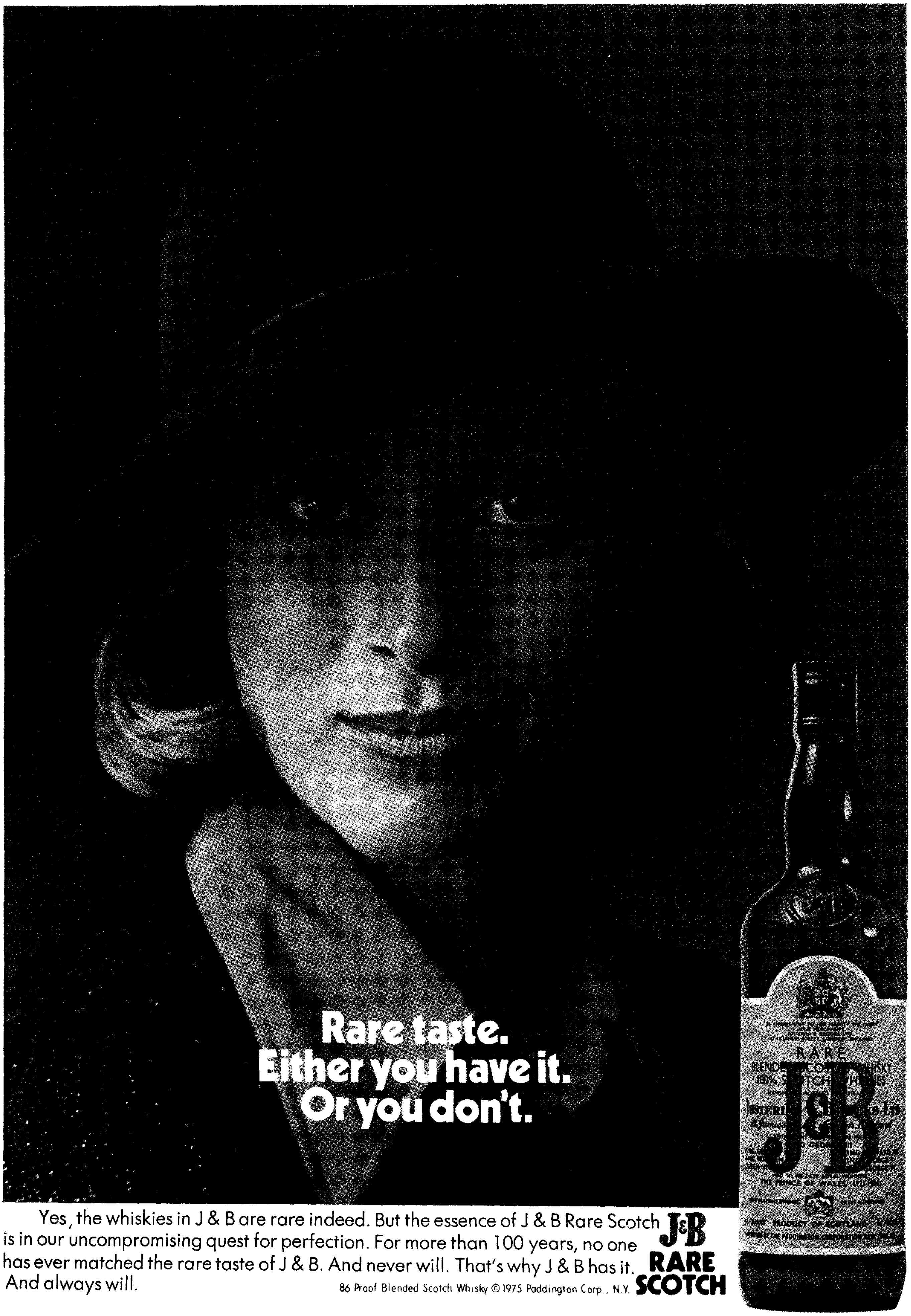
On the field, it was the bottom of the third inning, and the Ogden Spikers were trying to put together a rally to overcome the Idaho Falls Angels' 2–0 lead. "In this league, there's no such *thing* as a comfortable lead," Freitas said. "Most of these kids are just eighteen or nineteen years old. They're inconsistent as hell. They make a lot of mental errors, and the pitching's pretty wild. But they can run and throw and hit just as hard as the big-leaguers."

The Idaho Falls Angels are a California Angels farm team. The Ogden Spikers had a "co-op affiliation," which means that their players were supplied by several major-league organizations—the Chicago Cubs, the Detroit Tigers, the Baltimore Orioles, the Los Angeles Dodgers, the Cincinnati Reds, and the Angels—in an alliance that Freitas had helped patch together the previous winter. "They're called the Spikers because the Golden Spike, joining the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, was driven near here," he told me.

The Spikers and the Angels made up half of the Pioneer League. (The other half consisted of the Billings Mustangs and the Great Falls Giants.) The distinctions of the Pioneer League last season were three. First, it was a rookie league, which put it at the very bottom of professional baseball, along with the Appalachian League and the Gulf Coast League. It's a long way from a rookie league to the majors; in between, reading upward, are the three Class A (short-season) leagues, th four Class A (regular-season) league the three Double A leagues, and th three Triple A leagues. Once, ther were B, C, and D leagues as well, bu these were melded into the preser classification system in 1962. (Tw professional baseball leagues in Mexic are affiliated with the National Association and thus are nominally minc leagues, but on the whole they operat independently.) Second, the Pionee League was the only four-team leagu in professional baseball in 1974. A the other leagues had eight teams except the Western Carolinas Leagu and the New York-Pennsylvani League, which had six. "Four teams too chancy," Freitas said. "If on team goes under, half your schedule shot. One of the things I'm working o is trying to get two mor cities for the Pionee League." Third, the Pioneer League was, and is the last remaining league i professional baseball wit a wonderful name. Th names of the Triple leagues—the American Association, the Internationa League, and the Pacifi Coast League—are full o history and dash, but the are not precisely wonderful. All the other survivin leagues are named fo states (California, Texas Carolina, Florida State Western Carolinas) or fo blander, more amorphou geographical entities (Eastern, Southern, Midwest) The Sally League is gone The Three-I League i gone. The sun has set on the Sunset League. And these, too, are gone: the Tar Heel League, the Blue Ridge League, the Tobacco State League, the Colonial League, the Border League, the Piedmont League, the Evangeline League, the Longhorn League, the Kitty League, the Sooner State League, the Blue Grass League, the Buckeye League, the Cape Breton Colliery League, the Dixie League, the Keystone League, the Delta League, the Anthracite League, the Palmetto League, and the Copper Country-Soo League.

But the Pioneer League is not gone—and for that

ENTERING
RETIREMENT METROPOLIS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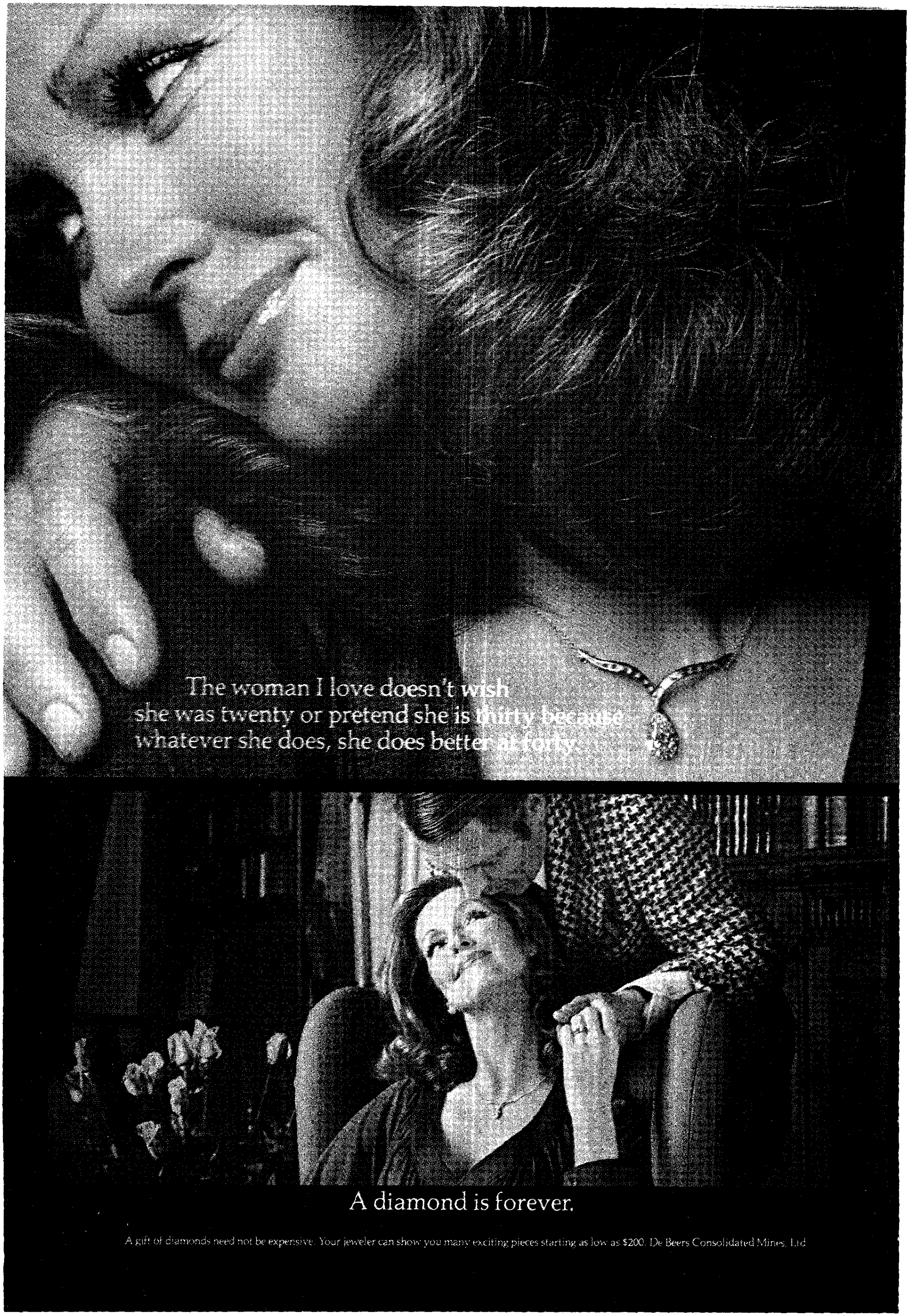

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"You've got whatever it is that's going around."

Freitas deserves much of the credit. In 1963, when the Pioneer was still a Class A league, one major-league team after another began to withdraw affiliation, and it appeared that doom was at hand. Freitas heard a rumor that the major leagues were planning to set up in Phoenix a "training complex," with coaches to teach young players and scouts to evaluate them, but without local teams to play for or home-town fans to cheer them. He then called Jack Schwarz, the farm director of the San Francisco Giants, learned that the rumor was true, and suggested turning the Pioneer League into a rookie league instead. Schwarz said it sounded like a good idea, and Freitas recruited Ben Jewell, the owner of the since defunct Twin Falls, Idaho, franchise, to lobby with the big-league organizations and the local operators for the change. Thanks to Schwarz and Jewell, and perhaps most of all to Freitas, who brought them together, the Pioneer League was saved.

The Spikers looked stylish in bright-blue uniforms with "Ogden" stitched in gold across the chest, but they never did overcome that two-run deficit, and Idaho Falls won, 4–2. The game was unremarkable, but its accoutrements weren't—not, at any rate, to the eye of a newcomer to the bushes, like me. The owners strolled around the stands greeting regulars by name. The box seats (a dollar seventy-five, or thirty dollars for a season ticket to the thirty-six home games) were all within forty yards of home plate, and the grandstand benches were not much farther away. The fans made noise, but one could still clearly hear the infield chatter around the bases. And the Ogden Spikers' scorecard, Freitas assured me, was the most rudimentary in the West. Most clubs get out a sort of magazine, give it a title like *Official Souvenir Program*, fill it with page after page of ads for local businesses, and sell it for fifty cents. At a quarter, the Ogden Spikers' scorecard was overpriced, yet it had a certain forlorn appeal. It consisted of an ordinary manila file folder covered, in ink of a muddy brown, with tiny ads. Some of the ads included Lucky Numbers, stamped in green, and at the end of each inning the announcer read off a number. Fans could Win Big Prizes, such as a hand-tied fly from the Line Shack, two free games from Paramount Bowl, or a free order of shrimp from Uncle Leo's Utah Noodle Parlor. Uncle Leo's Utah Noodle Parlor is a Japanese restaurant in Ogden. The numbers looked individually stamped, but just to be on the safe side the scorecard carried a little notice:

In case of duplicate
Lucky Numbers
first into office wins

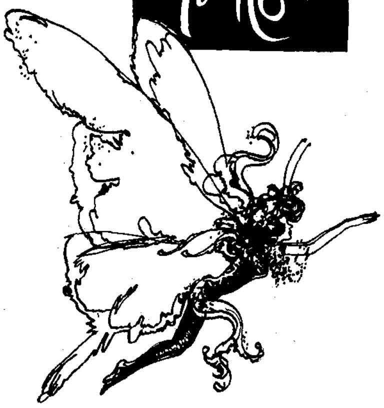
As for John Affleck Park itself, it was small, cozy, spartan, and green. It looked as if it might have a wooden cousin knocking around somewhere as a roller coaster, but it was a ballpark and nothing else. Visible beyond the right-field foul line was a mountain range. A grain elevator loomed over right-center field. And burning straight down the power alley from left center to home plate until well past the middle of the game was the sun, as red and fierce as a city in flames.

"This park was built in 1943," Welch said. "It was laid out by Bill McCorry, later road secretary for the New York Yankees. It wasn't laid out for night ball."

"They had this same problem with the sun over in Bakersfield," Freitas said. "You know what they did? They put up two telephone poles just over the center-field wall and rigged them up with pulleys. Now they just crank up a big piece of canvas between the poles before the game. It keeps the sun out of the hitters' eyes. Gives the fans a break, too."

Welch nodded the nod of a man who is not about to make any capital improvements on his ballpark. "I've been running this club for eight years," he said, "and I haven't made a dollar yet."

LIKE a lot of young men who get baseball in their blood, Freitas was born on a farm. His father, John M. Freitas, who died in 1973, at the age of ninety, immigrated from the Portuguese-owned island of Madeira, some six hundred miles southwest of Portugal, around the beginning of the century. He made his way to California, and found a job with the Southern Pacific railroad. John Freitas was a signalman in the days before electrification, and he lit or doused kerosene signal lights by hand and pumped himself along the tracks on a handcart. He saved his money, and when he had five thousand dollars he made a down payment on forty-seven acres of fruit orchards near Santa Clara, California, and settled down to become a farmer. Santa Clara was then a sleepy market town of thirty-six hundred people, a substantial portion of them Portuguese immigrants. John Freitas soon married a woman named Mary Andrade, and he and his wife had five children—a daughter, Dolores, and four sons, whom they called by stolid American names: Dick, Al, Bob, and Bill. Their house was small and without electricity, and everyone, including the children, worked hard on



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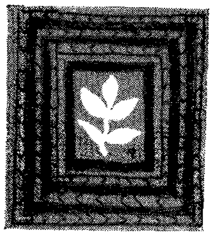
the farm. In the late nineteen-twenties, when the older boys, Dick and Al, reached high school, they began to play baseball. Bob was still in grammar school.

Two things that were important to the Freitas family happened around that time. The first was something that happened to everybody: the Depression. John Freitas couldn't meet his mortgage payments, and the bank foreclosed. He lost all but thirteen acres of his farm. He had worked hard before; now he had to work harder, and for a smaller return. He farmed his own land and the bank's, and he grew hay on a thousand acres of the Stanford University campus. During the hay harvest, he baled hay for Stanford, which had a stable of horses, and for landowners all over the Santa Clara Valley. Sometimes he would be away from home six days a week, leaving before dawn on Monday morning and not coming back until Sunday, working from sunup until sundown, taking his meals from a chuck wagon, and sleeping in the fields on a bed of hay. Eventually, he managed to buy back a little of the land he had lost, but real prosperity, let alone wealth, was never again a possibility for him.

Second, it was becoming clear that the older Freitas boys, Dick and Al, were uncommonly good at playing baseball. They played on the Santa Clara High School team, and Dick, especially, had the knack of throwing a baseball very fast. One week, Dick pitched a no-hit, no-run game on Tuesday, and on Friday he pitched another one. There were stories about it in the paper, and professional scouts began coming around to watch him pitch. In the spring of 1930, when Dick Freitas was a seventeen-year-old high-school junior, he signed a contract to play for the old Seattle Indians of the Triple A Pacific Coast League. The paper printed a picture of Dick this time, along with the story. That Sunday, the whole family piled into the car, a 1927 Model T sedan, and drove forty-five miles northwest to San Francisco, where the Indians were playing the San Francisco Missions at Recreation Park. After the game, Dick left for Seattle with his new teammates, and the rest of the family went back to the farm.



Bob Freitas was thirteen; he was overwhelmed. The glamour and the glory of it were almost beyond his imagining. No one he knew had ever had his picture in the paper before. He had never been to a big city like San Francisco; indeed, he had never been farther from home than San Jose, five miles to the south. And in that Depression year, when poverty seemed inescapable no matter how hard one worked, a professional-baseball contract was like a gift from Heaven. Baseball was then the only professional sport of any consequence, but hard times had come to baseball, too. Nine minor leagues had dissolved in the wake of the crash. In 1931, only sixteen were left, and some of those were on the verge of collapse. Nearly every boy dreamed of becoming a baseball player, but there were only about three thousand professionals in the whole country, and the odds against getting a contract were ten thousand to one. The money that Dick was getting, too, was almost beyond belief; in fact, some of the older Portuguese residents simply refused to believe it at all. The Seattle Indians had agreed to pay Dick Freitas three hundred dollars a month—at a time when agricultural wages ranged downward from twenty-five cents an hour. A couple of summers later, Bob Freitas got a job spraying pear trees, and the pay was seventeen and a half cents an hour.

Dick Freitas's signing was the biggest event of the year in Santa Clara, and the town went on a baseball binge that lasted until the outbreak of the war. Fathers who had scolded their sons for wasting time on a childish game began to encourage them instead. The high-school team started to attract sizable crowds, and Sunday leagues were organized, giving everybody who was remotely able a chance to play. The whole town was impressed by the miraculous turn of events in Dick Freitas's life, but no one was more impressed than his kid brother Bob. "Something happened to me the day my brother's picture was in the paper," he told me. "I'd known about baseball before, of course, but it hadn't dawned on me that you could get paid to play. After that, it became an obsession with me. It was all I wanted to do."

For the next eight years, Bob Freitas played baseball every weekend it wasn't raining, twelve months a year. He followed baseball, too. He bought *The Sporting News* every week and studied it carefully, reading the box scores of the minor-league games. He knew the names and records of hundreds of minor-league players. In the summertime, when the San Francisco Seals' games were broadcast in Santa Clara,

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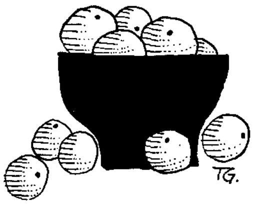
he would arrange to do work that could be done close to the house, like sorting prunes or cutting apricots, so that he could put the radio on the windowsill and listen. If the team was on the road, the announcer would have before him not the game but a strip of ticker tape giving the result of each time at bat; the announcer would make up the pitch-by-pitch action, build the suspense, and slap his pencil on the studio table to simulate the crack of the bat, and it would be nearly as exciting as the real thing.



In the spring of 1933, when Bob Freitas was a junior in high school, Dick was in his fourth year with the Seattle Indians. The Indians played an exhibition game with the Chicago White Sox, and the White Sox expressed interest in buying his contract. But the Indians figured that he would be worth more in another year, and they declined to sell. That summer, Dick injured his arm after a coach advised him to change his delivery from overhand to sidearm, and his professional baseball career ended as suddenly as it had begun. He came home and got a job at the Falstaff brewery in San Jose, where he worked until his death, in 1968. For several years, he continued to play on a semi-pro team. His fastball was gone for good, but he still knew how to pitch.

Al, the second brother, was a pitcher, too, and a good one—indeed, he had pitched a no-hitter for Santa Clara High School the year after Dick pitched two. Though Al lacked the blazing speed that had won his older brother three hundred dollars a month, he was promising enough to attract the attention of a scout from the St. Louis Cardinals' farm system. But the contract he was offered called for a salary of only seventy-five dollars a month, which was too little for there to be any money left over to help out at home, and his father desperately needed him in the fields. He turned the offer down and stayed home to work on the farm.

Bob Freitas's brothers had finished with professional baseball and returned to the prosaic, but his own hopes were intact. In high school, he made the varsity team, thus carrying on what by then was a family tradition. He, too, had tried to pitch, but his arm wasn't strong enough, and he ended up on the other side of home plate, as a catcher. After he graduated from high school, he worked for his father in the daytime and went to business school in San Jose at night, studying bookkeeping, typing, accounting, and business law. And each Sunday, and whenever else he found himself free in the afternoon, he played baseball. He played on teams organized by the Catholic Youth Organization and on a team sponsored by the Santa Clara Inn, a little hamburger restaurant. One year, he played on a C.Y.O. team with his brothers Al and Bill and with two other sets of three brothers. "There's a guy in San Jose named Scooter Scoppettone," he told me. "I still see him at ballgames sometimes. And till this day every time he sees me he mentions that he was the only non-brother on the team and could never crash the lineup."

One winter Sunday, Freitas accompanied a friend, a promising ballplayer, to a Cincinnati Reds tryout session in Berkeley. Freitas was along just for the ride, but when they arrived he was pleased to discover that there weren't enough players for two sides. "This guy can play," Freitas's friend said, jerking a thumb in his direction. Freitas played, and he hit a home run. Charles E. Chapman, a Cincinnati scout for northern California, who was also a professor of history at Berkeley, was impressed. He watched Freitas work out, advised him to switch to first base, because his arm wasn't strong enough for a catcher, either, and asked him to come back in the spring.

Freitas played particularly hard for the next several months. It was an exquisite interlude, since it seemed possible that at last the way was opening for him to play baseball for a living—and perhaps, before too many years had passed, for him to play in the Pacific Coast League, like his brother, or even in the majors. At the tryout camp, though, Chapman had to tell him that he wasn't going to make it as a player. Among other things, he had trouble spotting fly balls—the first symptom, probably, of optic neuritis, an eye disease that he learned he had in 1955, and that has grown steadily worse over the years. (He is now forced to carry five pairs of glasses with him wherever he goes.) But Chapman liked Freitas and respected his judgment, and asked if he would like to help him scout the San Jose area. When Freitas left the Berkeley tryout camp, he was in professional baseball—not as a player with a roll of bills in his pocket but as an unpaid "bird dog," or assistant scout.

In 1939, Freitas got on a bus and rode to Cincinnati, where the winter

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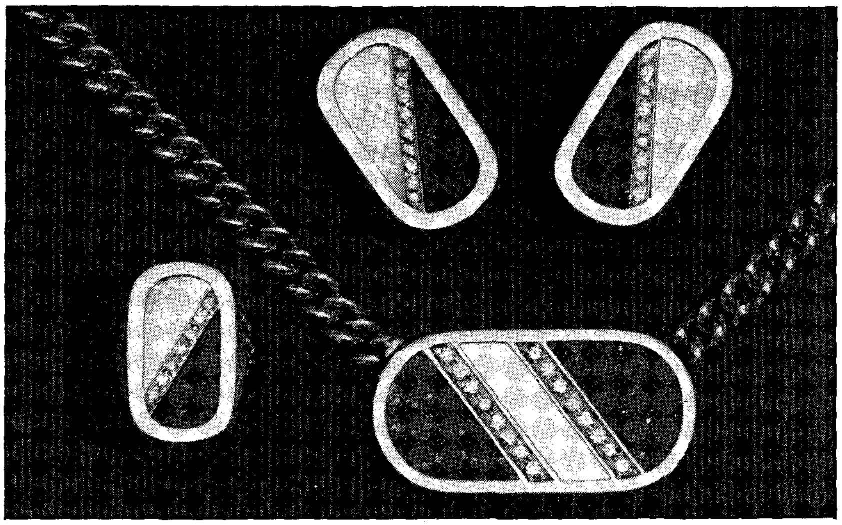

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minor-league meetings were being held, to meet whomever he could and to look for a job. It was his first trip east of the Rockies. At a lunch counter in Cincinnati, he struck up a conversation with a coreligionist, Father Harold J. Martin, who was the president of the Canadian-American League. Father Martin asked him to be on the lookout for talent when he went home, and a few months later Freitas wrote to Father Martin about a couple of players who looked good. By then, Freitas had started managing amateur and semi-pro teams, and he knew the local baseball talent. Father Martin signed them, sight unseen, on his recommendation, and a year later one of them was sold to the Chicago Cubs for five thousand dollars. In 1941, Freitas became the unpaid president of the San Jose Winter League, the most notable semi-pro league in the area. The quality of play in the Winter League was high—too high, in fact, for Freitas to play in the league himself. Half the players were professionals in the summertime; there were even a few major-leaguers. In a sort of Depression version of athletic scholarships, the businessmen who sponsored the teams gave the players undemanding winter jobs in exchange for the prestige of having the names of their businesses—Del Rey Billiards, Permanente Cement Company, Valley Auto Wreckers, Robin Café—emblazoned on the players' uniforms. Late that year, Father Martin telephoned Freitas and asked him if he was still looking for work. The result was that Freitas began the 1942 season in his first real baseball job—as business manager of the Class C Utica Braves, in upstate New York.

At Utica, Freitas acquitted himself well. During his first month there, the owner of the team died, and he had to take over virtually the entire responsibility of running the club. Utica was an independent team, unaffiliated with any big-league organization and dependent on its own resources to find players. From the Springfield, Massachusetts, Rifles, of the Eastern League, Freitas bought a Cuban pitcher and two other players for a total of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. The deal stipulated that at the end of the season Springfield would be entitled to its choice of any three other Utica players. At the last minute, Springfield wanted to substitute another pitcher, Jodie Phipps, for the Cuban. The Cuban was the only Springfield pitcher who had managed to win any games in the young season, and Springfield

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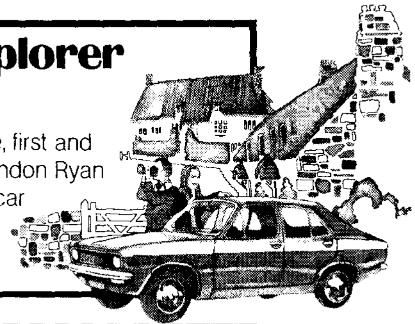

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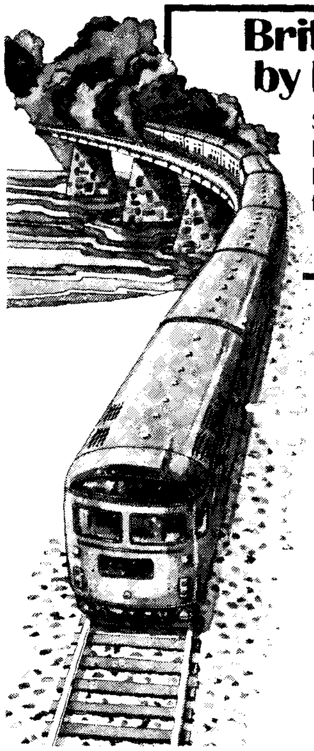

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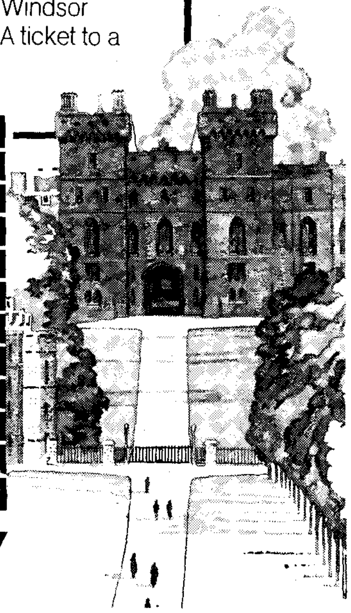

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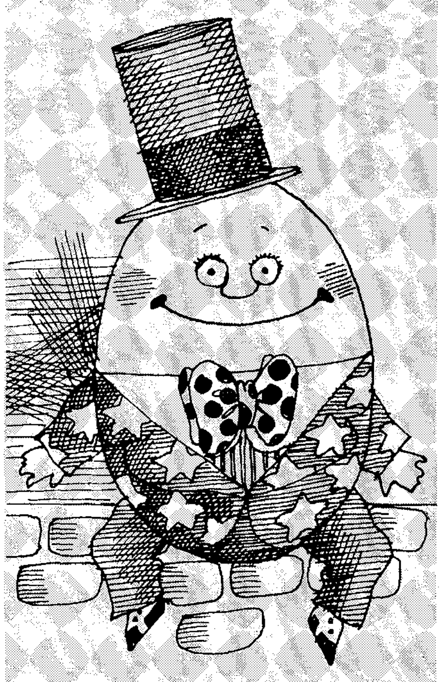

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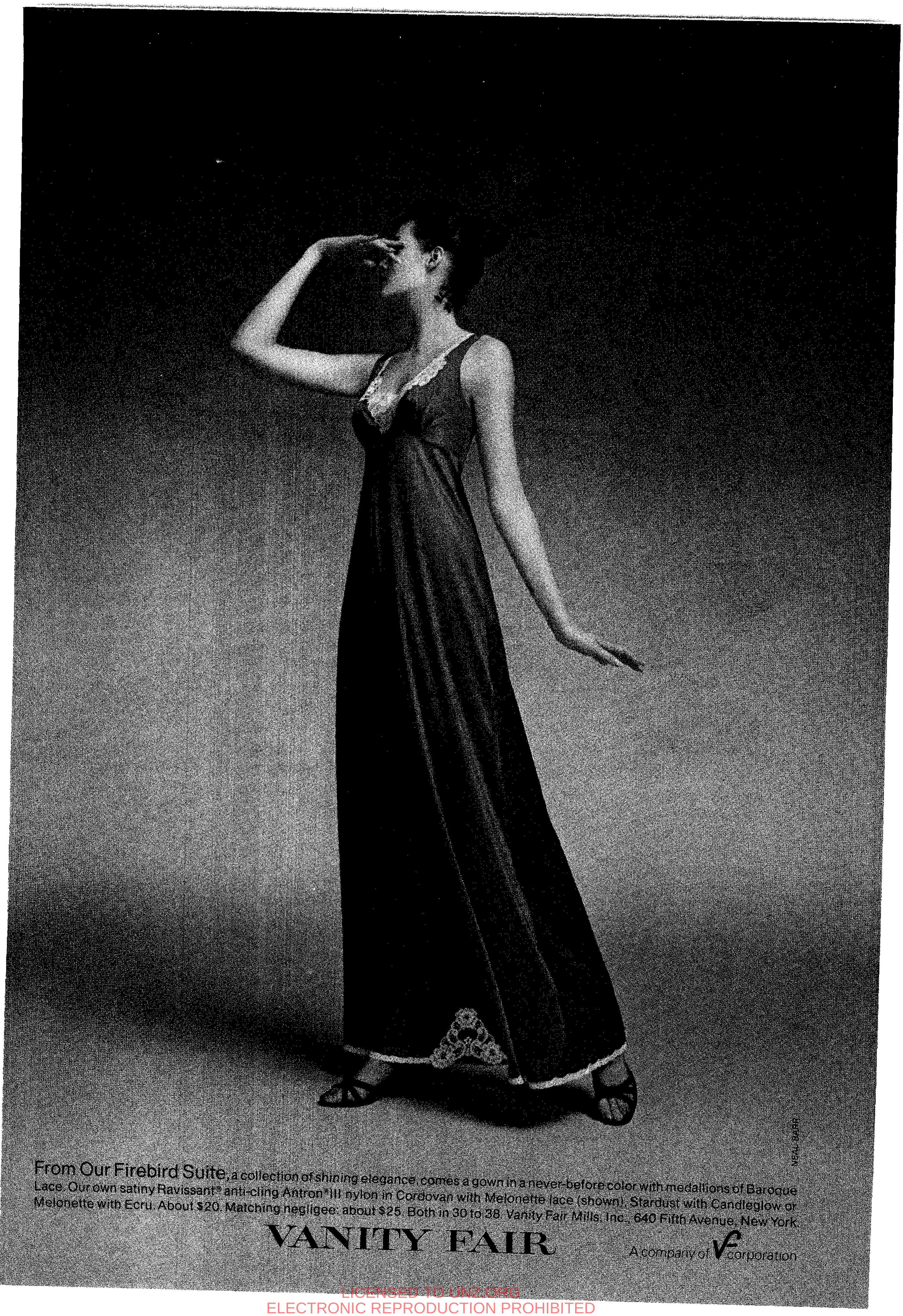
didn't want to provoke its fans by selling him. Freitas consulted his field manager, Red Marion, whom he had hired when Springfield dropped him, and Marion said to go ahead and take Phipps. The Utica Braves had a good season, both at the box office and in the field. Jodie Phipps won twenty games. In the fall, Springfield tried to snatch him back, claiming that it was the Cuban, not Phipps, who was covered by the exception in the original agreement. Awkwardly for Springfield, though, it was established that the Cuban had, of course, been playing for Springfield all season, and a sportswriter who happened to be present when the deal was closed testified to the last-minute substitution. Freitas won the dispute, and in 1942, just before he went into the Army, he arranged the sale of his three players to the Los Angeles Angels, of the Pacific Coast League, for ten thousand dollars.

Freitas spent the duration of the war in England and on the Continent, adjusting truck brakes. When he got out, at the end of 1945, his first thought was of getting back into baseball. Joe Devine, a scout for the New York Yankees, asked him to work for the immense Yankee farm system—it consisted, in 1946, of twenty-six minor-league clubs—but Freitas wanted a job *in California*. He heard of an opening as general manager of the Stockton Ports, in the California League. Devine went with him to Stockton to look into it. "I was ready to take anything," Freitas told me. "I remember Joe Devine asked me as we walked into the meeting, 'How much money do you want?' And I said, 'If they offered a hundred seventy-five a month, I'd take it.' Well, he turned the thing around. He told them he was there because he wanted me to go with the Yankees. And he said, 'I'll tell you this. We're going to offer him three hundred dollars a month.' I almost fell off my chair. I thought, Man, there goes my job. But they hired me, and I got the three hundred a month."

It was fifteen years since the Seattle Indians' offer to Dick Freitas to play baseball for three hundred dollars a month had astonished all of Santa Clara. Bob Freitas hadn't made it as a player, but when he took the job with the Ports his picture was in the paper, too—in the Stockton *Record:* a slightly out-of-focus photograph of a tall, slim young man with a shock of dark hair across his forehead, his head modestly bowed toward the camera. That spring, the Stockton players kept trying to get him to work out with them. He gave in only once. One day during batting practice, he picked up a bat, stepped up to the plate, and hit the first pitch out of the park. It was the last time he ever swung a bat at a baseball. Now, when he's asked if he ever wanted to be a player, he always says the same thing. "Sure, I did," he says. "I guess I should have quit when I was three, but I didn't. I only had one weakness—no ability."

CONCERNING what names minor-league baseball teams ought to have, there are two schools of thought. One holds that a minor-league team should be named for the major-league team with which it is affiliated, so as to dust the provincials with a layer of metropolitan glamour. The other holds that minor-league teams should have names of their own. Most major-league executives subscribe to the first view, and most minor-league baseball men subscribe to the second. Given the distribution of money and power in organized baseball, it is not surprising that more minor-league teams have hand-me-down names than tailor-made ones.

Freitas believes vociferously in calling a Providence Clam Digger (the team folded years ago, sad to say) a Clam Digger. "When you have an adopted name, there's no association with the home town, which I think, frankly, is for the birds," he told me one day. "The big-league clubs are constantly changing their minor-league affiliations. Now, how the hell can you have any identity if you're the Phillies one year, the Padres the next, and the Dodgers the year after that? The longest-lasting affiliation in baseball today is between Fresno, California, and San Francisco. They've been affiliated since 1958, when the Giants moved West. Yet when I was in Fresno this year, I went into a candy store and asked the guy if the Giants were home that night. He said, 'I don't know,' and went and asked somebody in the back. Then he comes out and says, 'They're in Cincinnati.' The club has been the Fresno Giants for seventeen years, but people still think you mean San Francisco. They'll say, 'Oh, you mean the *local* team.' Some big-league clubs insist on the same name for all their farm teams. They say that it's for the publicity—that the identity is good for the organization. I think it's because they supply uniforms as part of the working agreement, and they don't want to have to take the letters off and sew them back on. They want to be able to switch the uniforms around among their farm clubs. I just



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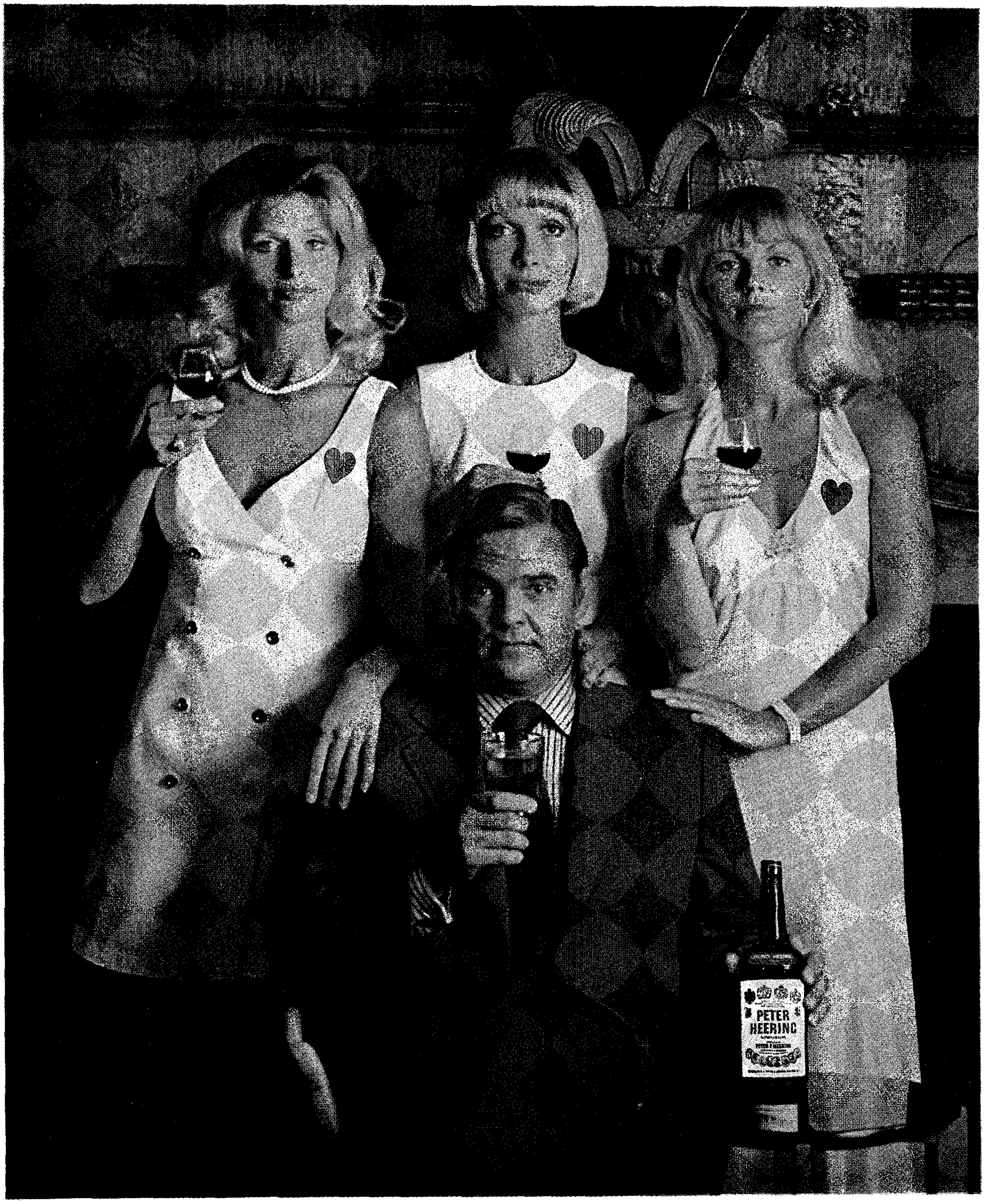
[*] 1975 EPA Buyers Guide—29 mpg-highway; 18 mpg-city.

[†] Source: August, 1975 NADA Official Used Car Guide—East Coast Ed.



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think, Why not have a name of your own?"

The shrinkage and consolidation of the minor leagues, like that of the railroads, took some of the tang out of the American language. Amarillo, Texas, seemed a slightly less interesting town when its Gold Sox—as the team was called in 1959, when Freitas was general manager there—became the Amarillo Giants. Other names, equally tasty, have vanished from baseball's verbal menu: the Terre Haute Hottentots, the Los Angeles Seraphs, the Macon Brigands, the Atlanta Crackers, the Hollywood Stars, the Columbia Gamecocks, the Wichita Jobbers, the Saginaw Jackrabbits, the Evansville River Rats, the Lincoln Treeplanters, the Galveston Sand Crabs, the Oakland Commuters, the Milwaukee Creams, the Colorado Springs Millionaires, the Leavenworth Woodpeckers, the Canton Chinamen, the Wheeling Stogies, the Des Moines Undertakers.

But never mind. Amid the clumps of Expos and Tigers, of Orioles and Cubs and Twins, there are still more than forty minor-league teams with splendid names. They tend to fall into five categories: flora and fauna (the Denver Bears, the Toledo Mud Hens, les Aigles de Trois-Rivières, the Tucson Toros, the San Jose Bees, the Appleton Foxes, the Billings Mustangs, the Des Moines Iowa Oaks); local history (the Oklahoma City 89ers, the Montgomery Rebels, the Little Rock Arkansas Travelers, the Shreveport Captains, the Decatur Commodores); echoes of the name of the town (the Charleston Charlies, the Knoxville Knox Sox); local physical features (the Jacksonville Suns, the Seattle Rainiers); and local industry (the Tulsa Oilers, the Sacramento Solons, the Reno Silver Sox, the Salinas Packers). One of the better names in the local-industry category is that of the Memphis team. "They were the Memphis Chicks for years, and then baseball ended in Memphis," Freitas recalled. "When they were starting the team up again, Will Carruthers, the general manager, was thinking of taking the name Mets. I saw him at the winter baseball meetings, and I said, 'Are you assured that you'll be working with the Mets forever?' He said, 'Hell, no.' I said, 'Why adopt a name that you might have to change?'—and, sure enough, they're affiliated with the Expos today. He was a retired newspaper man—he was a sportswriter for the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* for thirty-four years—and he bought the idea

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The mts Daphne is registered in Greece.

right away. The owner called the club the Memphis Blues, and that's still their name today."

FLYING to Montana across the spectacular gorges and mountains of Yellowstone, Freitas mulled over some loose ends he had left back in Ogden. The night before, he had noticed a layer of dust on the grandstand benches in John Affleck Park, for example, and the hot dog he had bought at the concession stand had been cold, and wrapped in a half-frozen roll. "You work hard to get people to the ballpark, but if a guy has to get his clothes cleaned after the game, and he can't get a decent hot dog, he's not going to come back," he said. "Another problem is, they haven't sent out any press releases, so they didn't get any preseason coverage in the local paper. A lot of general managers tell me they aren't going to do the papers' jobs for them, which is a self-defeating attitude. It's not like the old days. When I was general manager at Stockton, and then at San Jose, back in the late forties and early fifties, the papers would have stories every day for weeks before the season opened. Every time we signed a player or a coach, there'd be a picture, and on opening day there'd be a big, full-page display. But now you're competing for space with a lot of other professional sports, and, frankly, there just isn't the interest there used to be, unless you go out of your way to create it. In the minors, we need the press more than the press needs us." On his next trip to Ogden, he would have to discover a tactful way of pointing out the shortcomings he had observed. By the time we arrived at the air terminal in Great Falls, he was in a fine mood, because he knew he would find the Great Falls Giants alive and well. "Logan Hurlbert, the general manager here, knows what he's doing," he said. "If I owned a ball club, I'd hire him to run it, and for me that's the test. And, anyway, I like these rookie-league cities. Nothing against Triple A, but when I come to a place like Great Falls it's like I was a member of the family."

Great Falls is a sunburned, silent town of broad streets, clean air, and new banks—a town with a countenance that is pleasant, unscarred, and blank. But things were livelier at Legion Park. It was Little League Night, and two thousand people had turned out to see the Giants play the Billings Mustangs. Great Falls and Billings are traditional rivals; they are the biggest

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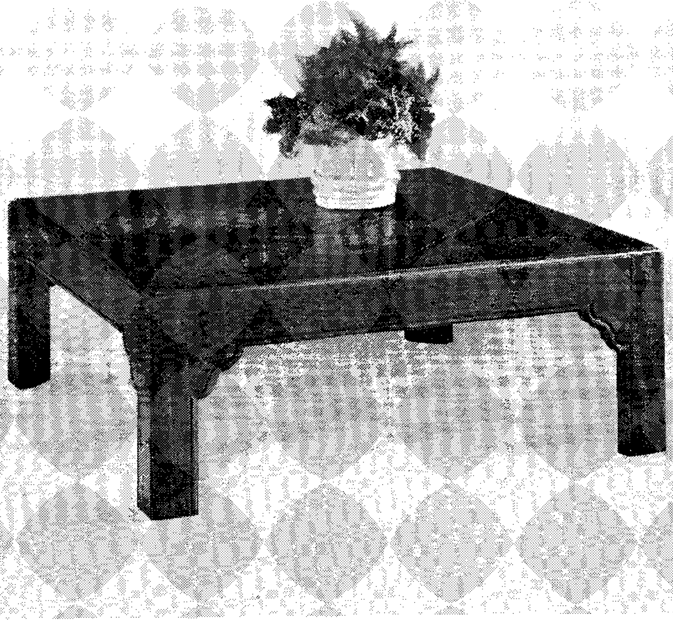

cities in Montana, though their combined population is well under a hundred and fifty thousand. In a box over the home-team dugout, Freitas and I sat with Logan Hurlbert, Ralph Nelles, and Cindy Altenburg. Ralph Nelles is a beer distributor and is a stockholder in the Billings Mustangs. He had flown down for the game in his private plane. He is chunky, and he was wearing a Bing Crosby golf cap. Cindy Altenburg wore a sash that said "MISS GIANT" on it.

Hurlbert is a thin, well-groomed man. The graying hair on his head was as orderly as the fibres in his double-knit trousers. He was an insurance agent until 1969, when he retired to take over as general manager of the Great Falls Giants, and he still writes policies part-time. In his smooth, insurance man's voice, he gave me a lesson in the economics of Pioneer League baseball. His annual budget, he told me, is about forty thousand dollars, most of which goes for ballpark maintenance, utilities, insurance, and transportation and hotel bills when the team is on the road. The Great Falls Giants use seventy-five dozen baseballs a season; the balls cost about sixteen hundred dollars, but that expense is borne by the parent San Francisco Giants. (A major-league club uses twelve to fifteen hundred dozen.) He hires kids to work as ball shaggers; at two-fifty a game, plus a quarter a ball, they fetch fouls and homers that get hit out of the park. In 1969, Hurlbert's team attracted twelve thousand fans and lost five thousand dollars. Last year, there were thirty-two thousand customers and a tidy profit. Without various subsidies from the San Francisco Giants, though, any profit would be out of the question. Under the agreement that governs the relations between the big leagues and the minors, San Francisco annually provides Great Falls with players—spring-trained, paid-up, uniformed, and delivered to Legion Park. In Class A leagues, each farm team gets all that and also a "special consideration"—a single payment of fifteen hundred dollars to the club. For Double A teams, the consideration is three thousand dollars, but the farm team must pay the first hundred and fifty dollars of each player's monthly salary. Triple A teams provide their own uniforms, pay the first four hundred and fifty dollars of their players' monthly salaries, and travel by plane as well as by bus—all of which makes their expenses much higher. But Triple A teams get a five-thousand-dollar consideration and either another five thou-

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sand dollars or the proceeds of an exhibition game with the parent club, whichever the latter chooses.

Hurlbert seemed to know the price of everything connected with Great Falls baseball. It had cost six hundred and fifty-two dollars to restore the scoreboard, and eighteen hundred and sixty dollars to refurbish the locker room. He had twenty-three advertising signs on the outfield fence, which he rented to local businesses for a hundred and fifty dollars a season each (the fee included an ad in the scorebook). He had lost four beer signs, though, because a Montana law forbidding the advertising of alcoholic drinks "on the outside of premises" had been reinterpreted to include ballpark fences. His scorebooks—thirty-two pages, with a slick four-color cover, and a far cry from Ogden's pathetic file folder, though the printing inside was the same mud-brown—cost twenty-seven cents each to print, and the vender got a nickel. They sold for thirty cents, but Hurlbert didn't mind the two-cent loss, because he had sold forty-five hundred dollars' worth of advertising in their pages. He told me he had persuaded the city to spend fifty-nine thousand five hundred dollars in federal revenue-sharing funds to put up new lights. "The old ones were set in cement, and cement holds water, and that rots the wooden poles," he said. "They could have collapsed at any time, and they were a tremendous liability for the city, which owns the ballpark. And, as I told the Park and Recreation Department, I would hate to think that the second-largest city in the state of Montana would not have a lighted baseball park."

In the second inning, with Billings ahead, 1–0, the Giants' field manager, Art Mazmanian, had a difference of opinion with the umpire over whether a Giants base runner had in fact been picked off. From the stands, it looked like a bum call. The crowd booed, the umpire stood his ground, Mazmanian stood *his* ground, the ump gave Mazmanian the thumb. By the bottom of the third, he had taken his shower, changed, and joined us in the box seats. His conversation was full of words like "hustle" and "attitude"—words that, admirably for anyone connected with professional sports, Freitas is hardly ever heard to utter.

I asked Mazmanian, who is in his late forties and has the erect bearing and firm jaw of an officer in the Marines, whether he was more interested in developing players for San Francisco or in winning ballgames for Great Falls.

"Let's put it this way: Why develop kids who are satisfied to lose?" he said. "If there's a big-league club that outhustles a rookie-league club, I want to see it. Some of these big-leaguers have the worst attitude you ever saw."

"Your players look as if they're having fun," I remarked.

"They *better* look that way," Mazmanian shot back. Then he softened slightly. "Whether they make the big club or not, this is something they'll never forget. One of those kids stole home last night. He'll be remembering that when he's eighty years old."

On the field, things began to look up for Great Falls. When a Giants line drive went just fair to knock in two runs, Nelles said, "Boy, are you lucky."

"We've got to have it for this home crowd," Hurlbert said. "I'll trade you a win when you fill up *your* park."

Despite the six-hundred-and-fifty-two-dollar restoration job, the scoreboard ran out of 2s toward the end of the game. The final line score appeared on the board this way:

		R	H	E
VISITORS	010 000 120	4	12	2
GREAT FALLS	00 0 2 03	9	13	3

FREITAS generally travels by air—after Great Falls, I flew with him to Spokane and Tacoma, Washington, and then we flew to Portland, Oregon, after a side trip to his home, in Eugene, Oregon—but in a pinch he'll take whatever's handy. One day, while we waited in an airport restaurant, drinking the endless cups of coffee that are taken for granted all over the West, he told me a rambling story about trying to get out of a small town in the middle of nowhere.

"I was in Alpine, Texas," he began. "I'd come in on the train at eight o'clock at night. The next morning, I went out to the ballpark. The team was owned by a guy who was said to be the eleventh-richest man in the world. I don't know if he was or not, but he'd sure spent a lot of money on that ballpark, and there was nothing for me to do. By noontime, I wanted out of Alpine, and I didn't want to wait around for that eight-o'clock train. I phoned the local airfield, and a guy there said he'd fly me to Pecos in his private plane for twenty bucks. I took a cab out there, but as soon as I arrived I began to wonder. The wind was howling. That little one-engine plane looked like it might fall apart if you kicked it. The pilot was about forty per cent crocked, so I started walking back to town, carrying my suitcases. A Mexican-American guy gave me a ride

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But we have stopped exporting people. Casting a cold eye as urged by one of our poets, in the early sixties we saw a lovely landscape running out of people. We decided it was high time to bring some industries to the people instead of the other way around. We welcomed foreign manufacturers large and small and created conditions that made Ireland the most profitable base in Europe in which to operate.

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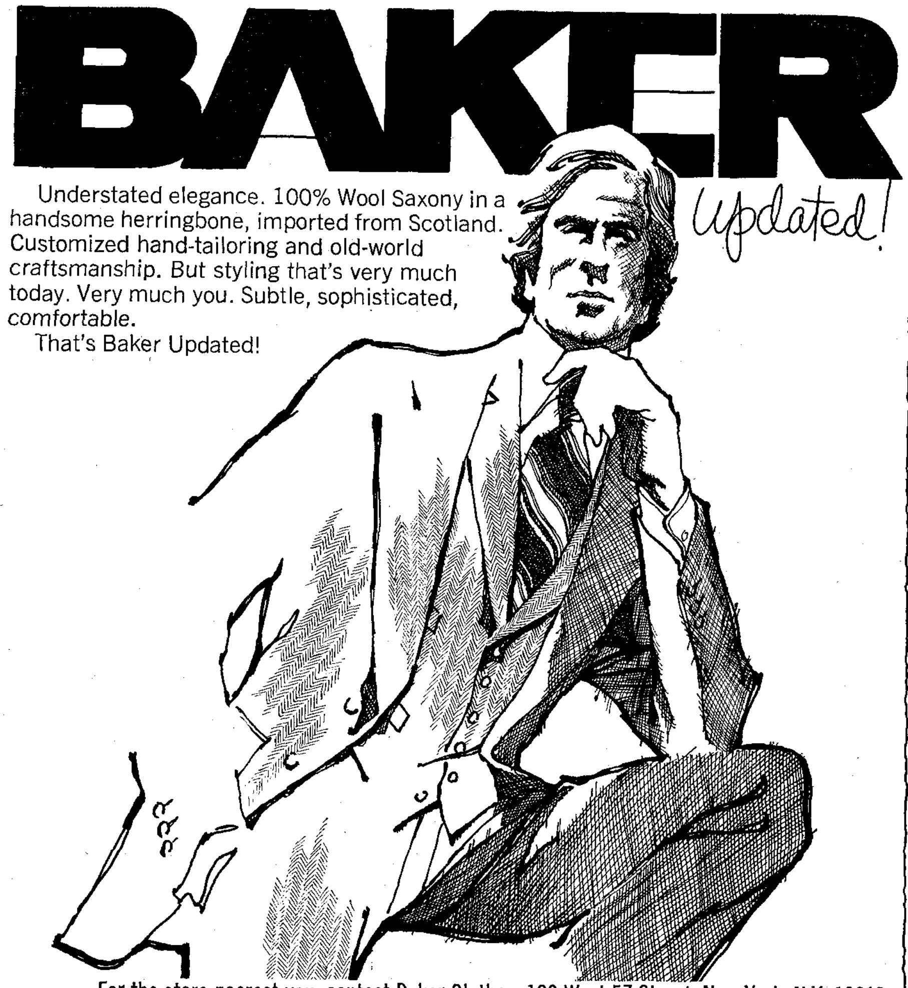
to a gas station where you could rent a car, but they only rented cars to drive out to ranches, and you had to bring them back. He said, 'Where you going?' I said El Paso. He said, 'I'll get you a ride,' and went into the gas station. I stood outside reading the paper until he came out and said, 'There's your ride.' I looked around, but all I saw was a car with a couple of girls in it. I said, 'Where's my ride?' He said, 'There it is. They'll take you where you're going.' I got in the back seat, and the gal behind the wheel pulled out and started roaring down that two-lane road, with big trucks whooshing by the other way. She was drinking a can of beer and driving about eighty miles an hour. I said, 'Hey, I'm not in all *that* much of a hurry to get to El Paso.' She said, 'El Paso? Who the hell said anything about El Paso?' I said, 'Aren't you going to El Paso?' She said, 'Hell, no. I'm only going to Marfa.' I said, 'Where's Marfa?' She said, 'The next town—twenty-six miles down the road.'

"Well, there wasn't a lot I could do about it then. We pulled into Marfa and stopped in front of a tavern. She said, 'Aren't you going to buy us a drink, now that you got your ride?' So we walked in, and the place was full of cowboys. I got talking to one guy, who said he owned a ranch. I asked him how many acres he had, and he got mad and said, 'You *never* ask a Texan how big his ranch is. It's like *asking a man how much money he's* got in the bank.' So then I asked him how many head of cattle he had, and he got riled up some more, and he told me he didn't have any cattle, he raised goats. He said they made cashmere sweaters out of them. Well, that convinced me he was full of it, so I said something about how I raised goats, too, in my back yard. Well, he *really* got riled then, and he was pretty juiced, too. He said, 'California'—he was calling me California—'I'm going to show you some goddam goats whether you like it or not.' He had too many friends in that tavern for me to argue the point, so we got in his pick-up and started driving down one dusty dirt road after another. The guy was right—he had a hell of a lot of goats. He had goats everywhere you looked. He had goats running out his ears. After he showed me the goats, he decided to go to sleep instead of driving me back to town. Actually, what he did was, he passed out. I had to pay one of his ranch hands five bucks to drive me back. Finally, I took a cab to the railroad station, and I caught the



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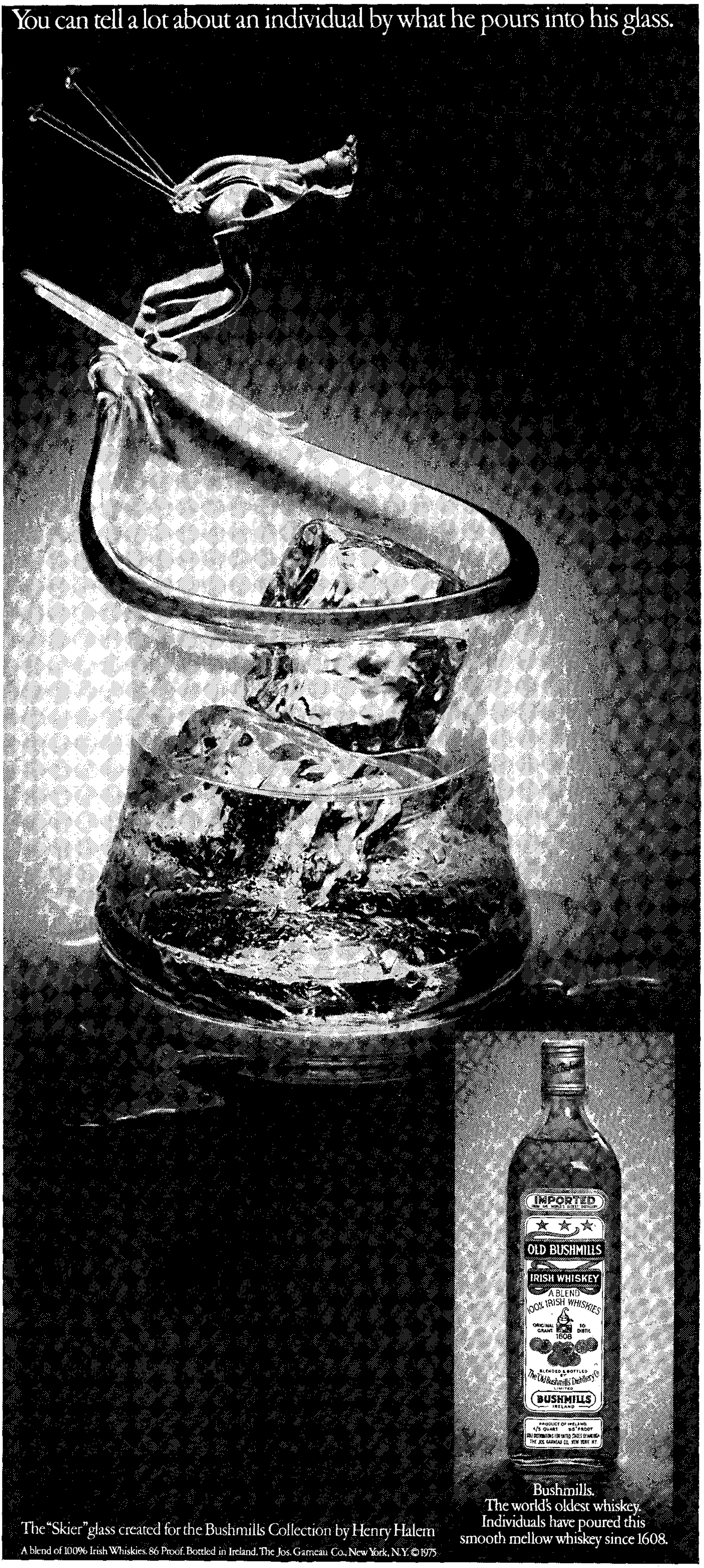
same goddam train I would have caught if I'd stayed in Alpine."

FREITAS travels heavy. Wherever he goes during the season, he takes two big suitcases. One of them is for clothes—mostly machine-washable knits, since he is seldom in one place long enough to get anything dry-cleaned. The other is his own version of the travelling salesman's sample case. It is filled with pennant catalogues, sample giveaway prizes, photographs of fence signs, pamphlets describing fund-raising schemes, and stacks of scorebooks. Freitas's job was created, in the words of a National Association press release, to "assist clubs and leagues in an intensified promotion program;" his duties are broader now, but carrying promotional spores from place to place is still one of his main responsibilities. Tangential gimmicks for getting people out to the park have been part of baseball since 1883, when the New York Giants staged the first Ladies' Day, and minor-league baseball without promotion would be as unthinkable as politics without handshaking. "In the major leagues, you've got star athletes to draw people," Freitas remarked to me. "But in the minors, by definition, we're a second-rate product." The most widespread promotions, next to the "lucky number" between-innings lotteries that are now ubiquitous, are special nights. The Great Falls Giants had twenty special nights out of thirty-six home dates during the 1974 season, including Malmstrom Air Force Base Night, A.F.L.-C.I.O. Trades and Labor Night, Chamber of Commerce Appreciation Night, IGA Family Night, Bank Night, two Ten-Cent-Beer Nights, and five High Noon Optimist Club Knothole Nights. For IGA Family Night, the IGA supermarket chain bought out the park and gave the tickets to customers buying more than ten dollars' worth of groceries. Many promotions extend free admission to the ballpark to one class of persons (Little Leaguers, for example), in the expectation that another, paying class of persons (their parents) will accompany them. A reliable lure is to give something away to everyone who comes to the game—something that, bought in sufficient quantity, costs far less than the price of a ticket. Thus, Wristband Night, Helmet Night, Bat Night, Kazoo Night, Trading Card Night, and—a promotion that Freitas never mentions except in tones of horror—Panty Hose Night. ("I'd hate to see the day a panty-hose giveaway will outdraw



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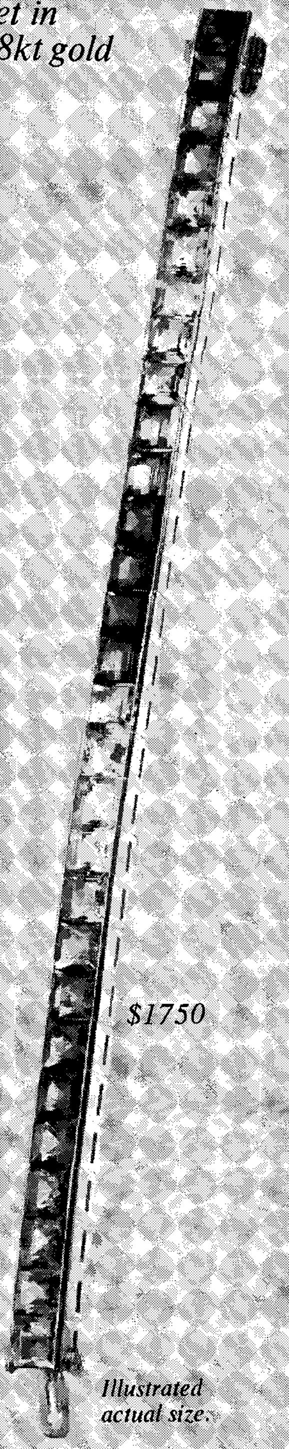

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my leading pitcher," he is fond of saying.) He had a kite in his suitcase when I was travelling with him. The El Paso Diablos had had a Kite Night, and when Freitas was in Decatur, Illinois, he had stopped in at the Hi-Flier kite factory to get information about minimum orders and prices. Eventually, he expects, a lot of teams will have Kite Nights.

Of all the promotions Freitas told me about, my favorites were Guaranteed Win Night and Be Kind to Lew Matlin Night. "I had Guaranteed Win Night back in 1959, in Amarillo," he said. "The idea is, if your team loses, you give everybody a ticket to the next game, and if you lose that, you give a ticket to the game after that, and so on. One of the banks in town was going to give me five hundred dollars if we lost, for the publicity. Fortunately, we won. Albuquerque had a Guaranteed Win Night a couple of years ago. They lost five straight. Had a hell of a crowd that sixth night, though. Lew Matlin, who's now on the promotion staff of the Detroit Tigers, was general manager at Bakersfield. The only gimmick on Be Kind to Lew Matlin Night was that nobody could bitch at him all night. All the businessmen in town came out, and everybody had a good time, and it didn't cost anything."

Freitas's own apotheosis as a promoter occupied nearly two months, not just one night, and it involved a flagpole sitter. It came in 1953, when he was running the San Jose Red Sox. "That was a terrible year for the minors, because television was coming in big," he recalled. "A guy named Ozzie, who used to hang around the ballpark—a real nice guy, though he wasn't the brightest fellow in the world—said to me, 'I'll fill the ballpark for you.' He went right up the flagpole, and he said he wouldn't come down until the park was filled to overflowing. He sat up there on a thirty-six-inch platform, with a telephone, a radio, and a rope to haul buckets up with. I was giving him five dollars a day. A hash house in the neighborhood was feeding him free, for the publicity. By the third or fourth night, it started to catch on. Students started coming out from San Jose State. I offered a trophy to any organization that could fill the park. The Elks tried, Kiwanis tried, but the guy that finally did it was Max Baer, the old fighter. He did 'Casey at the Bat' at home plate in a Mudville uniform, for a hundred and fifty bucks. We had twenty-nine hundred seats, and we had forty-three hundred people in the ballpark that night. The game itself was an anticlimax, of course—which is the problem with a lot of promotions. Ozzie was up there for fifty-seven days. Back then, San Jose was a city of a hundred and two thousand—not half a million, like it is now—and we drew forty-two thousand people trying to bring Ozzie down. I'd have to say that was my greatest promotional thrill."

Besides his suitcases and his typewriter, Freitas also carried, during our swing through the Northwest, a big General Electric light meter. Festooned with dials and protruding wires and switches, it looked like a caricature of a homemade bomb, and had given him a bit of trouble at one or two airports on that account. Lights are important in the minor leagues—as important as promotion. Like designated hitters and black managers, night baseball was pioneered in the bushes. The first night game under permanent lights was played on May 2, 1930, in Des Moines, Iowa. (The Des Moines Demons, of the Western League, beat the Wichita Aviators, 13–6.) The major leagues waited five years before joining in this—as it was widely regarded at the time—affront to nature. For more than two decades now, all weekday games in the minor leagues have been played at night, and most Saturday games have, too. One of the received truths about the minor leagues is that the lights are terrible, and Freitas's measurements seemed to confirm it. After each game in the ballparks we visited, he trundled out onto the field with his machine and took readings at all four bases, halfway down each baseline, on the pitcher's mound, and at eight spots in the outfield. At Great Falls, the lighting arrangements were typical of the lower minors—the reading at home plate was thirteen candlepower. At Shea Stadium, the lights produce two hundred and fifty candlepower at home plate. Candlepower, however, is one of those technical standards that, like horsepower and decibels, tend to miss the point. At Great Falls, except in one or two obscure corners of the outfield, the supply of light appeared adequate for the human eye. The fans had no trouble seeing the game, and the batters, to judge from the twenty-five base hits they collected, had no trouble seeing the ball.

Freitas doesn't bother with an itinerary for his wanderings during the season. He just goes. When he gets to a town, even before he collects his bags he

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Remember the time
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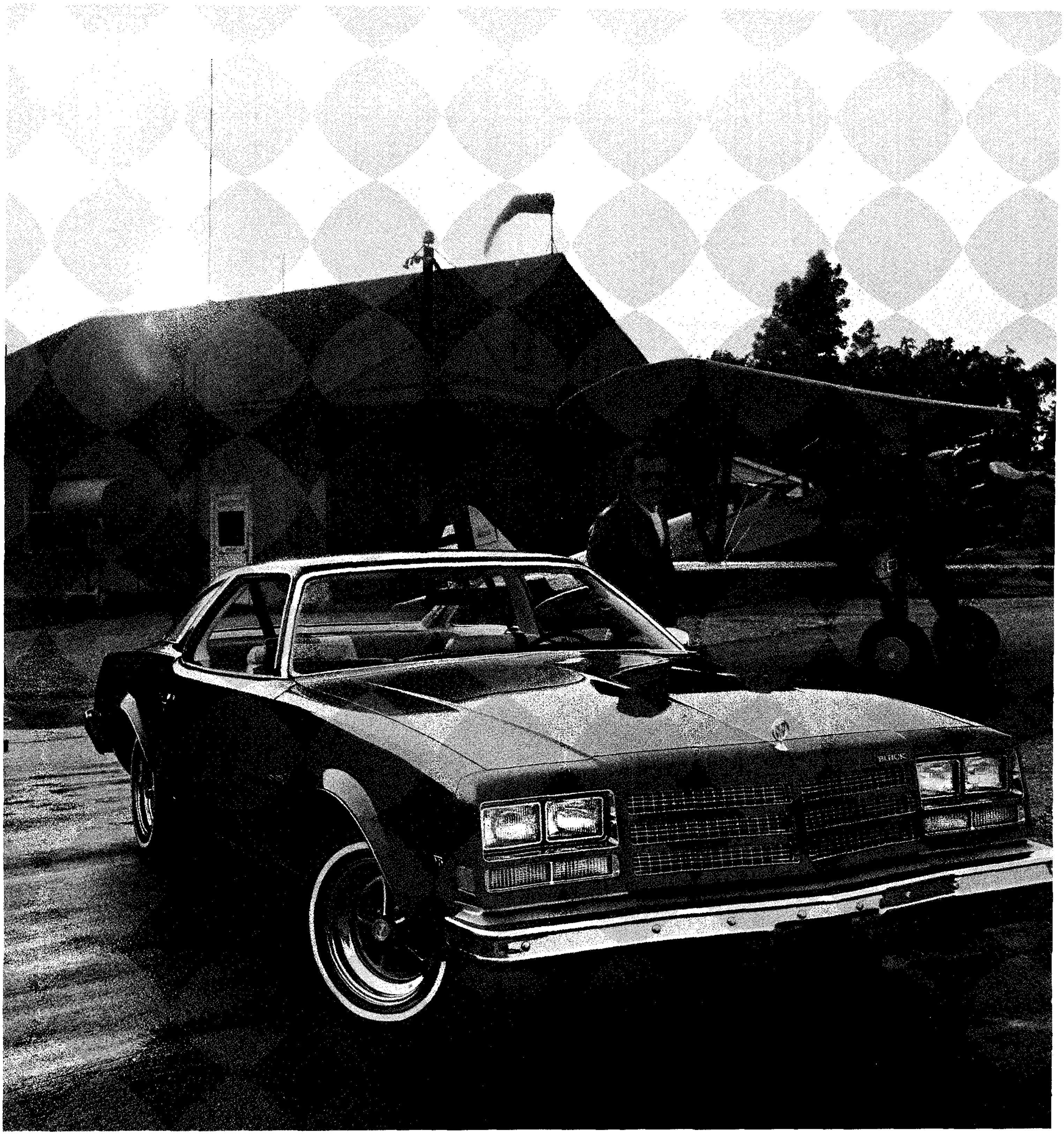

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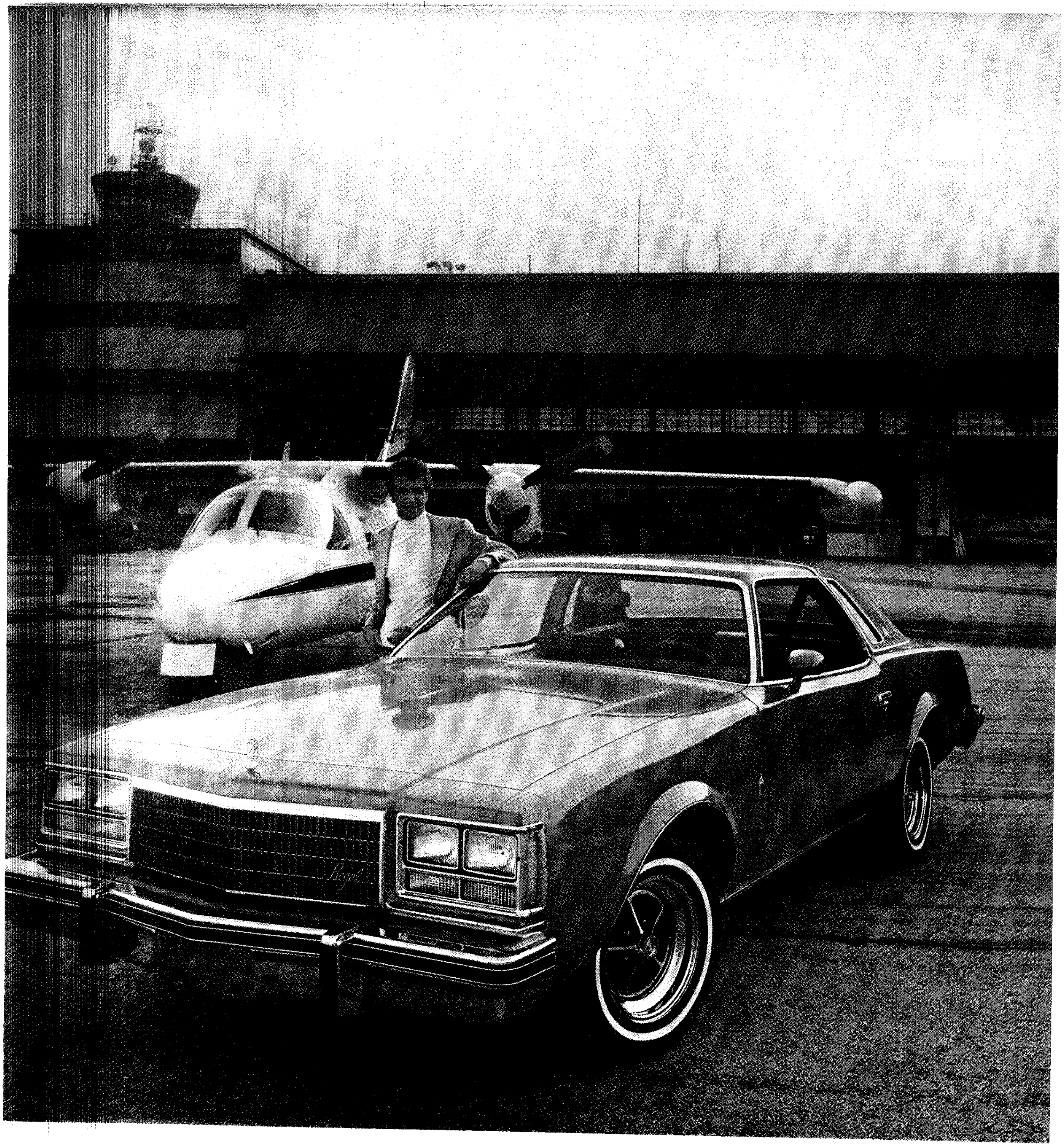

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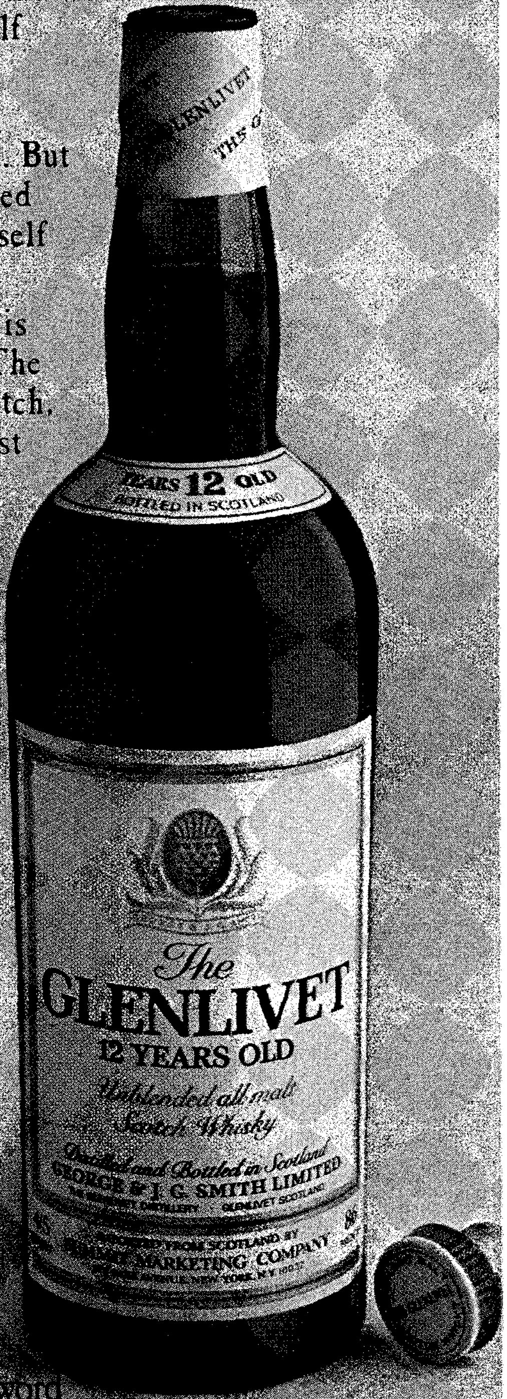
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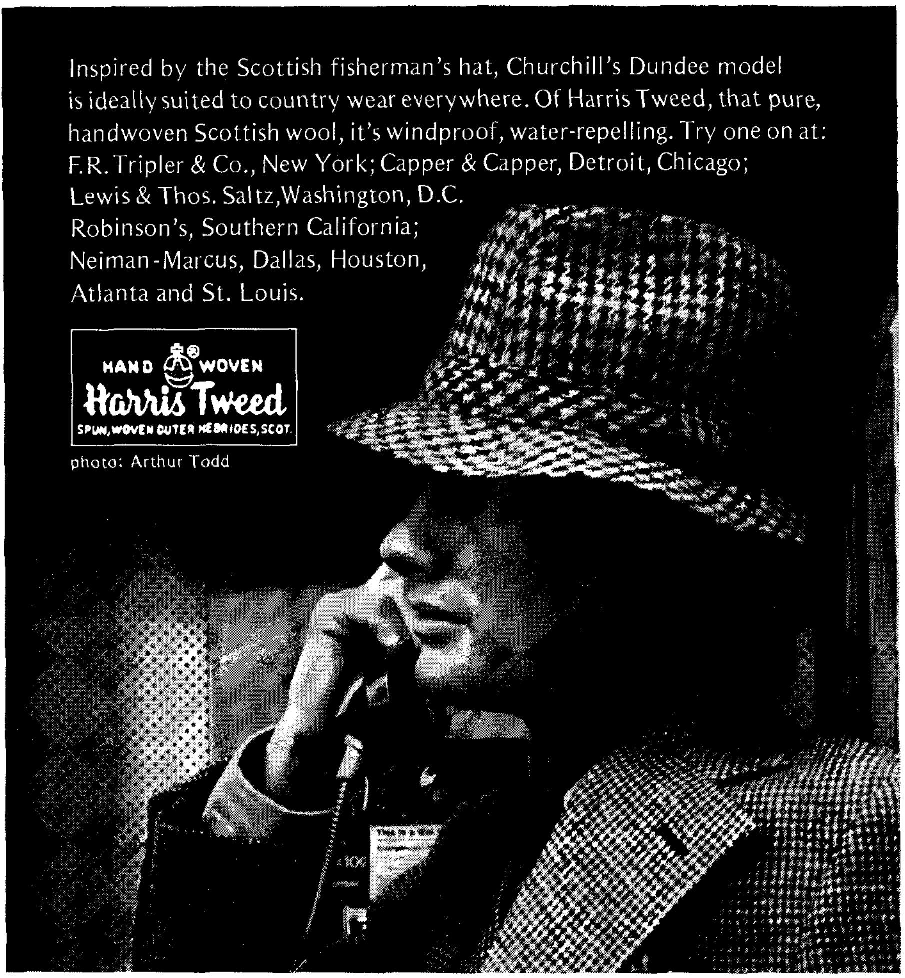
fishes some dimes out of his pocket and starts making phone calls. He dials the Information operator first and asks for the number of the local baseball club. "Half the teams aren't listed properly," he told me. "Either they're not listed at all or they're listed under some corporate name nobody would think of asking for. And even if the casual fan does get hold of the number, nobody answers when he calls. Or it's an answering service, and the service doesn't have an idiot sheet with the game time and ticket prices. In the minor leagues, we're very weak on fundamentals—plain public-relations fundamentals."

If Freitas decides to rent a car, and the young woman at the rental desk asks him what kind of car he would like, he often smiles crookedly and says something like "Have you got one with wheels?" She might give him a cool, fishy look, as if to forestall his becoming obstreperous, but quickly sees that he is merely awkwardly good-humored, and relaxes and banters with him. Then he checks into the town's baseball hotel. Every town that has a baseball team has a baseball hotel, where the visiting teams stay. It is usually downtown, it is usually old, it is usually convenient to the railroad station (if the town still has a railroad station), and, while it is always respectable, it is rarely the best hotel in town. Freitas takes a walk soon after he has checked in, and asks passersby if they happen to know where he could take in a ballgame that night. The results sometimes alarm him. He has walked down the street and asked twenty people where the ballpark is, and only two of them have been able to tell him.

Eventually, he makes his way out to Municipal Stadium, or Veterans Field, or whatever the ballpark is called. He fills out a form describing the condition of the place, which he sends to the home office of the National Association, in St. Petersburg, which, in turn, sends it on to the farm director of the relevant big-league team. More important, he talks with the general manager, and with whoever else happens to be around. "In the Triple A towns, I'm usually trying to pick up ideas," he told me. "A Triple A ball club is at least a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year operation, and the people who run it have to know what they're doing. I ask everybody the three best things they've done the previous year—or this year, depending on the time of season—and when you do that in forty cities you come up with a book of some pretty good ideas you can pass on to people. Everybody is doing something that's successful, so why not listen? If I have a suggestion to make, I just fit it in when the opportunity arises. Normally, they'll ask you where you've been lately, and that gives you a chance to say, 'Hey, they're doing something interesting over in Tucson.' "

In the wintertime, Freitas calls on general managers and owners who will be entering baseball for the first time the following season, to welcome them and give them whatever advice he can; and whenever there is an emergency he drops everything and catches the first plane. He has dealt, over the years, with emergencies of every degree of seriousness. A few years ago, a secretary was murdered at her desk at the ballpark by her lover, who then shot himself dead, and Freitas went in for a week to help the badly shaken staff keep the ball club afloat. In 1974, the Walla Walla Padres had a special problem: a new freeway opened right next to Borleske Stadium, and baseballs began raining on it whenever a batter was popping high ones behind home plate, causing consternation among motorists and creating the possibility of a nasty accident. Freitas flew in to survey the situation, and recommended that a couple of steel poles be erected, with a net between them. He knew what to do, because the Reno Silver Sox had had a similar problem several years before. Sometimes Freitas is able to anticipate a crisis. Last summer, after an absence of five years, professional baseball returned to Dubuque, Iowa. The new owners of the Dubuque Packers were a vacuum-cleaner agent and a certified public accountant; they had decided to get along without a general manager, and they hadn't had much time to prepare for the season. Moreover, Freitas reasoned that since certified public accountants spend their time between January and April filling out people's tax returns, a lot of work would probably have to be done at the last minute. He arrived in Dubuque a week before the season opened. Petrakis Park, the Packers' home, was barren of sod. There were no tickets. There was no public-address system. There was no flag. Freitas organized a grounds crew—consisting of, among others, the vacuum-cleaner agent, the certified public accountant, and himself—and it worked through the night laying and rolling the sod. He ordered tickets, obtained a P.A. system, and borrowed a flag, and the Packers opened on schedule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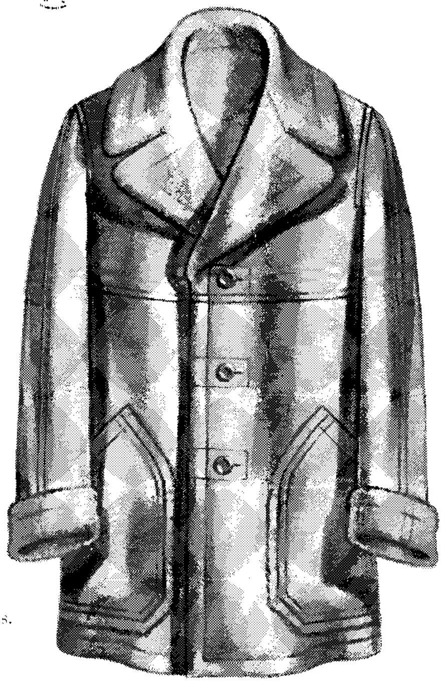
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DURING our travels, I asked Freitas for his opinion on the most home runs hit in a single season by a minor-leaguer—a record that is a matter of some dispute. Freitas mentioned Joe Hauser, who hit sixty-nine for the Minneapolis Millers, of the American Association, in 1933. Bill Serena hit seventy for Lubbock, then of the West Texas-New Mexico League, in 1947, and the following year, in the same league, Bob Crues hit sixty-nine for Amarillo. And Joe Bauman had seventy-two for Roswell, New Mexico, of the Longhorn League, in 1954. But for various reasons, including the notoriously short fences of the Southwest, all the records except Hauser's are vulnerable to nit-picking, so Freitas's opinion has a slight moral edge. When Hauser set his record, he was an over-the-hill thirty-four-year-old who had been sent down from the majors four years earlier. His type has almost entirely disappeared from the minor leagues. Serena later spent six years with the Chicago Cubs, where he hit seventeen homers one season. Crues and Bauman never did make the bigs.

Some other records: Highest single-season batting average in the minors: Walter Malmquist. He hit .477 for York, of the Nebraska State League, in 1913. The major-league record is .438, set by Hugh Duffy, of the Boston Beaneaters, in 1894. Malmquist never played in the majors, either.

Biggest paid attendance at a minor-league ballpark: On October 9, 1944, at Municipal Stadium in Baltimore, fifty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three people watched the Baltimore Orioles, champions of the International League, play the Louisville Colonels, champions of the American Association, in the fourth game of the Junior World Series. The greatest number of tickets ever sold for a minor-league game, though, was sixty-one thousand one hundred and sixty-four, for Jersey City's opening game, against Rochester, in 1941. The capacity of Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium was only twenty-four thousand five hundred, but Mayor Frank Hague was a fan.

Most bizarre game in the whole history of professional baseball, not just the minors: On June 15, 1902, in a Texas League game, Corsicana beat Texarkana, 51–3. Jay Justin (Nig) Clarke hit eight home runs in eight times at bat. (He later played in the big leagues, where he hit six home runs in fifteen hundred and thirty-six times at bat.) The most peculiar feature of this game, however, was neither the score nor Clarke's homers but the fact that Texarkana's starting pitcher, one C. B. De Witt, went the distance. A modern minor-league manager would probably have gone to the bull pen after his starter had given up thirty-five or forty runs.

WHEN Freitas was a baseball-dazed kid, the minor leagues were what would now be called a growth industry. After the disastrous autumn of 1932, the minors expanded steadily: fourteen leagues in 1933, thirty-seven in 1938, forty-one in the summer before Pearl Harbor. During the war, the minors shrank, though not, as they had during the First World War, to the point of disappearance. President Franklin D. Roosevelt encouraged baseball as a morale builder on the home front, and ten minor leagues opened the 1943 season. Forty-two operated in 1946; and in 1947, the year Freitas became general manager of the San Jose Red Sox, at least one major-league team, the unfortunate St. Louis Browns, found itself outdrawn at the gate by no fewer than twenty-three minor-league clubs, including all eight members of the Pacific Coast League. The minors had their best year in 1949, with fifty-nine leagues and nearly forty-two million paid admissions.

Although farm systems were more extensive then than they are now—the Dodgers, for example, had twenty-five farm teams whereas today they have only five—they did not wholly dominate the minors. The farm system had been the invention of Branch Rickey, the Mahatma, who is best remembered for an even brighter idea—the signing, in 1945, of Jackie Robinson to play for the Montreal Royals, of the International League, and then for the Brooklyn Dodgers, which smashed a system of racist exclusion that had consigned many of the best players in baseball to the netherworld of the Negro Leagues. In 1919, Rickey was president and field manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, and he couldn't help noticing that other teams were outbidding the Cardinals for the best players in the minors. Rickey's solution was to acquire his own minor-league franchises and populate them with good players who were still young, inexperienced, and inexpensive. (His farms eventually produced a crop that included Stan Musial, Red Schoendienst, Enos Slaughter, and nine pennants.) By 1949, there were four hundred and forty-eight minor-league farm teams

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by Robert Morley

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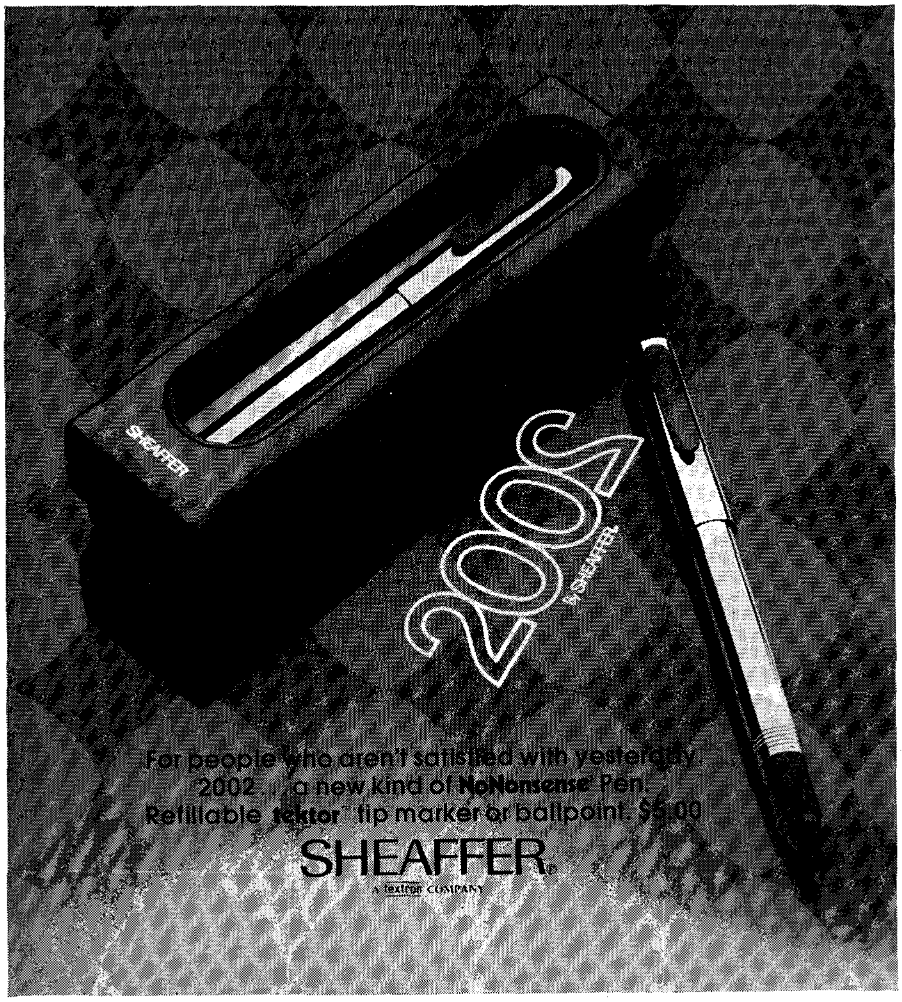

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being operated by the major leagues (the San Jose Red Sox, affiliated with Boston, was one), but there were still a hundred and sixty-nine independents, which, like the clubs Freitas ran in Utica and Stockton, bought, sold, traded, and paid the salaries of their own players.

In 1956, Freitas, by then a married man with two young sons, left the San Jose job and joined the San Francisco Seals as business manager. Television had already reduced the minors to two hundred and seventeen teams in twenty-eight leagues. Two years later, the minors suffered another heavy blow, as did the betrayed millions of Manhattan and Brooklyn, when the Giants and the Dodgers moved to the West Coast. The Seals retreated to Phoenix to make room for the runaways from New York, and Freitas spent 1958 as a roving investigator and check-writer for the Professional Baseball Leagues' Fund Committee, a kind of big-league reparations program designed to help ailing but salvageable minor-league franchises. It was something of a preview of his present job, which he landed after a year as general manager of the Amarillo Gold Sox and another year as G.M. of the Vancouver Mounties.

In 1961, the year that Freitas went to work for the National Association, Branch Rickey was still around, having recently terrorized the baseball establishment with his proposal for a third major league, the Continental League. It was a serious enterprise—Shea Stadium was built originally to house a Continental League team—and, while it was ultimately stillborn, it did precipitate the expansion of the American and National Leagues to ten teams each. The territory available to the minors was further reduced, and there was talk of junking them entirely. Instead, they were saved by the player-development contract, a piece of baseball legislation that the majors and the National Association drew up in 1962. The agreement standardized the subsidies for minor-league teams according to classification, and it more or less assured the stability of the system. In fact, there were seven more minor-league teams in the United States and Canada in 1974 than there were a decade before. With the player-development contract, the major leagues came utterly to dominate the minors. The function of a minor-league team, and of a minor-league manager, is no longer to win the pennant for the home town but to train ballplayers for the big city. There's little room for the old veterans, the former big-leaguers who used to knock around the minors till they turned forty. And the independents are mostly gone, too, but not quite all gone. There are a couple left, and both are in the Northwest League—Class A (short-season).

Judging from the warmth with which Freitas talked about it, the Northwest League is his favorite. It's one of the leagues he has helped save from extinction. In the off-season of 1972 and in 1973, in addition to carrying out his regular duties, he served as interim president of the Northwest League. It had only two teams in anything like working order when he arrived; when he left, it had six teams, and had part of a successful season behind it. One of the six teams was the Portland Mavericks—at the time, the only independent team in professional baseball. The Mavericks won their divisional championship that year and drew more than eighty thousand people—a record for a Class A (short-season) franchise.

PORTLAND Civic Stadium, where the Mavericks play their home games, is absurdly large for Class A baseball. Its cavernous dimensions and its seating capacity—thirty thousand—are more appropriate for the likes of the Portland Thunder, of the World Football League, which also plays there. But on the night Freitas and I arrived the Mavs had gone far toward making the place look full. It was Little League Night, and nearly thirteen thousand people—another Class A (short-season) record, it turned out—were there. Half of them were Little Leaguers who had got in free, but the rest were parents and other ticket-buyers. The kids, including a handful of noisily defiant little girls, milled about the field in their caps and gloves while dignitaries made inaudible speeches from a bunting-draped platform at home plate. Once the kids had been herded back into the stands and the platform removed, the game began. We sat well up in the stands, on the third-base side, in the midst of a sea of Little Leaguers. The kids cheered the good guys and booed the bad guys—in this case, the bad guys were the Lewis-Clark Broncs, of Lewiston, Idaho, an Oakland farm team—and the noise was loud enough to be coming from a World Series crowd. As the game progressed, the kids didn't lose interest. There was far too much action on the field for that.

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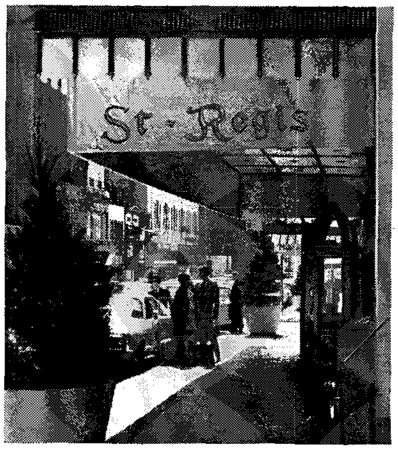

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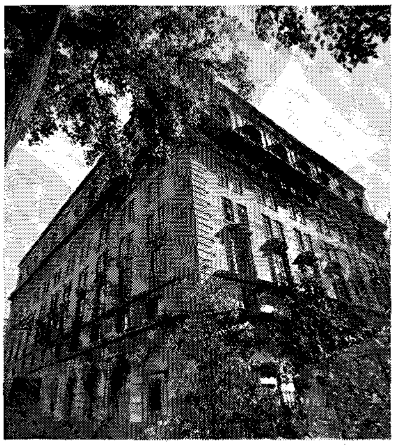

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members snatched away by a big-league parent club, they have been able to build what Freitas calls "fan identification with the players." In other words, the Mavericks have stars, and the kids' cheers were especially loud for two of them: Reggie Thomas and Frank (the Flake) Peters. Thomas, who was twenty-eight years old last season, was the leadoff batter and a base-stealing phenom. In 1973, he hit .340 and stole bases at a rate unequalled in the minor leagues, or, for that matter, anywhere in baseball: in sixty-six games, he stole seventy-one bases in seventy-three tries. Peters, then thirty, was the playing manager of the Mavericks and a locally famous saloonkeeper and man about Portland.

The Broncs grabbed the lead with a three-run homer in the first, but the Mavericks came back with a run in the bottom of the first, and got two more in the second, on a triple by Peters, who had put himself in as designated hitter and cleanup man. The lead changed hands five times during the game. The fielding was atrocious, but the errors (there were nine) tended to balance out. Reggie Thomas got on base twice, and each time he did he stole second and then third. The Mavericks took the lead again in the eighth inning, and held on to it. Again, it was Peters who drove in the crucial run, this time with a Texas League single. The final score was Mavs 9, Broncs 8.

The next day, the Mavs played a doubleheader against one of the other independent teams in the Northwest League—the New Westminster, British Columbia, Frasers. At field level in Civil Stadium, built into the wall behind home plate, were four connecting cinder-block boxes—one for the press, one for scouts, one for the P.A. announcer, and one for guests of the Mavericks' owner, an actor named Bing Russell. The press box and the scouts' box were dingy and were furnished with folding chairs. Russell's had blue walls and a red carpet, director's chairs, blown-up photographs of Mavericks in various states of agony and ecstasy, and a beer tap. Freitas settled down in the scouts' box with three curmudgeons in windbreakers—one each from the Expos, the Twins, and the Orioles. Like all big-league scouts in the Western United States, they were old friends of his. I wandered back and forth, watching the game and drinking Bing Russell's beer.

In the first inning of the first game, the Mavericks got four runs and stole seven bases. When Peters doubled off the center-field wall with two men on, Russell, a barrel-chested man who had been pacing around like a Brahma bull with an unspecified grudge, howled in glee. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" he cried, pumping his right fist into an imaginary stomach in front of him. "Now, that's drama, and Peters is the leading man. He's magnetic, and he's honest, and he's a goddam winner, and I'm a genius because I hired him." Russell paused, and I half expected to hear background music come up behind his leathery voice, helping him build to his next climax. "You know what a maverick is?" he demanded. "It's a cross-eyed steer that's never been branded!" He grinned a toothy, mock-evil grin. "Just listen to that crowd out there," he said. "They *know* we're a bunch of vicious bastards."

Russell's barrel chest was wrapped in a turtleneck of the same electric blue as his walls and his eyes. His gleaming teeth were surrounded by a mustache and a short, full beard. Russell played professional baseball in the late nineteen-forties, on Class C and Class D teams, before he became an actor. For thirteen and a half years, he was in the cast of a popular television Western. (In Portland, people invariably say, "Bing Russell—you know, the sheriff on 'Bonanza.'" Actually, Russell played a deputy sheriff.) During an inning of relative calm, Russell pointed out one of his players to me. "See that kid in right field?" he said. "That kid—his name's Al Ariza—came up here for our tryout camp. We signed him, and then we released him. But he wouldn't leave. He kept coming around every day to work out with the team. Frank Peters gave him a job as a waiter, so he wouldn't starve. It got to the point where he had his own fan club, and one of the papers ran a story about him—'The Kid Who Wouldn't Leave.' We finally signed him again, three days ago. In his first time at bat, he doubled off the center-field wall."

Russell's story reminded me of something that Freitas had said a few days before. He had been talking about his year with the Stockton Ports, and had said, "We had a kid on that team named Frank Murray. We released him every day, and he refused to leave. Every day, we'd look up and there he

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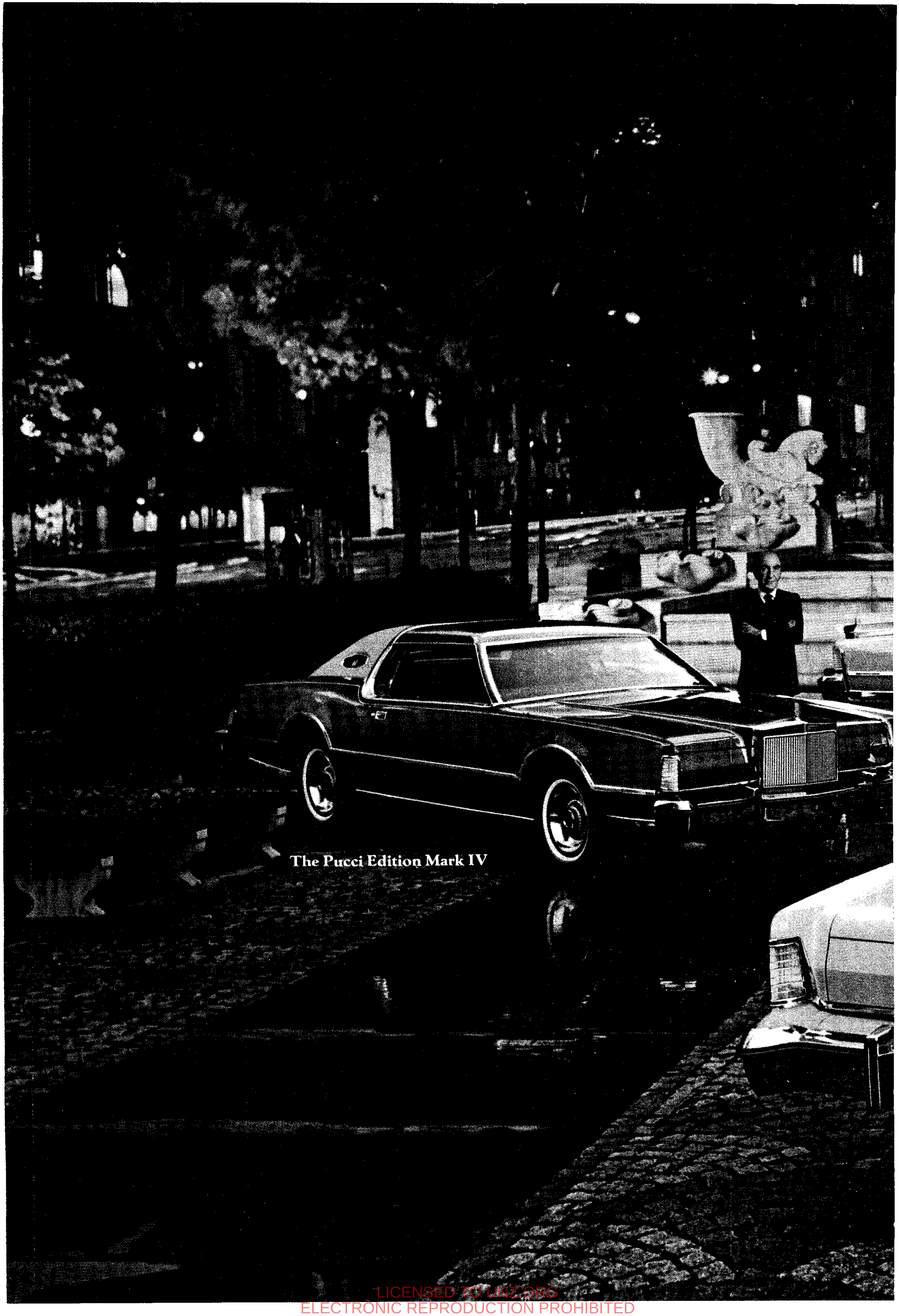
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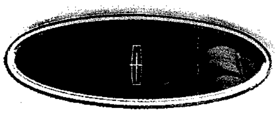

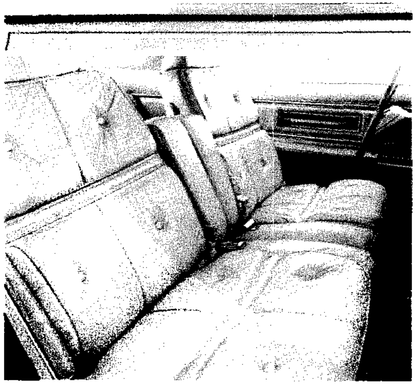

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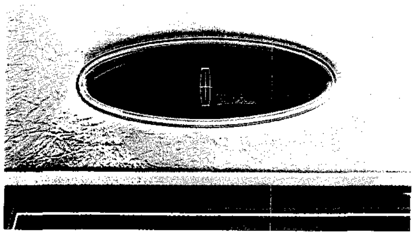

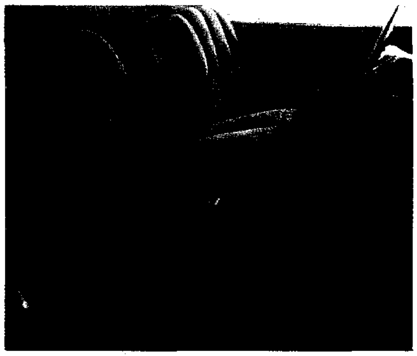

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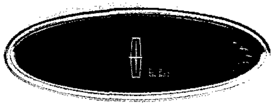

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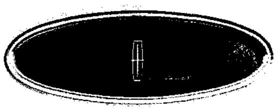

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For 1976, at slight extra cost, you can make your Mark with Cartier, with Pucci, with Bill Blass, with Givenchy.
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Or, as for the last several years, you may simply choose a basic Mark IV with its unmistakable silhouette, its superb engineering, its renowned prestige.
Any one of them will help you make a mark for yourself.

Introducing the Mark IV Designer Series

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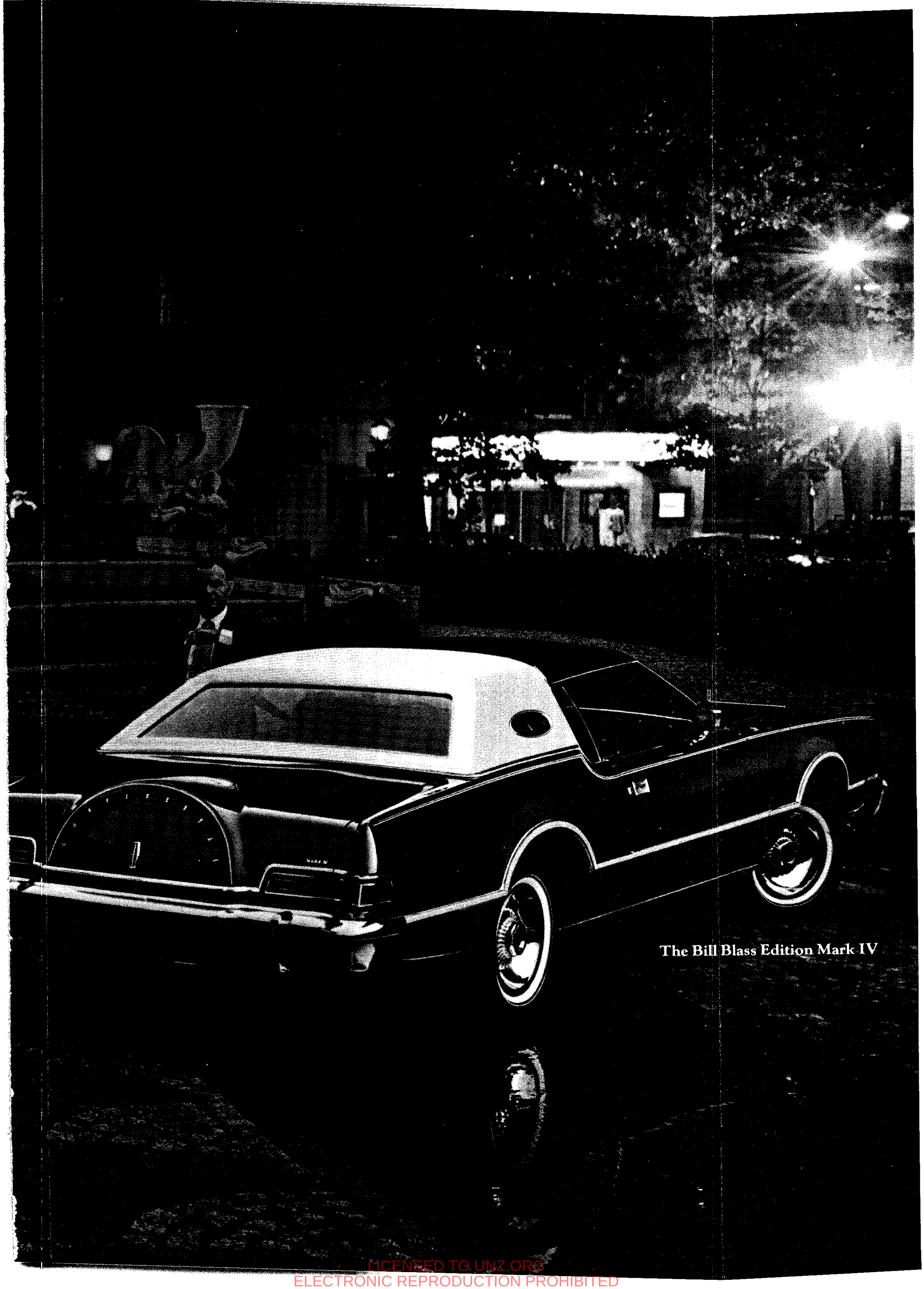
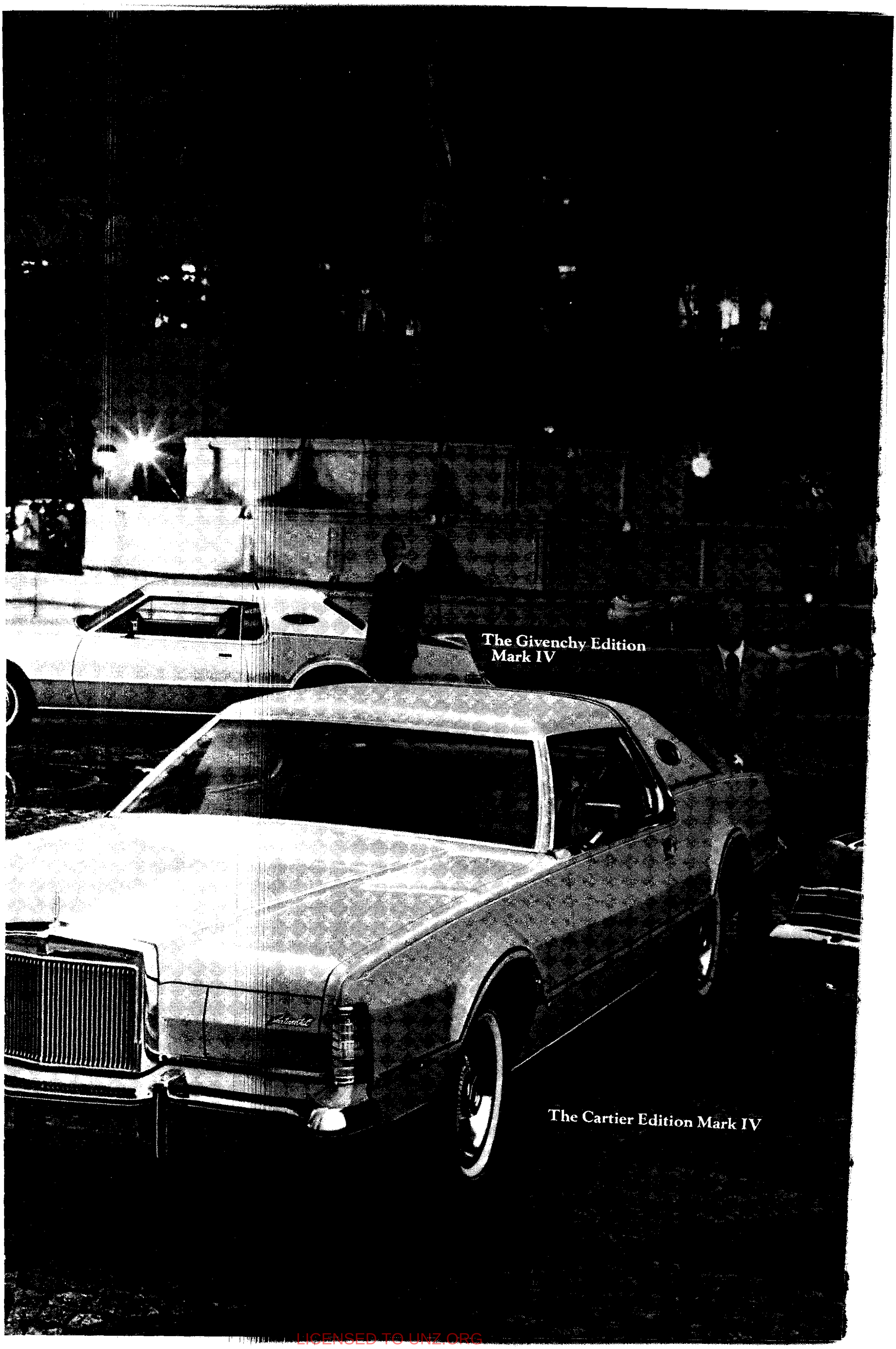
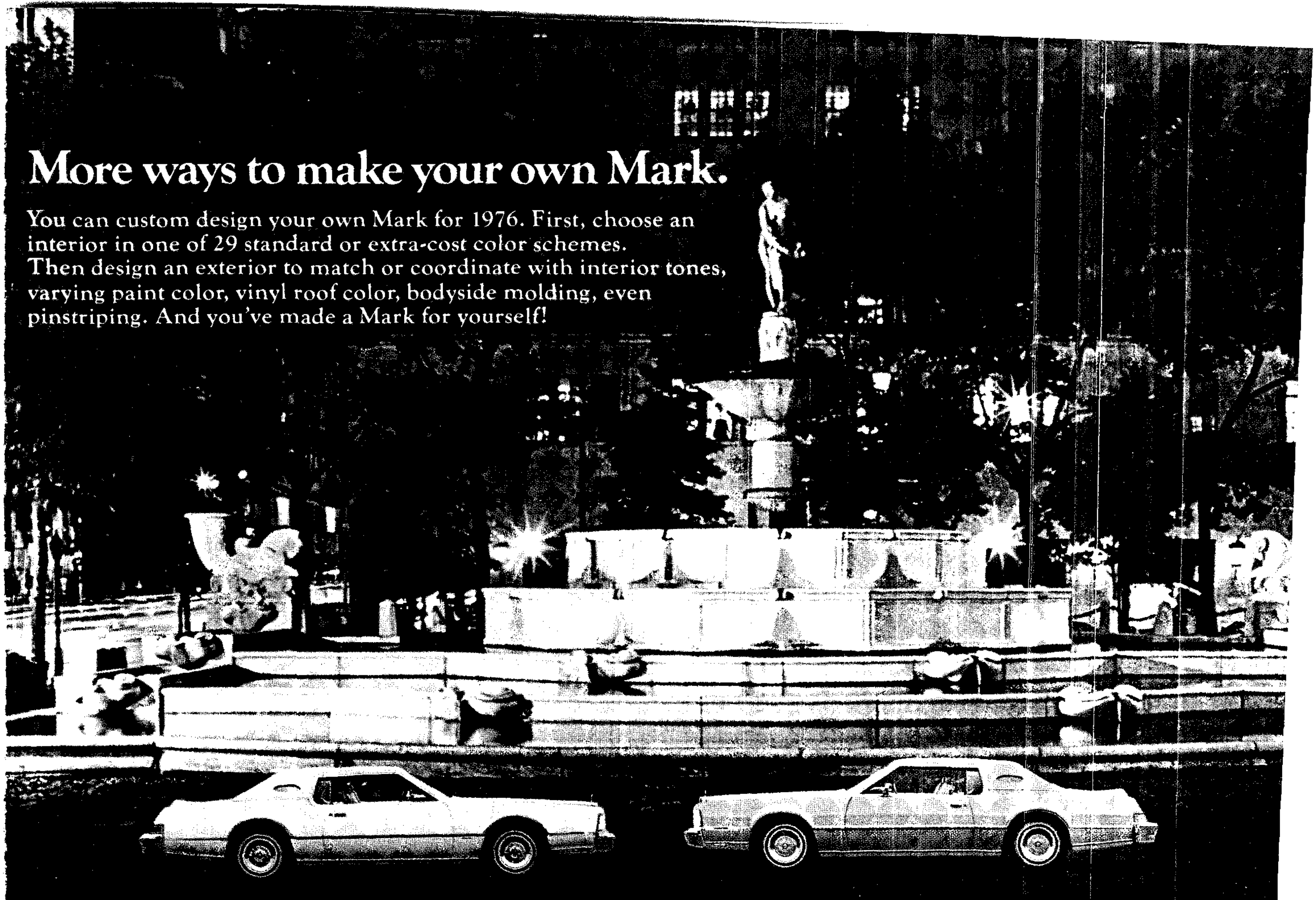


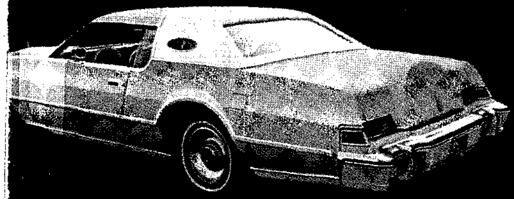
MARK IV
The Bill Blass Edition Mark IV

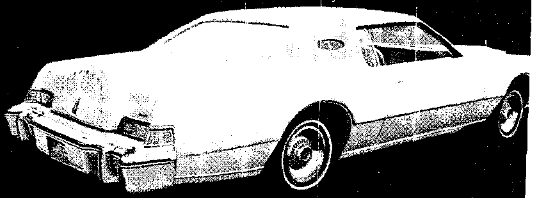

The Givenchy Edition
Mark IV
The Cartier Edition Mark IV

More ways to make your own Mark.

You can custom design your own Mark for 1976. First, choose an interior in one of 29 standard or extra-cost color schemes. Then design an exterior to match or coordinate with interior tones, varying paint color, vinyl roof color, bodyside molding, even pinstriping. And you've made a Mark for yourself!







This cream and gold interior is available with an all-cream exterior, an all-gold exterior, gold body with a cream vinyl roof, or cream body with a gold vinyl roof. Illustrated below are five other available extra-cost two-tone color combinations.

▨	■	▨	■	▨
Light Jade	Dark Jade	Dark Red	Dark Brown	Lipstick
■	□	▨	□	□
Dark Jade	White	Rosé	White	White

1976. The year to make a Mark for yourself.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

was. So, come opening day, we signed him. What the hell, we needed a utility man. And as my manager said, he had ambition, even if he did lack ability. Well, Frank Murray was a real character, and he became the most popular player on the team. I think he set a baseball record. He broke into organized ball with seven straight hits, all of them bunts."

The Mavericks won the first game, 9–2. During the break, Russell and the general manager of the New Westminster Frasers, Dean Taylor, fell into deep conversation. At length, they shook hands, and Russell strolled into the press box to announce that he had just traded his third baseman, Curt (Deke) Daniels, for an infielder named Chris Kinder. It was his second trade of the week; it was also the second trade in the Northwest League in nineteen years. Kinder clumped into the press box, still wearing his spikes and his Frasers uniform. "Welcome to the Mavericks," Russell said. "Now get out of that monkey suit and put on some clothes you can play baseball in."

In the second game, the Mavericks couldn't seem to get anywhere except out, and they came to bat in the bottom of the sixth with the score 1–0 against them. But a walk and a passed ball put a Maverick on second, and, with one out, Peters plopped the ball onto the right-field foul line for the Mavs' first hit of the game—a triple—and their first run. Peters scored on another hit, and his team led by one. In the top of the seventh, and last, inning (in the minors, doubleheader games are usually seven innings each), the Frasers led off with a double, and, just for the fun of it, sent in Daniels, their new acquisition, to pinch-run. Daniels got to third on a fielder's choice and scored to tie the game on a long sacrifice fly.

The Frasers' catcher, Jim Willoughby, stepped up, tapped the corner of the plate with his bat, and dug in. Freitas remarked, to no one in particular, "This guy's going to put one out of here." On the next pitch, Willoughby connected perfectly and the ball went over the left-field wall.

"Jesus, Bob," one of the scouts said. "How the hell did you know that was coming?"

"Aw, I don't know," Freitas said. "I just had a hunch. He looked ready."

In the last of the last, with the Frasers ahead, 3–2, the first Maverick batter walked. Two outs later, he was standing on third base. Ed Cervantes, one of the better Maverick hitters, was at the plate. Russell was pacing around his bunker, slamming fist into palm. Cervantes studied a couple of pitch-

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive

Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about $13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seine from a nearby river.

Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

How can such a small monthly contribution do so much in the life of Crispina's family? In the underdeveloped countries where Foster Parents Plan is at work, the need is so great, the poverty so deep, that very few dollars can make a tremendous difference. In fact, with PLAN programs and services in place, the very communities where Foster Children live are aided toward self-improvement.

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BORZOI
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es. Then he lined one to right field, barely in fair territory: it was a double and it tied the game. Terrence (T-Bone) Jones came up. He had batted .319 during his first season with the Mavs; like Reggie Thomas and Frank Peters, he was a star. "The stage is set!" Bing Russell cried. "The turkey is on the table!" T-Bone Jones slapped the first pitch hard, between the third baseman and the shortstop. Cervantes rounded third and dug for home. The left fielder scooped and threw. Cervantes slid. The umpire's arms shot out, palms to the ground. The ballgame was over. "I love it! Oh, Jesus, how I love it!" Bing Russell cried. He stuck his head out of the box so the fans could hear him. "See the action!" he shouted hoarsely. "Ten-cent suds Friday!"

Freitas got a ride back to his hotel in Russell's car, a 1956 Thunderbird with the top painted black, white, and red—the Mavericks' colors. I stopped by the clubhouse to talk with the Flake. Frank Peters looks like a kind of Platonic ideal of a baseball player. He is tall and rangy, and he has a horsey, handsome face, with light-blue eyes under blond eyebrows. His grin is both loose and sly. He first made a name for himself around Portland as a basketball star for Oregon State University in the early nineteen-sixties, and he entered minor-league baseball in 1964. In 1968, when he was playing the infield for the Rochester Red Wings, of the International League, the bubble-gum people thought enough of his chances of making the major leagues to put his picture on a trading card. The Red Wings' overlords, the Baltimore Orioles, never got around to agreeing. The card was on Peters' bulletin board in the clubhouse, tacked up at a crazy angle as if to show that his attitude toward it was one of ironic distance. In 1970 and 1971, Peters played third base for the old Portland Beavers, of the Pacific Coast League; he was so popular with the fans that the Beavers had a Frank Peters Night, with Peters playing a different position each inning. Although 1971 had been one of his best years (he hit .317), he quit baseball in 1972, when the Beavers, which had been the last of the original P.C.L. franchises, moved to Spokane. Peters stayed in Portland and built up his highly successful saloon business. He has two places—Peters Inn, which caters to intellectuals, actors, and other artsy conversationalists, and Peters Habit, which has louder music and serves a racially integrated clientele of single people. For a while, Peters considered himself permanently retired from professional baseball, but when the new Portland Mavericks played an exhibition game against Eugene—then a member of the Triple A Pacific Coast League—Peters made a guest appearance with them. As a joke, he started the game on the mound. The only pitch in his repertoire was a knuckleball that floated toward home plate like a beach ball in a monsoon, but it turned out to be the only pitch he needed. He pitched the whole game, and the upstart Class A Mavericks beat their Triple A opponents, 15–4. Then, the Mavs' original manager was suspended after he punched an umpire on the jaw, and Peters returned to baseball in 1974 as the Mavericks' playing manager. "Being a big-leaguer is not necessarily a worthwhile goal, but being a professional baseball player is," he told me. "I've reached the conclusion that you don't quit baseball, baseball quits you. But I won't play except on my own terms, and my terms are that I stay in Portland."

Peters' flashy white pickup, with tail fins and bucket seats, was parked outside the clubhouse, in the cavernous space under the grandstand. We got in, and he drove through a gap in the fence, onto the warning track in right field. Suddenly he turned down the first-base line, roared toward the infield, and came to a skidding stop a couple of feet from home plate. He shut off the engine and we got out. It was silent and eerie in the moonlit ballpark. The dust settled. Peters looked about him as if he were in a trance. "A baseball park is a beautiful place after a game," he said. "It has an almost mystical aura." He gave me the sly, loose grin. "It has a remarkable effect on women, I have found."

PORTLAND is a sophisticated city, and the vogue there for Class A independent baseball is touched with a half-ironic nostalgia for a simpler time. Portlanders root for the Mavericks partly from the same impulse that caused them to rise up and put a stop to the construction of a superhighway that would have wiped away an old part of town. The Mavericks' popularity is of a piece with that of brand-new pubs whose décor includes gas lamps and faded daguerreotypes on oaken walls. In Tri-Cities, Washington, the last stop in my travels with Freitas, it still *is* a simpler time. Nostalgia is accordingly absent. The citizens are boosterishly employed in trying to turn the three towns of Pasco, Kennewick, and Richland, which together have fewer than a hundred thousand inhabitants, into a big city. The

In praise of advertising you can pick up and touch.

Frank Schaffer, Chairman of Doremus, and Bob Fearon, Executive Vice President and Creative Director, swap some praiseworthy thoughts.

FEARON: There it is. You can pick it up.

SCHAFFER: And touch it.

FEARON: And smell it. And tear it up and chew on it if you want to.

SCHAFFER: I grew up on print advertising. I was a copywriter my early years at Doremus. Over the 70 plus years Doremus has been in business we've been primarily a print agency. If the truth be known, I'm most comfortable with print.

FEARON: Are you saying you don't like our television and radio commercials?

SCHAFFER: I love them. They're exciting. And I like the results they're getting. But you can't refer back to television. It makes its point and it's gone.

FEARON: Well, I like the challenge of working in TV, radio and print. Each has a different kind of excitement. But I must admit I do like to create print ads because they're more personal, more individualistic.

SCHAFFER: I'll agree with that. Usually a print ad is written by one person. And edited, if at all, more often than not, by just one person.

FEARON: In fact, when I interview for copywriters, I'm interested in seeing the candidate's reel, sure, but I focus on the print ads.

SCHAFFER: On copy and concept. There's usually more meat on the bone in a print ad.

FEARON: Yes. Print ad copy, its concept, the whole feel of it, more often reflects the thinking, ability and talent of the writer. A lot more people are involved in a television commercial. A good director, a good casting session can make a spot work. It's a whole different thing from print.

SCHAFFER: And the reader is affected differently. A print ad brings an authority. "It is written…", you know. If it's down there, indelibly, for all to see, it has an inherent believability. Of course, you've got to take advantage of it by using the space with intelligence.

FEARON: Magazine space is particularly stimulating to use. The quality of the paper, the excellent reproduction for both black-and-white and color make it a visual experience. And that's what I think of print ads as. A visual experience. Even all type ads.

SCHAFFER: We feel strongly about how our ads look. They must work graphically.

FEARON: Rod Capawana, our head art director, is a genius at using the two dimensions of a magazine page. He plays with type. Pushes it around. He wants it to be a design in itself. He uses it to create mood and a collage of shapes.

SCHAFFER: Which leads to the opportunities we have for images. Compelling, dramatic photographs and illustrations. We can do such imaginative things with a blank magazine page.

FEARON: We pull readers into the page and craftily lay our client's message on them. And we make the personality of the magazine work for us.

SCHAFFER: What I like about a magazine ad is we can prove readership and results. It's such a measurable, known quantity.

FEARON: So how many do you suppose will pick this message up? And touch it? And agree with us that magazine advertising has life and conviction and a soaring range?

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc.
575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

team in Tri-Cities was new that season, but professional baseball had been played there for a long time, and the atmosphere in which it was played was quintessentially minor-league. The Tri-Cities franchise has had more owners and more changes in big-league affiliation than any other in Freitas's territory. Disasters have been frequent; on three occasions Freitas has had to go in and run the operation himself for part of a season. The first time was in 1958, when he was working for the Professional Baseball Leagues' Fund Committee. "I was empowered to give a team up to four thousand dollars," he told me on the plane. "The Tri-Cities club was going broke. This was before player-development contract, and the club had some player help from Pittsburgh and that was all. They had creditors all over the place—the utilities, the concession accounts, the ice-cream company, the guy that fixed the electric wires, the peanut company from Spokane. Take your pick. The club had fifty-two hundred dollars in bad checks out. Most important, from my point of view, was that all the player-payroll checks had bounced. Everything was in turmoil. Well, I got the four thousand dollars and went with the general manager to deposit it. We pulled up in front of the bank. I saw several people sitting in the lobby. That made me wonder, because the bank hadn't opened yet. Then I saw the G.M. and a couple of the people in the bank exchange glances, and I knew that something was up. It suddenly dawned on me that he might have alerted his favorite creditors to run to the window as soon as the money was deposited. The money would vanish and the players still wouldn't get paid. So when I went into the bank, I asked the bank manager for all the salary checks. He said, 'What are you going to cover them with?' I showed him the check, which was made out to me as an agent. He brought out a shoebox full of the salary checks. I also learned that the second-quarter withholding-tax check had bounced. I gave the bank manager the four-thousand-dollar check and asked him for a cashier's check back for the difference between it and those checks. The tax check and the players' checks were made good, and the ball club was able to keep playing. I staged a Merchants' Night promotion, and we raised eleven hundred bucks. That sent the team on its next road trip. I stayed for the last five weeks of the season. The place was swarming with

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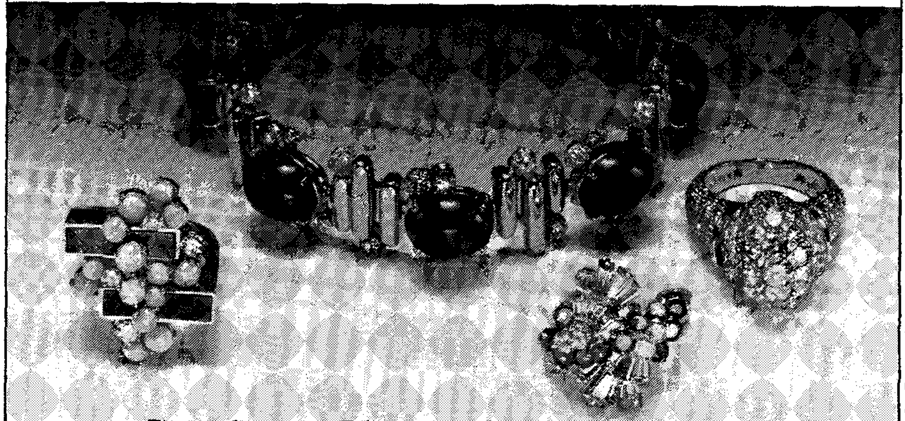

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bill collectors. I had to stave them off with cash from my pocket. I got attached several times the last week of the season. We got through somehow—I'm still not sure how."

Tri-Cities is proud of its nuclear-research center and its sunny climate, but it is not proud of its ballpark. A color brochure put out by the Tri-Cities Visitor and Convention Bureau dwelt lovingly on "the natural recreation area of the Tri-Cities" and its "magical quality, with many new motels and restaurants," but omitted any mention of the Tri-Cities Ports or of Sanders-Jacobs Field, where the Ports played their home games. Yet Sanders-Jacobs Field had an authentic "magical quality," of precisely the kind that is absent from "many new motels and restaurants." On the outside wall was a primitive, ten-foot-high painting of a batter following through on his swing, with the legend "Support Your Team—TRI-CITY PORTS." As we gazed up at it, Freitas said, "Pretty nice, isn't it? And it only cost them forty bucks."

Inside, the wood of the uncovered grandstand was splintered and weathered and held together by cast iron. Everything had been painted a dull green a long time ago. Chicken wire protected the customers behind home plate from foul tips. The scoreboard was equipped to show the number of runs in each inning but had no place to show total runs, hits, errors, outs, balls, or strikes. The light stanchions appeared to be recycled telephone poles; with their rows of bulbs at the top, they looked like elephantine flyswatters.

Freitas and I sat in box seats, on yellow metal folding chairs, with Dick Upton, whom Freitas has known since his first visit to Tri-Cities. Upton, who looks like a smaller, grittier edition of Barry Goldwater, runs the local Airways Rent-a-Car agency. He played semi-pro ball when he was a kid, and he has been one of the props of organized baseball in Tri-Cities for nearly two decades. "Usually, by this time of year everything has fallen apart," he said. "Some manager goes south with all the money, or something, and six or seven of us have to come in and pick up the pieces."

"Six or seven who?" I asked.

"Local businessmen. Guys that are dumb enough to want to keep baseball in this town. Yeah, I've pumped beer in this ballpark, I've taken tickets, I've driven the team bus. Pumped a *lot* of beer. That's how I got this Budweiser tumor." He patted his stomach, which was not especially prominent. "I re-

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February ROYAL GRAPEFRUIT
Bigger'n grade A ostrich eggs, juicy as Oregon rain clouds, and so sweet they don't need sugar. Net weight 10 lbs.

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Juicy aristocrats descended from the fabulous Bahia oranges of Brazil. Sweet and tempting! Net wt. 5-1/2 lbs.

April HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLES
Two hulapaloozers. Fully ripened the way mainlanders hardly ever taste 'em. Net weight 9 lbs.

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Uncanny! Orchard fresh, in extra-heavy syrup. Baked Pears, Summer Delight Pears and Oregold Peaches. No. 2-1/2 cans. Net wt. 5-1/2 lbs.

July GIANT KIWI BERRIES
Wonderful new fruit from New Zealand. Delicate strawberry-banana-watermelon flavor. Rich in vitamin C, too. Net weight 2-1/2 lbs.

August EXOTIC NECTARINES
Plum peachy. Big and blushing. A sure-fire summer sensation . . . look good on the figure, too. Net weight 5 lbs.

September OREGOLD® PEACHES
Family and friends'll never forget these huge Oregon beauties. We rush 'em harvest fresh. Net weight 6 lbs.

October ALPHONSE LAVALLE GRAPES
Big, velvety black Belgian hothouse type. Make store-bought grapes look like bird-shot! Net weight 4 lbs.

November SPANISH MELONS
From the ancient province of Valencia in sunny Spain. Exotic and juicy with the limes we include. Net wt. 6-1/4 lbs.

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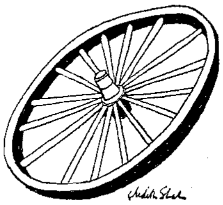
member one season, when I was driving the bus on road trips, we checked into a hotel someplace—I forget where. The woman behind the desk says to me, 'And what is your capacity, sir?' I said, 'I'm the team psychiatrist, Ma'am.' She didn't bat an eye. She knew the players were a little bizarre. She thinks to this day that Class A ball clubs have staff psychiatrists, I have no doubt."

"This club changes hands so much the fans have a hell of a time remembering what it's called," Freitas said. "It's been the Braves, it's been the Angels, the Atoms, the Padres. In 1973, it was the Imperials."

"Things are different this year," Upton said. "Carl Thompson runs it like a business, not like a Kool-Aid stand."



Nevertheless, the Tri-Cities Ports Baseball Club was a very modest sort of corporation. The *Baseball Blue Book*, the semiofficial directory and handbook of the minor leagues, listed these officers of the company:

Directors—Carl W. Thompson, Sr., *Chairman, President, Field Manager* Carl W. Thompson, Jr.; Noreen J. Thompson; Thomas F. Thompson
Vice-President—Carl W. Thompson, Jr.
Secretary-Treasurer—Noreen J. Thompson
Assistant Secretary—Thomas F. Thompson

"Carl Thompson is another one who's got the disease," Freitas said. "He's a very successful businessman—a linoleum-and-carpeting contractor. He owned the Stockton club for two years. That's why this club is named the Ports—after the Stockton Ports. He came up here because he wanted to go independent. He wanted to be his own field manager. He wanted to pick his own ballplayers."

"He's got his kid playing first base tonight," Upton said. "He sure couldn't do that in a major-league organization."

The night was hot and hazy. Sanders-Jacobs Field was full of people, and its dusty gravel parking lot was full of cars—though not because of the drawing power of the Ports (who had a lock on last place) or their visitors (the Portland Mavericks, as it happened). A local company called Battelle Pacific Northwest Laboratories had bought the park out for four hundred dollars and given the tickets to its employees. The crowd—nearly twenty-eight hundred—buzzed contentedly. But when the announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem," a profound silence fell over the ballpark, broken only by the wailing of a baby. Fully ten seconds passed, and then a scratchy recording of "The Star-Spangled Banner" came on, and everyone sang.

The first batter hit an easy grounder down the third-base line. It bounced off the chest of the Ports' third baseman, who picked it up and threw it past the first baseman and into right field. A few plays later, the Mavericks had their first run, but in the second half of the inning the Ports scored twice and took the lead. At the end of the inning, the announcer said, "We have a distinguished guest with us tonight—Bob Freitas, field representative of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. Bob is the Western-states troubleshooter for all the minor leagues. Take a bow, Bob."

Freitas half stood, at the same time ducking his head and raising his hand slightly to suggest a wave, and sat down again immediately. "I hate when they do that," he said. His face was red. He looked cross.

"Why?"

"Because I just don't think anyone cares."

At the end of the third inning, the Mavericks were ahead again, 3–2, and Upton suggested a beer.

One of the peculiarities of the alcoholic-beverage law in the state of Washington is that in ballparks beer can be sold only in a special room set aside for that purpose, called a tavern. The tavern at Sanders-Jacobs Field was one of the most satisfying drinking places I have ever visited. It was a shack near the outer wall of the grandstand. Light came from six naked bulbs, hanging from wires, and from the twilight that was visible in the horizontal spaces between the boards of which the shack was built. The roof slanted upward from the front of the shack, and the bar stood lengthwise across the room. There was a leak somewhere. Water was dripping from the rafters to the scuffed green concrete floor, where it collected in a pool. Behind the bar, which was a rude wooden counter, waist high, with a single tap, were a pile of dented, rusting Coke coolers and a portly barmaid wearing a striped tank top and white Bermuda shorts. Her hair was blond and done up in a beehive. The tavern offered its patrons a choice: Olympia beer on draft or Olympia beer in bottles. Freitas, Upton, and I all chose the draft—fifty cents for a big paper mug of it.

"It's inspiring, when you think about it," Freitas was saying. "These independent clubs, these little shoestring operations, are taking on big-league organizations that spend millions on player development. I really hope they succeed and stay in business. The thing that would help them the most would be if they could sell a few players to the majors. The way things are, costs are so high that some of the big-league clubs would like to cut down on their farm teams even more than they already have. The figure you usually hear is a quarter of a million dollars—that's what it costs to get a guy to the majors. If they buy a guy from one of these independent clubs, it'll cost them a lot less than that. This could be an inexpensive source of talent."

"Where do the players come from?" I asked.

"They're kids who didn't get picked in the draft, or they've been released by big-league organizations because they weren't developing fast enough. In the old days, a guy might spend four years in this league. Now the farm systems force-feed 'em."

"And if they don't lay eggs, they go to the fryer," Upton said.

"These clubs give them a second chance," Freitas said. "Let's face it. Some guys are just late bloomers. I'm for anything that gives more people a chance to play pro ball. Or to watch pro ball. And these players have a lot of ambition and desire. They have to, to play ball for just a bare living. There's no spoiled bonus guy with a no-cut contract in this group."

As we walked back to our seats, Freitas mused, "Of course, this isn't happening anywhere else in the country. If you went over to the Midwest League and mentioned operating a team without a working agreement, they'd give you a saliva test. You might as well talk about playing without bats."

In the eighth inning, the Ports got a rally going. The crowd grew excited. There was no organist to encourage the cheering, but the announcer did his best. He sang a bugle call into the microphone, and the fans responded:

"Da da da *da* dee *da!*"

"CHARGE!"

With one out, the bases loaded, and the Mavericks ahead, 6–3, Frank (the Flake) Peters walked out to the mound, as managers feel impelled to do at such times. But he had a glove with him, and when he got to the

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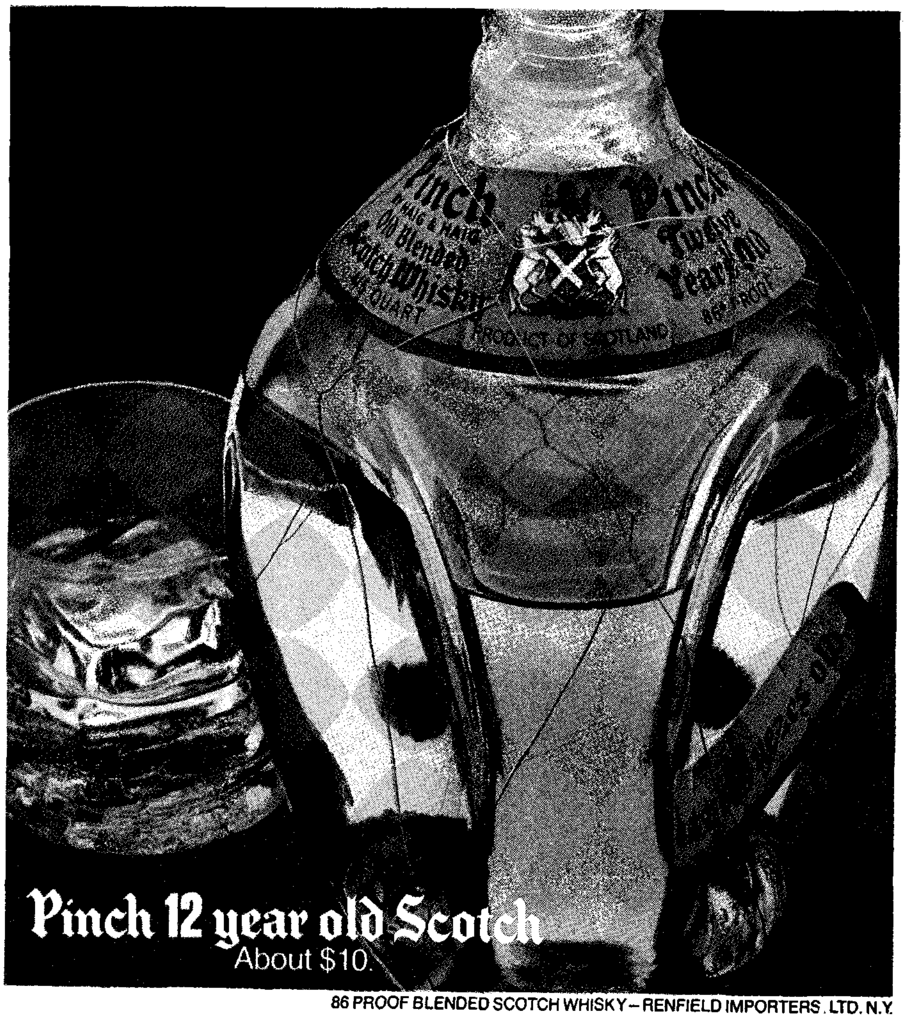

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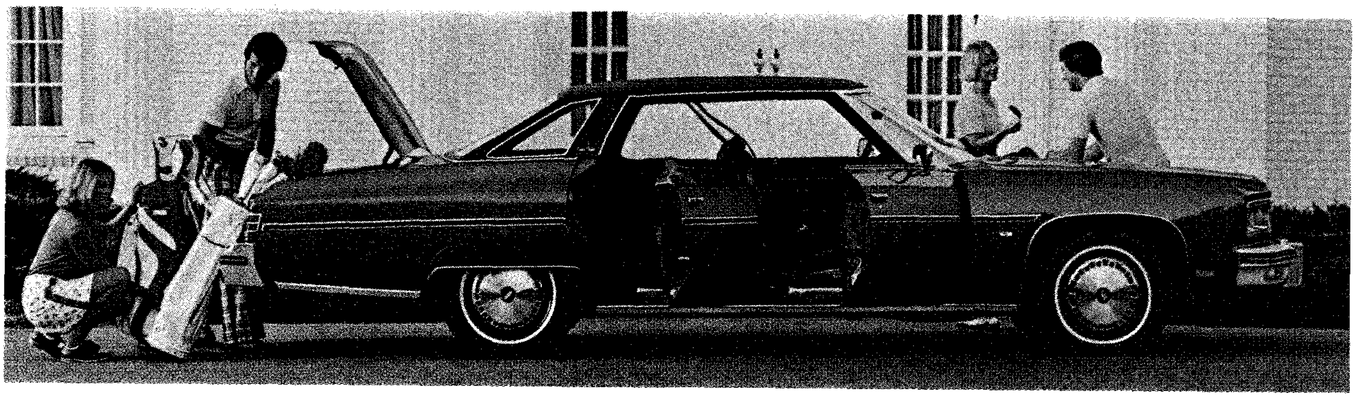

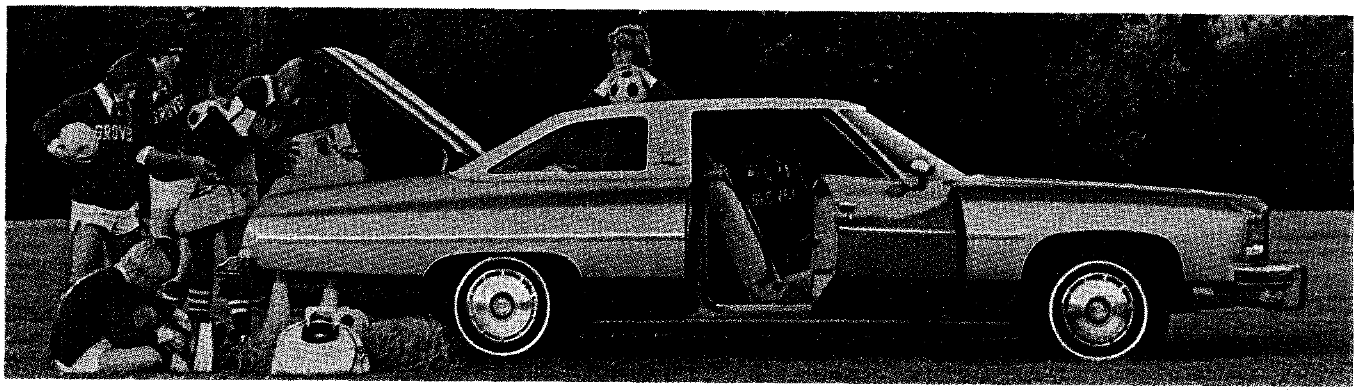

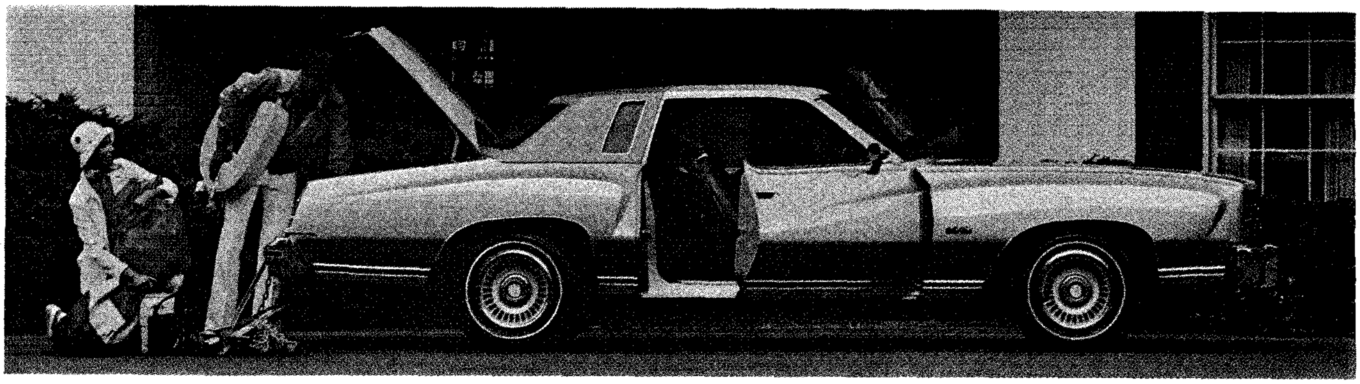

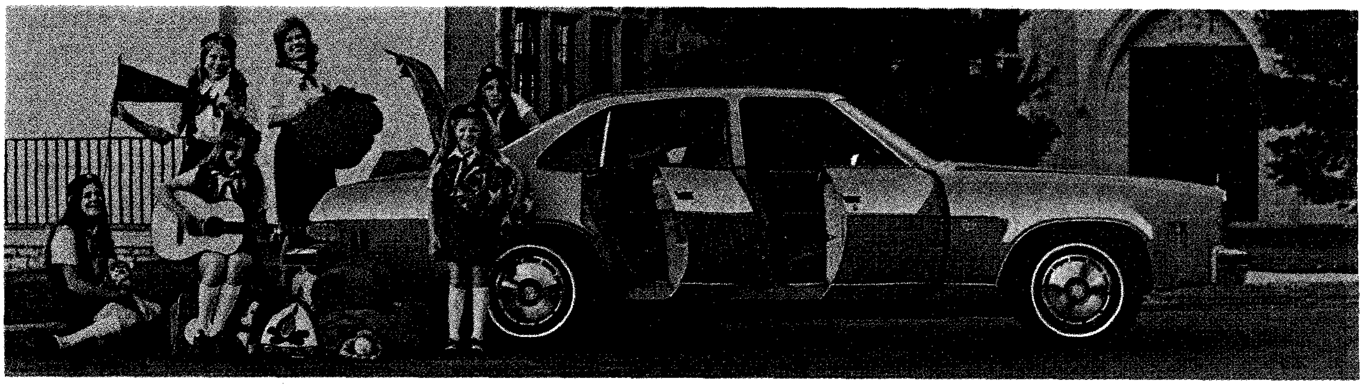

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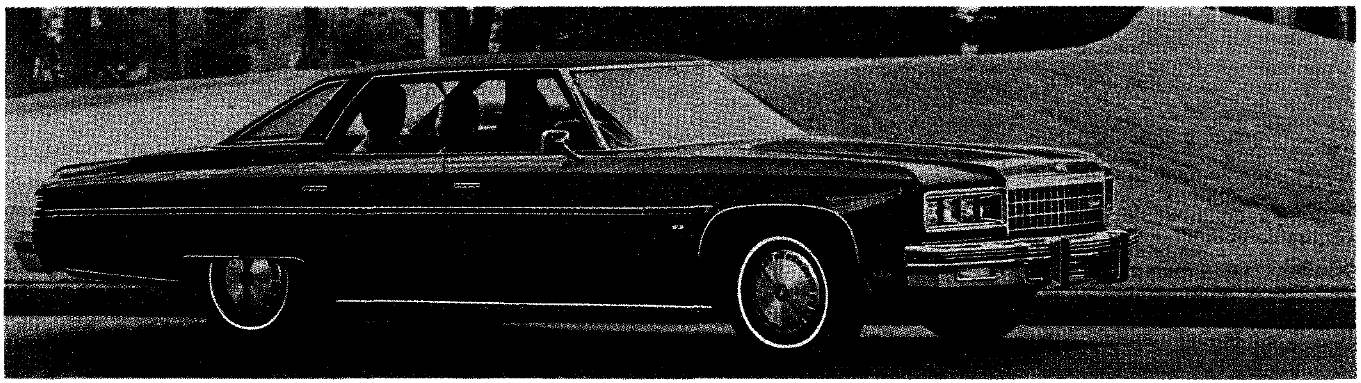

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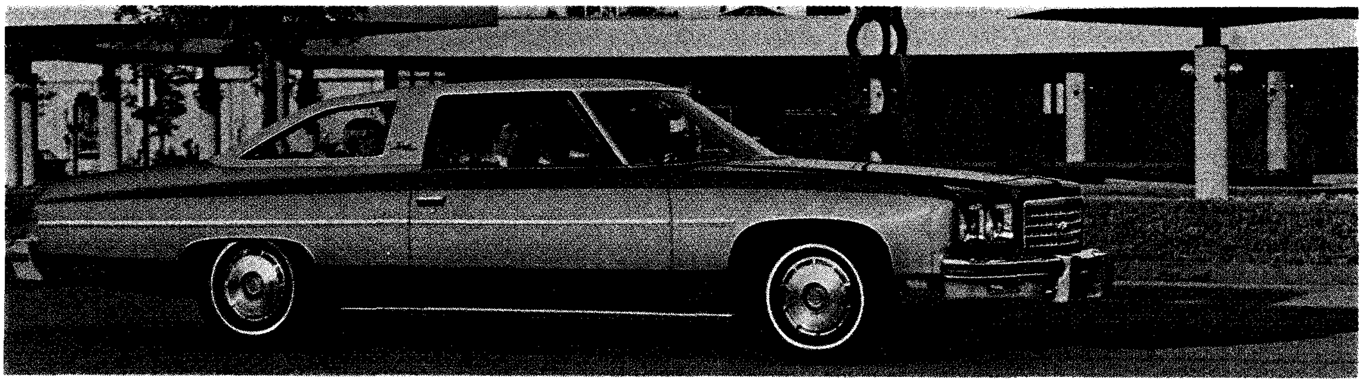

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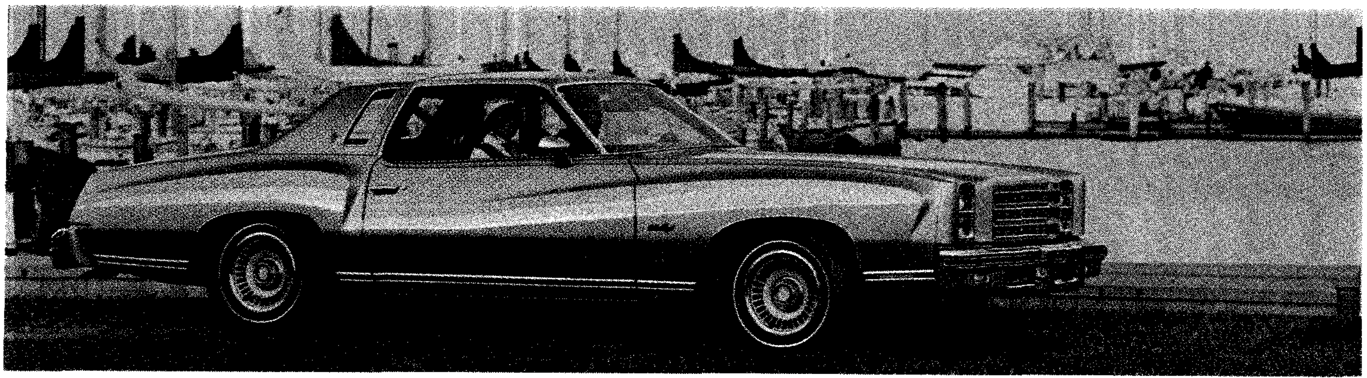

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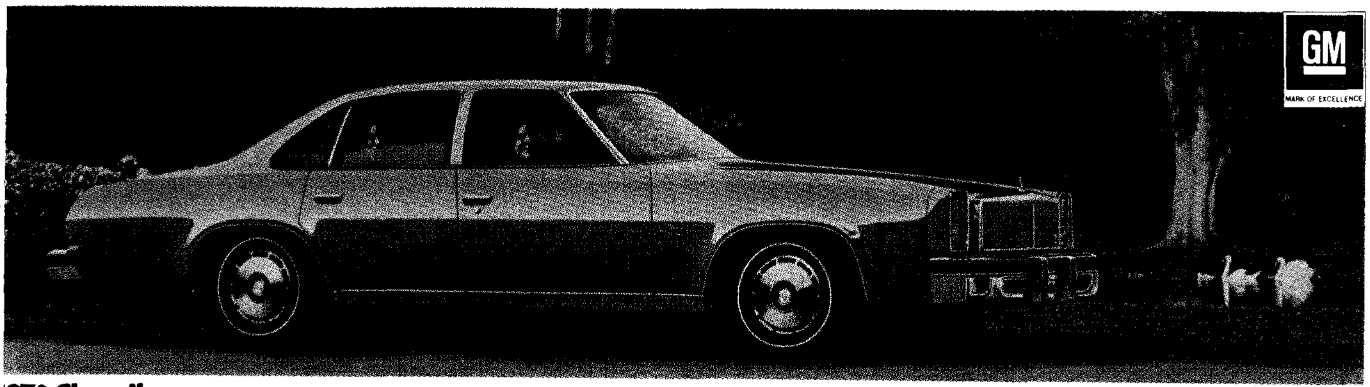

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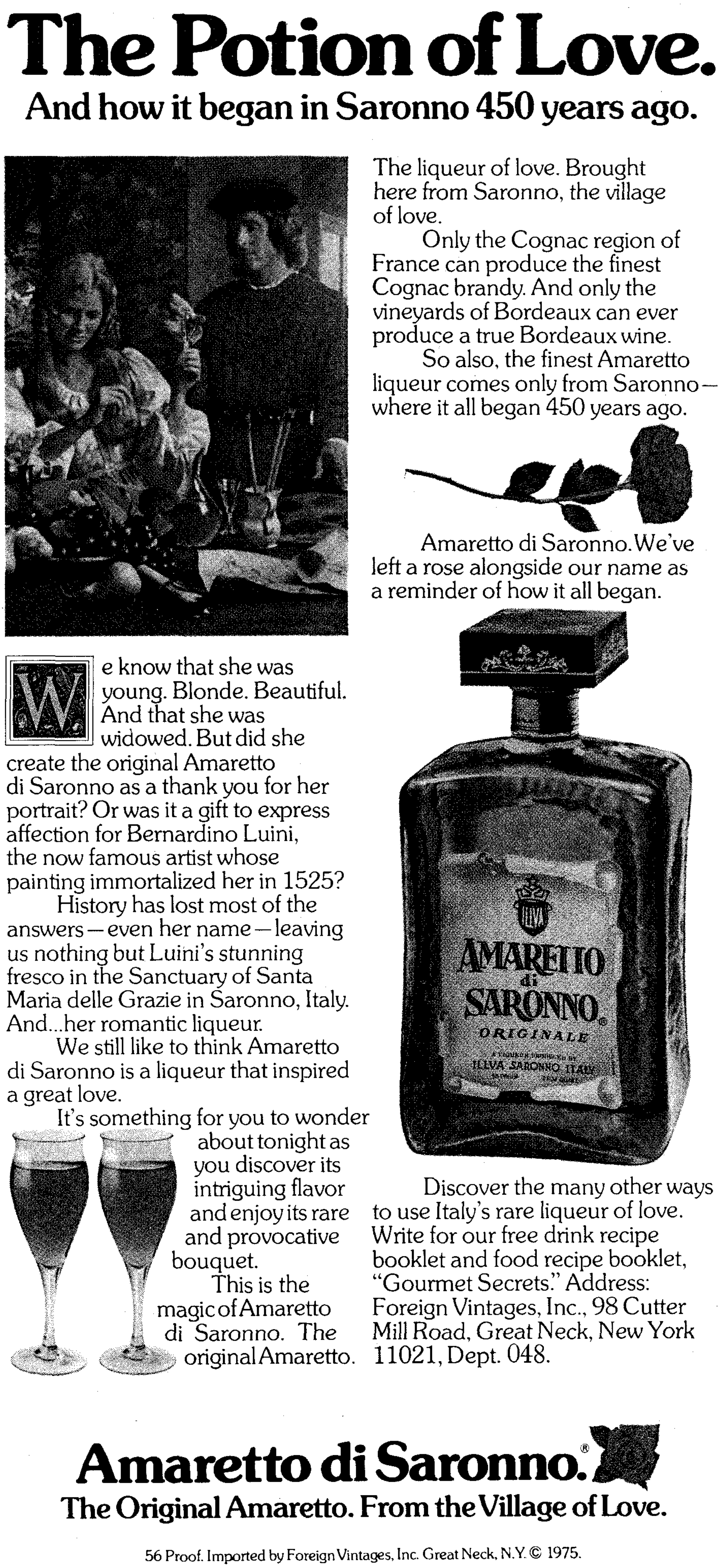

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mound he stayed there. Soon he was throwing his one and only pitch, the knuckleball. Every time he brought his arm around, the ball ambled from his right hand to the vicinity of home plate like a dandy out for an evening's stroll.

"It's the manure ball!" Upton cried. "He's *throwing* the manure ball!"

"Peters is smart," Freitas said. "He knows those kids'll see that ball floating in like a big harvest moon, and they'll swing from the heels. If he can just keep it over the plate, he'll get them out."

Peters walked in a run and gave up a single that drove in another run, but the third batter he faced hit into a double play. The Mavs got another run in the top of the ninth. In the bottom of the ninth, Tri-Cities got a couple of hits and scored a run. With two outs and the Mavs leading 7–6, the fifth man in the Ports' batting order was at the plate. Peters favored him with three extremely slow knuckleballs, and the game was over.

The home team had lost, but the baseball had been interesting, and the fans seemed content as they drifted out to their cars. I remarked that I liked Sanders-Jacobs Field very much.

"You can really enjoy a game in a place like this, can't you?" Freitas said. "Maybe I'm twisted by the fact that they consider me part of the family, but I'd rather see a game here, or at a place like Fenway Park or Wrigley Field, than in one of those big circular stadiums. Here, look at this." Freitas led us to a box seat behind home plate. There was a hinged platform in front of the seat, with a cloth slipcover on it. "A lady named Anne Blume sits here. She didn't come tonight, but she's at just about every game. She's got a dog, a little Boston terrier called Chloe. That dog sits right in front of her on that little platform, yipping and barking."

"Always at the opposition, though—never at our guys," Upton said.

"She's been doing it for years," Freitas said. "You're not about to see *that* in the major leagues."

—Hendrik Hertzberg

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And the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

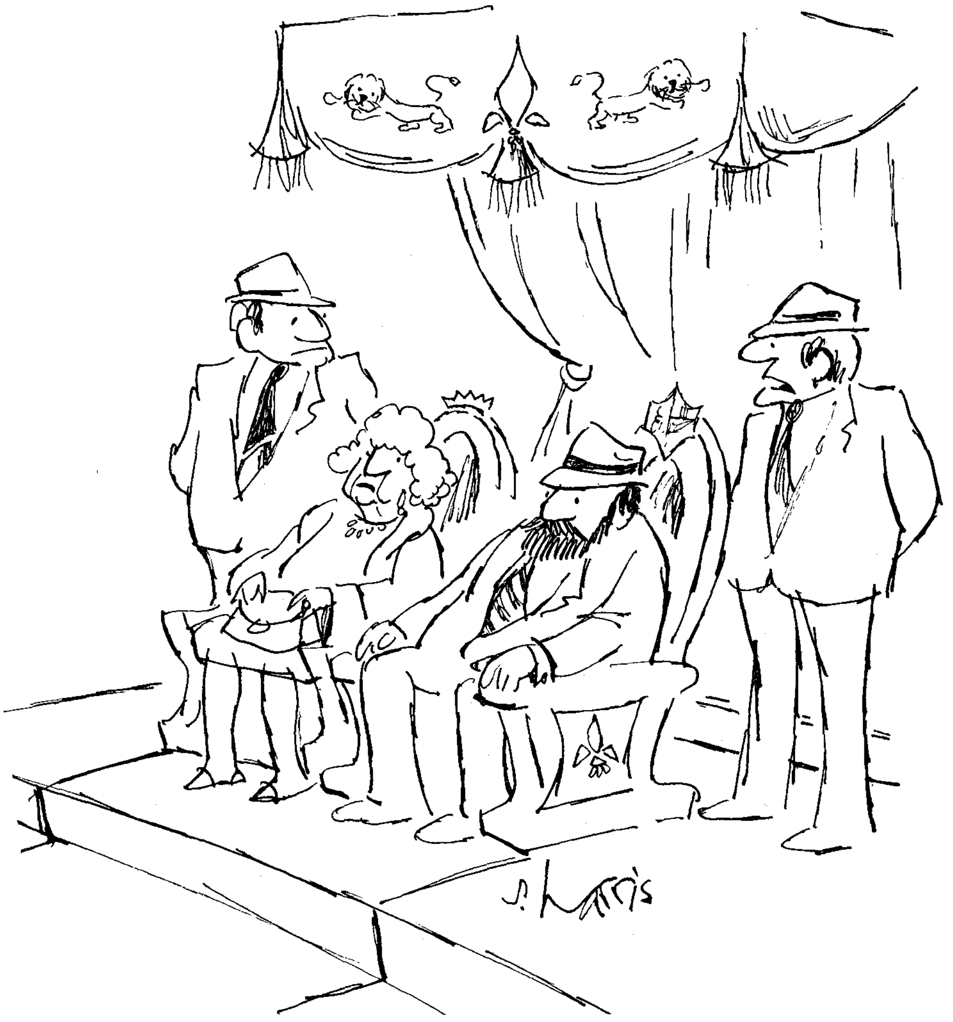
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Visceral Poetry of Pulp

THE hero of "Hard Times" rides into town on the rails, looking like an authentic Depression worker—a cap on his head, his face worn, narrow slits of hurting eyes. It's a lean, stoical face from the breadlines and close kin to Dorothea Lange's migratory workers, but it's also the face of Charles Bronson, the most popular movie star in the world and one of the highest-paid. And "Hard Times," though low-key, stays completely within the conventions of pulp. It's unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp, though not quite in the class of "Jaws." "Jaws," a primal-terror comedy, keeps you in a state of unconscionable, ridiculous suspense: you're waiting for the shocks, yet somehow the picture catches you on the offbeat, so that you're never quite prepared. "Jaws" tricks you in such an open way that at the same time that you're horror-struck you're laughing. "Hard Times," the first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill, isn't as inventive in its manipulation, and it's by no means as gleeful or as bouncing. One more version of the myth of the strong, silent loner, it is close to stately in its manner—spacious, leisurely, and with elaborate period recreations that seem almost to be there for their own sake. Hill fills in the Louisiana backgrounds—a black Pentecostal church meeting, a steamboat, a fair on the bayous—with reverent care, like the artists who painted detailed landscapes around the Christ figure. Yet by using Bronson, with superb calculation, so that he is the underdog in every situation, Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that our hero may be hurt or vanquished. Hill gets us scared for *Charles Bronson.* When the visceral power of a film is poetic, as it is here, you may retain a sense of irony but you don't resent the film's grip on you. "Hard Times" offers excitement that makes you feel good; Walter Hill respects the loner myth.

With slight modifications, the story could be set at any time; it appears to be set in the thirties for the decorative ambience of hardship. The Depression is needed to explain Bronson's gnarled face and to ennoble it. Put him in modern clothes and he's a hard-bitten tough guy, but with that cap on he's one of the dispossessed—an honest man who's known hunger. "Hard Times" makes the actor called Il Brutto in Italy look beautiful. His face is creased by pain, and his pain is not merely personal—it is also pain he feels for others. This man—Chaney, he's called—is what Alan Ladd's Shane was trying to be. Chaney jumps off the boxcar, goes into a run-down diner, orders a ten-cent coffee, and tips the waitress a nickel. Noblesse oblige. That's the theme of the picture. Bronson's taciturn, withdrawn face is already the myth; his thoughts always seem far away. He doesn't have the vocal gifts to sustain the qualities of that stolid, sneaky face, but Chaney is a man of few words, in contrast to Speed (James Coburn), a gambler whose compulsive smart talk gets him in trouble, and a hophead unlicensed doctor named Poe (Strother Martin), who speaks in florid metaphors. Speed and Poe are no more than stereotypes vivified, but they're astutely worked out so that Speed's mobile, bright-eyed face and Poe's soft plumpness set Chaney off, and their vices add dignity to his Spartan habits. These three go into business together in New Orleans. The gambler arranges bare-knuckled, no-holds-barred fights on the docks or in warehouses—illegal fights, strictly for gambling—and the tired, small stranger (Bronson is in his fifties) goes into them reluctantly; his heart isn't in it.

There's a moment when Chaney, looking anxious and forlorn, is about to take on a powerful young giant, who calls out to him, "Hey, Pop, you're a little old fer this, ain't ya?" And we see Bronson's faint smile, his eyes flashing for an instant, before he calmly goes over and, with one punch, knocks the punk out. It's primitive, but who can resist the sense of pleasure that fills one's chest with pride and relief? When Bronson fights against the local champ, Jim Henry (Robert Tessier)—a boulder of flesh, with a dirty, ominous smile—you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. Tessier is frightening the way Ernest Borgnine was frightening in "From Here to Eternity," and next to him Bronson seems almost as defenseless as Frank Sinatra. But the cords in his neck could hold up Madi-



"On the other hand, I suppose a limited monarchy is better than no monarchy at all."

son Square Garden. He's a bull-headed Christ with a punch.

Hill's staging of the fight with Jim Henry makes it a titanic battle—the walloping fists sound like rhinos crashing into trees—but this climactic bout comes too early. The director and his co-scenarists (Bryan Gindorff and Bruce Henstell) couldn't figure out how to top it later on, so the picture slumps a little. They also couldn't figure out a plausible reason for Chaney and the wounded, saint-whore type he loves (Jill Ireland) to part; it sounded to me as if they split because she didn't like him to go off home after sex—she wanted him to commit himself by spending the whole night, and he was too proud and dedicated a loner for that. But maybe there was something I missed. Chaney doesn't find happiness—only obligations—and sometimes it seems as if his mission in life were to be disappointed in people. (I wish he hadn't taken in a stray cat.) The details may be unconvincing, but it's all consistent. The literary, too colorful dialogue and a scene with a caged black bear—the emblem of the writer-director John Milius—suggest that Hill is declaring himself of the neo-commercial school of Milius, but Hill has a steadier hand. Milius tries to evoke visceral poetry in "The Wind and the Lion," but he doesn't establish the necessary simple context, and since his nostalgic flourishes seem only half-believed, the film's childish view of heroism turns into macho camp. Hill tells his story single-mindedly, showing his appetite for ostentation mostly in those background crowds. The hero is presented formally: he comes out of the darkness—a king among men—and goes back into the darkness, like any good loner. On its own pulp terms, "Hard Times" is a triumph.

Sydney Pollack doesn't have a knack for action pulp. He has directed the spy thriller "Three Days of the Condor" in his earnest, inimitably expensive style, trying to elevate the material, and has succeeded only in taking the charge out of it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for a C.I.A. front who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network within the C.I.A. and becomes everybody's target. After a long stretch of chasing and killing, with Max von Sydow running around as a high-toned hit man and Cliff Robertson, as a C.I.A. official, skulking about, with ugly black hair that looks like a tam-o'-shanter, the picture gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. As in "The Parallax View," the enemy is omnipresent and essentially invisible. There's no solution to the mystery. The message is that the past was corrupt and there may not be a future. In a concluding political dialogue, Robertson speaks, Nazi-fashion, for the cynical forces of darkness, and Redford defends democratic processes. But where can he go for help? Who isn't part of the conspiracy? He has only one hope: the *Times*. And the film leaves Redford, refrigerated, asking himself, Will the *Times* print the story, or is it, too, the enemy? Films like "Parallax" and "Condor" don't merely not give you anything—they seem to take away from you. "Condor's" heroine, Faye Dunaway, is a photographer who shoots bare, wintry scenes and is meant to be half in love with death. In the film's high point of flossy artistry, Redford and Dunaway go to bed together, and their coitus is visualized for us in a series of her lonely, ghostly pictures. Ah, the beauty of sexual desolation. If this death-rattle sex is intended to be a variant of the old romantic scene "Kiss me as if it were for the last time," it fails. All it does is sustain the film's gloom, which gradually begins to seem like the director's guilt taking visible form.

"Smile," a comedy set in Santa Rosa during the Jaycee-sponsored California final of the national "Young American Miss" pageant, is about the American smile that certifies likability. It's about the booster spirit, and optimism as a way of life. There hasn't been a small-town comedy in so long that this fresh, mussy film seems to be rediscovering America. Though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. When the girls are interviewed, or when they have to perform in public, they look dumb, but they're not. They stumble and blurt out idiocies because what they're saying isn't what they feel at all. They're cued to talk cant about "helping others" by the chief judge of the contest—Big Bob Freelander (Bruce Dern), a mobile-home salesman and the biggest booster in town. He's a civic-minded man who lives by the beaming banalities that Bert Parks celebrates. Dern has a furtively hip style of comedy, and he's built for this part. He isn't tall and lanky in the heroic Western tradition—you don't think of that body in open spaces. His Big Bob is tall in a graceless, sexless way—he's one of those American men who haul their height around. Big Bob speaks in

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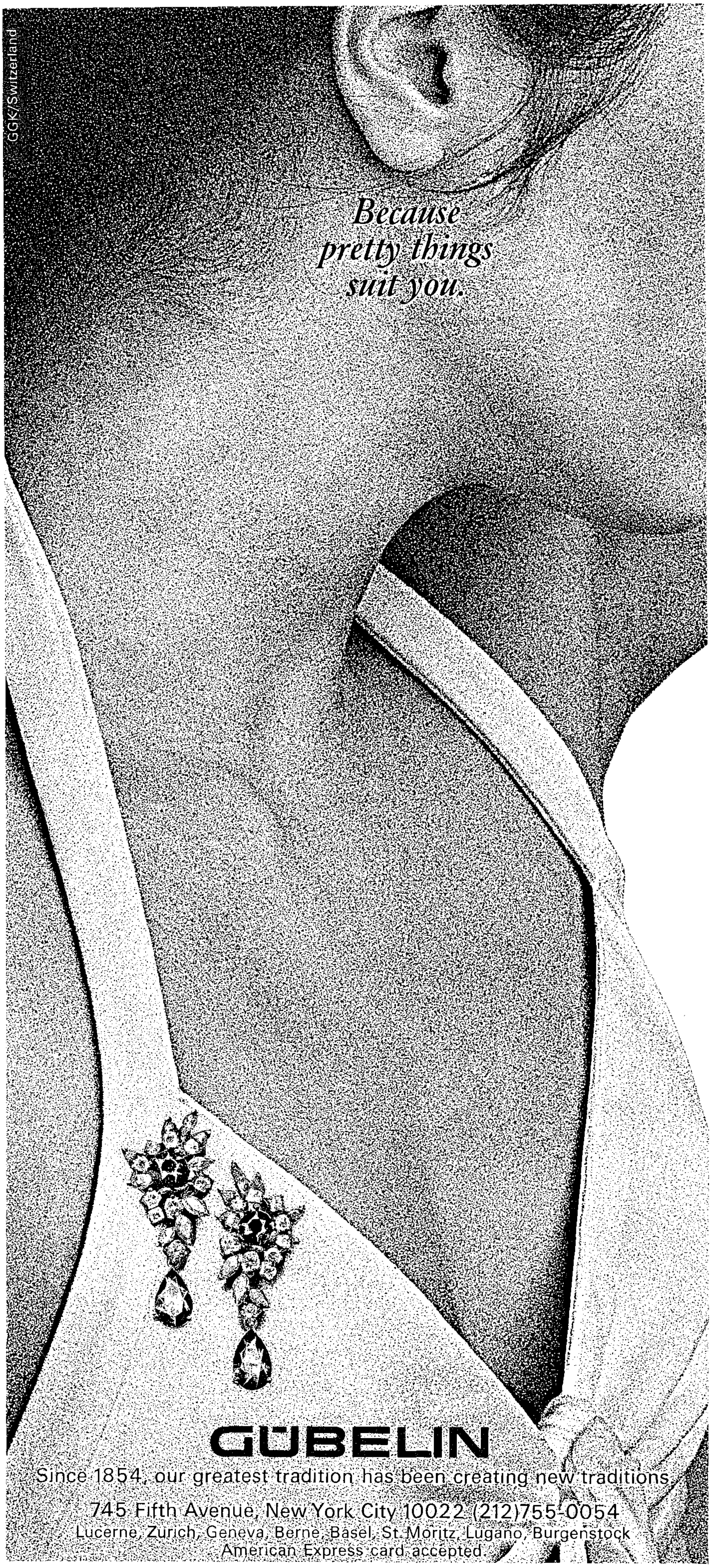
homilies that express exactly how he feels. He's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. When Big Bob is attacked by his closest friend and forced into a moment of self-recognition, he's so shaken his face gets squinched up, like a pouting infant's. The film—a cousin to "Lord Love a Duck"—is an affectionate satirical salute to the square. ("Smile" has already opened around the country, though it's getting its first New York showing at the Film Festival.)

Are beauty contests too easy a target, as some of the film's negative reviews have charged? I don't think so. As a student at Berkeley, I was initiated into a women's honor society in a ceremonial that required each girl to wear a white formal and a gardenia corsage, and to carry a lighted candle. Who doesn't get stuck in false positions? Who hasn't been through stupid rituals? If many of us can't resist turning on the TV to watch at least one or two beauty contests each year, perhaps it's because these competitions seem like pockets of the past—pure fifties—and link in with our memories, the way seeing Fred Wiseman's "High School" brings back the indoctrination we went through and makes us realize it's still called education. There's not much heft to "Smile," but Michael Ritchie, who directed, isn't the right director for big subjects anyway; he's not a director for depth, he's the man to turn loose on marginalia and surfaces. "Smile" supplies wonderful details of frazzled behavior, though Jerry Belson's script is often too blunt. Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality; the picture doesn't hold together, and it lacks narrative flow—the jokes and the "talent" skits seem to be cut in rather haphazardly. But nobody is better at found (and pseudo-found) moments than Ritchie is. He's a whiz at setting up situations and then catching an embarrassed splutter or a woolly stare or a performer whose eyes wander desperately, and this film has his funniest off-guard bits yet. Maybe the hit-and-run continuity was the only way to convey the unresolved mixture of affection, disbelief, comic horror, camp, and imbecile suspense which is part of why some of us watch beauty contests.

In the past, Ritchie has had trouble with his women characters. In "Downhill Racer" and "The Candidate," the women were lacquered figurines, and Ritchie gave the impression that he didn't have any idea what went on in their heads. And at the beginning of "Smile" we feel like connoisseurs when we look at the thirty-three



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contestants. (Young professional actresses—some of them former beauty contestants—are salted among nonprofessional Santa Rosa girls.) The camera itself seems to buttress the whole rationale of beauty contests: we appraise the skinny legs and the perfect little Aryan-goddess features, and people in the audience laugh automatically at ungainly conformations and chubby bodies. But when the girls are sorted out and we see what they are going through, there's no more of this appraisal or derision. Ritchie's attitudes don't seem ready-made this time; he seems to be willing to pick up new impressions. And willing to concede that the green, gawky girls aren't necessarily going to turn into packaged commodities (like the Candidate).

Miss Antelope Valley (Joan Prather), a straight-A brunette, realizes she's been had, and she can grin, shamefaced about what a fool she's been. Miss Anaheim (Annette O'Toole), a creamy redhead, is wised-up from the start. In the talent competition, she comes on overdressed, delivers a paean to "inner beauty," and uses it as the excuse to do a zingy striptease down to her tights, clutching a small lily to each breast. Not recognizing that Big Bob is looking for sincerity, she outsmarts herself and finishes as the fourth runner-up. But she's snappy and resourceful, like the girls Joan Blondell used to play. Only one contestant is really obnoxious—Miss Salinas, a self-made witch, programmed to smile and to wring the last ounce of advantage out of her Mexican-American background. Maria O'Brien (daughter of Edmond O'Brien and Olga San Juan) makes her a rollicky ethnic caricature, completely self-absorbed. Sucking up to the judges with presents of bowls of guacamole, she's the kind of gushing phony who can stare down a saint. She can even stare down a master phony like Brenda, the girls' thirtyish den mother (Barbara Feldon), who always looks on the bright side, her chipper smile just sitting there. When Brenda's soggy-faced husband (Nicholas Pryor) gets fed up with her indefatigable cheer and complains to her, she comments "Another evening of sarcasm and self-pity!" and her inflections detonate. It was a mistake, though, to make her frigid and to use that as the reason for her husband's blubbering drunkenness. There's no wit in it. Barbara Feldon keeps trying, but Brenda lacks what Big Bob has—an essential innocence and good will. She isn't human enough to be a funny character or buggy enough to work as a cartoon. Feldon has the bad luck to be in several of the longer, broad-comedy scenes, and Ritchie doesn't pace them well. The only way he gets pace in a sequence is by editing; his longer scenes (like the Jaycees' nighttime get-together) are too schematic, and they don't develop the black-comedy hysteria that seems needed.

"Smile" might have been a classic American comedy if he'd been able to use the darting techniques on the Jaycees and the older townspeople which he used on the contest itself. However, I didn't mind the film's wobbling ineptness; it seems preferable to "The Candidate's" stunningly cool, glib style, which went with its counterculture platitudes. In his earlier films Ritchie was misogynistic yet sentimental. In "Smile" he really appears to like most of the people on the screen. The film acknowledges the possibility that people can be cynical without being corrupt. Michael Kidd, the choreographer (who appeared on the screen once before, in "It's Always Fair Weather"), plays the once big-time, now fading choreographer brought in to stage the pageant. This jaded outsider is a hardboiled pro, observing the local shenanigans without surprise. He talks straight to the contestants, and when there's a petty crisis he resolves it by taking a lower fee. It's not a big thing, but he does it for the girls' sake, and it's the only clear-cut generous action I can recall in a Michael Ritchie film. Ritchie is no longer dividing the world between the manipulators and the manipulated. He has responded to the confusion and eagerness in the girls' smiles, and he's smiling back.

—Pauline Kael

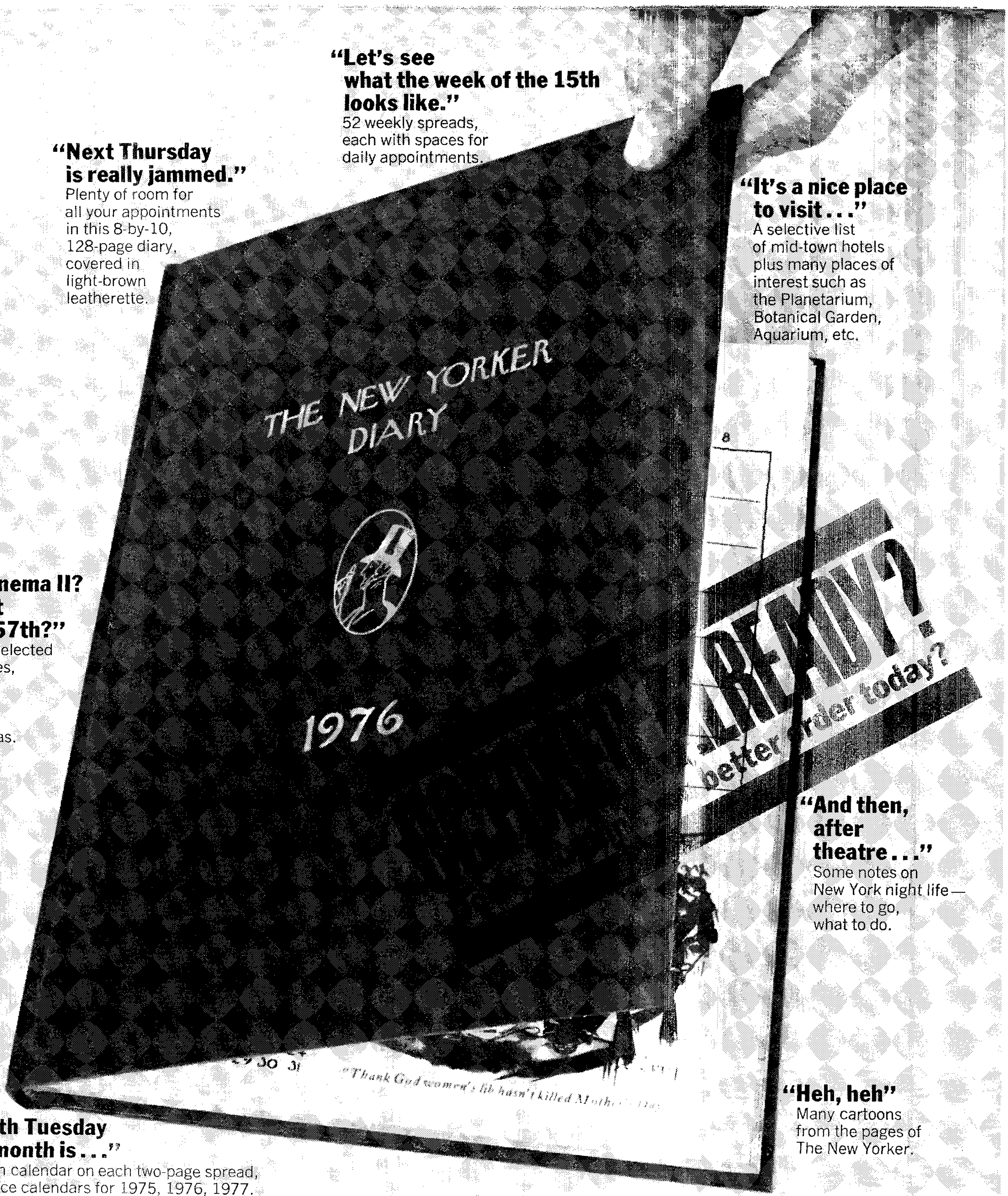
•

The Uselessness of Elephants in Compacting Fill

Meehan, R. L.
Canadian Geotechnical Journal, V. 4, No. 3, Aug. 1967, pp. 358-360

A short research note describing a field test strip in Northeast Thailand where elephants were being considered for compacting soil for canal embankments. The sandy clay soil was prepared to various water contents and spread in a 20 cm lift over an area of 9 m^2. Two elephants were paraded back and forth across the test strip. Unfortunately, the resulting field densities were disappointingly low, ranging between about 68 to 88% of standard Proctor density. The reason was that the elephants usually managed to step in their old tracks rather than to step on soft soil between the old footprints.—*Geodex Soil Mechanics Information Service.*

Even centipedes would probably be useless.



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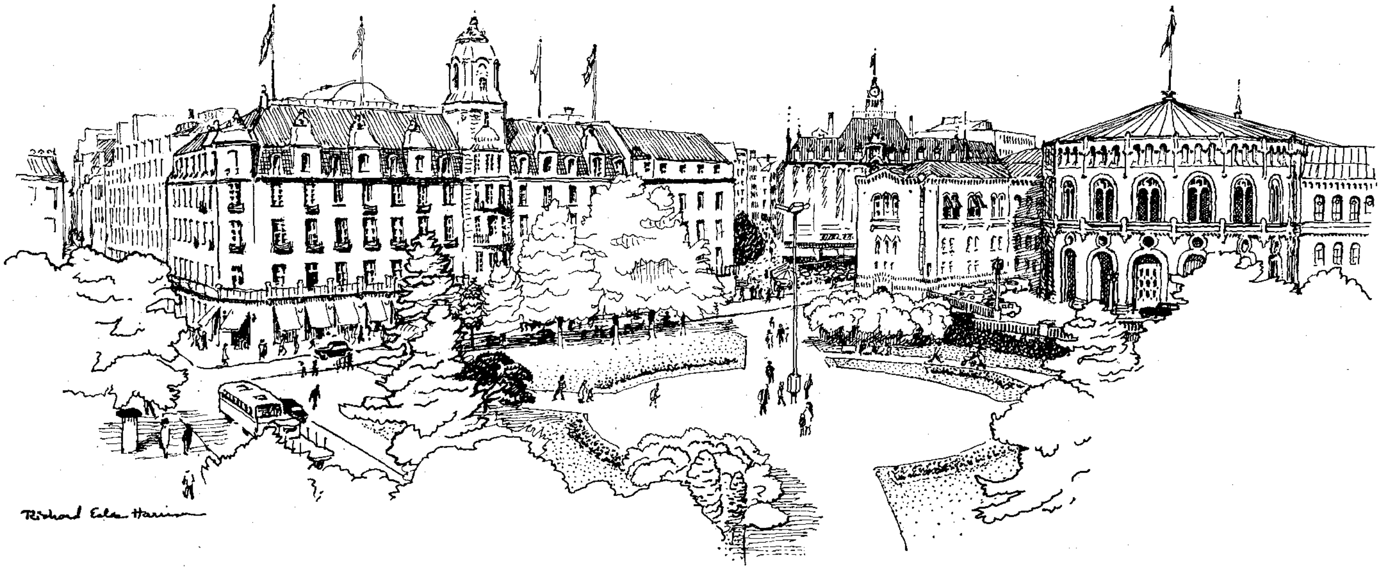

THE idea of emigrating from poor, old, little Norway to rich, new, big America in order to find Freedom, Opportunity, Work, and the Good Life is a thing of the past here. Government figures show that for some years more people have emigrated from the United States to Norway than the other way around. However, nostalgia lingers on about the century of migration that started in 1825 and wound up with a million people gone. Young Norwegians like to talk about it almost as much as they like to talk, and worry, about the new affluence here, which started to explode five years ago after oil was discovered in their part of the North Sea. They seem eager to tell each other as well as visitors that, much to their own surprise, they don't *have* to or *want* to leave—that they *like* staying put, even though not everything is perfect yet. One of their self-kidding jokes that I've been hearing on an average of twice a day goes like this:

> Two old Norwegians are talking to each other, and one says, "We have it very good in this country now." And the other one says, "Yes, and that's about the only thing we do have."

With prosperity rampant—installment-plan buying, high-rise (six-story) apartment complexes, and new, good-looking natural-wood, modern houses (with picture windows) in the favored hills near the Holmenkollen ski jump—Norwegians seem to feel impelled to underscore their satisfactions. Despite inflation, people in their twenties and thirties are able to take for granted a way of life that includes a washing machine, a second home of some kind in the country, a German or Swedish or English car, for which they pay the equivalent of between six thousand and twelve thousand dollars, and a boat, with motor or sails, or both. They like their air, their water, and their land, and they are passionately protective of it all and concerned about what successful industrialization may bring them in the way of pollution, corruption, problem children, and crime. In 1972, the people voted "No" on joining the Common Market, but they can buy Levi's bluejeans, Adidas sports shoes, Pears soap, Sunkist oranges, Ajax cleanser, Stevie Wonder records, and Hondas all over the place, and they get to read the "Peanuts" comic strip ("Knøttene" in translation) in the daily *Aftenposten*. Theirs is a welfare-state society, where the government, whatever political party wins the election, consistently keeps watch over the system: education through college is free, and so is medical care; taxes are very high; all adults except members of the Royal Family have the right to vote, and most of them exercise it; everybody with a job who wants to retire between the ages of sixty-seven and seventy gets a basic pension of about twenty-five hundred dollars a year, plus a housing subsidy and all kinds of extras; working hours on most jobs are from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M. in the summer and from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. in the winter; every jobholder, by law, gets four weeks' vacation with pay. Unemployment in Norway is very nearly the lowest in the world (one per cent), while the average life expectancy is very nearly the highest in the world (seventy-three years). Most people mildly resent paying the taxes—the highest income bracket (above the equivalent of fifty thousand dollars) is taxed ninety per cent—but they shrug and admit they get their money back in services, especially when a family member falls sick. At the end of a working day, they get out, one way or another, into the fields or the mountains or the fjords; or, in the winter, with their skis, they take a tram—if they live in Oslo—up into the hills and ski down in time for supper. On weekends and on holidays, almost everybody seems to take to the mountains for fishing, hiking, camping, skiing or picking flowers or berries in season, and staying healthy. Children don't do much sitting in front of television sets. They move around, learn how to take care of themselves, get color in their cheeks, and grow up to be especially handsome people. For one thing, there isn't much television to look at. Television and radio are included in a single public utility, licensed by the government as the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation, and it goes in heavily for discussion and social-service programs. Television broadcasting is limited to a few hours daily—mostly in the early evening—and never, never is there an interruption for a single commercial. (Television entertainment relies partly on programs from England and the United States, the American programs including "Little House on the Prairie," "Columbo," "McCloud," and Dick Cavett's ninety-minute interviews with celebrities.) Even though most taxis here, say, are new Mercedes sedans (what would be a three-dollar ride in New York City costs about seven dollars in Oslo), this is still a country where the Holmenkollen ski jump is presented to sightseers as the big sight to see, the way Lincoln Center might be in New York. The sight is very frequently seen in the summertime,

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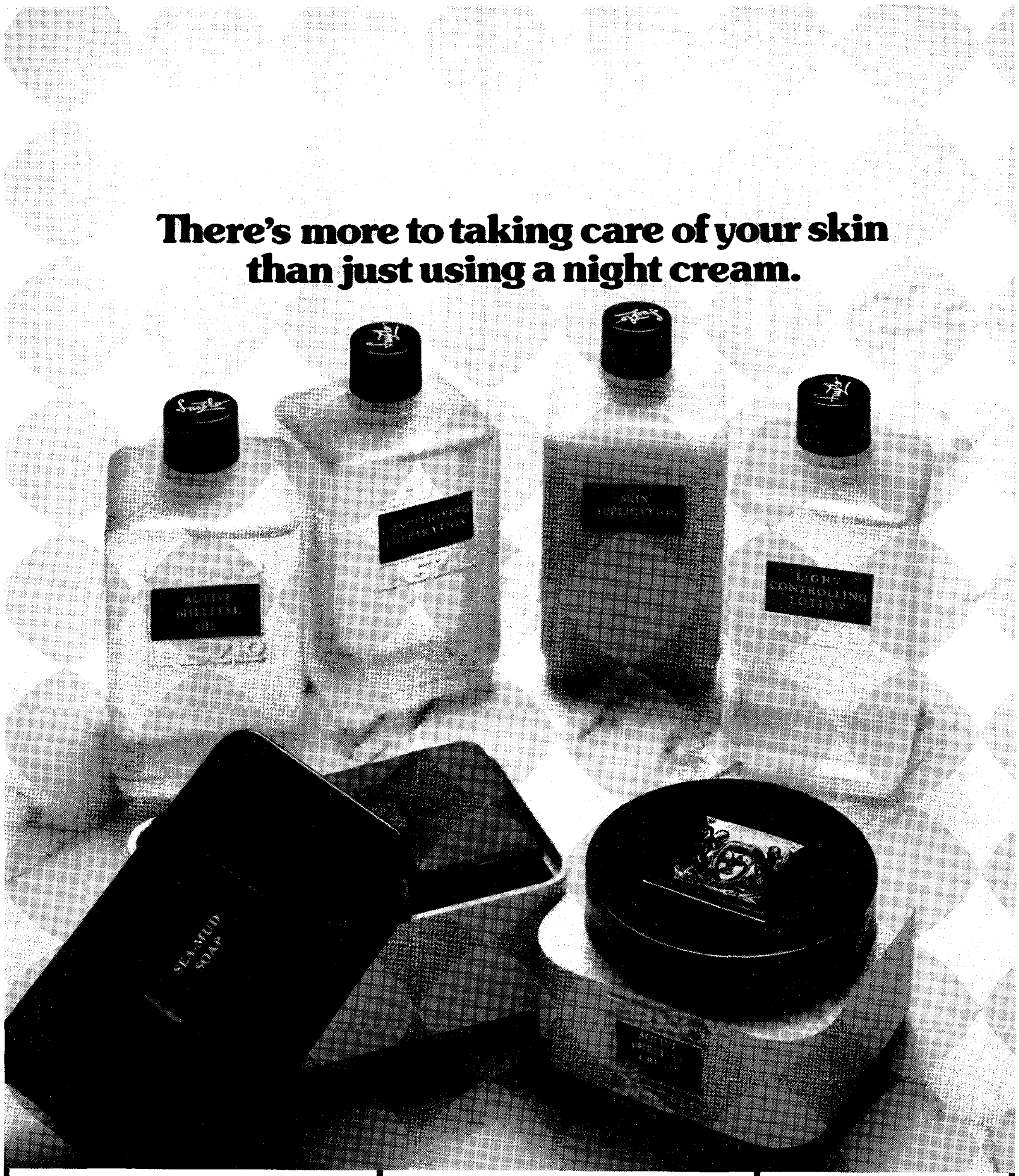
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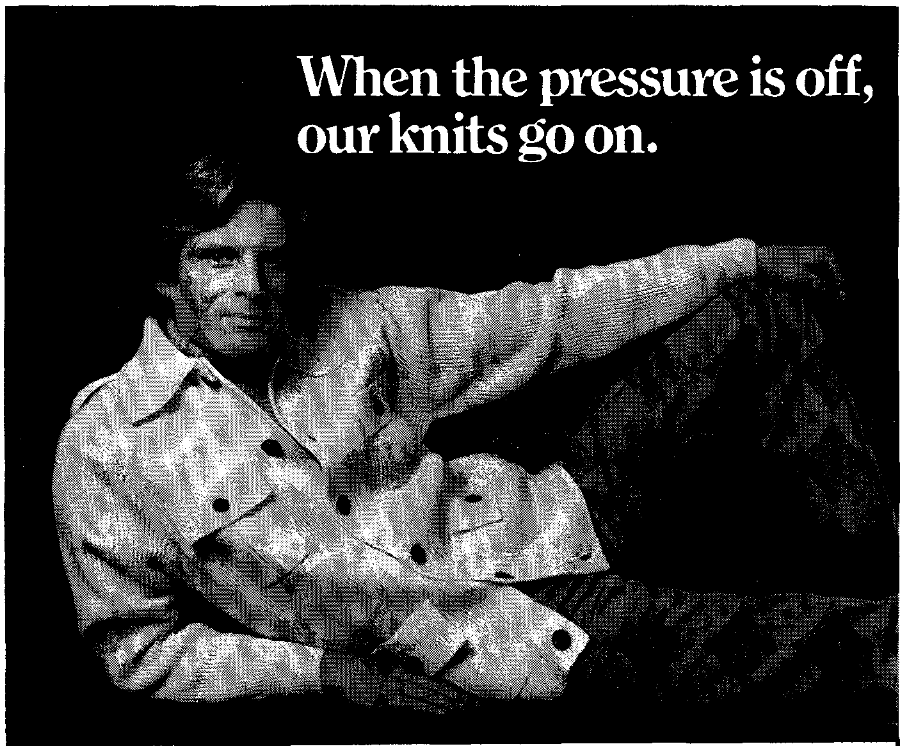
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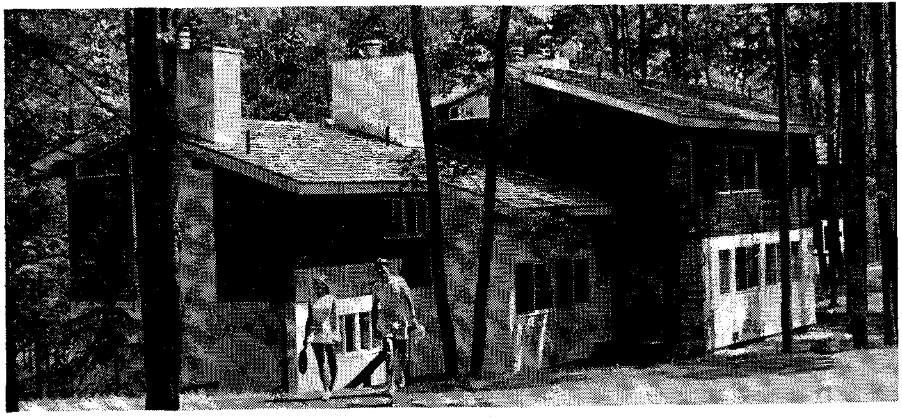
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when the bowl under the jump becomes a natural lake for swimming, and when a suspended wire figure of a skier is used to show where the skiers take off in their jumps. "They go at a speed of fifty-five miles per hour," a tour guide was saying to a busload of Americans one morning when I passed by. "The record jump is one hundred and two feet. Last year, it was won by a sixteen-year-old Austrian boy. Ten per cent of the people in and around Oslo come to watch—about a hundred thousand people—and so does the King. You can see it on television, but never in Oslo. You will see it on the ABC 'Wide World of Sports' if you turn on the television the second Saturday in March." People go to bed early here, especially during the winters, with their long nights, and everybody gets plenty of sleep. All this in a long and skinny country (it is about four miles wide at its narrowest part, in the north, and two hundred and fifty miles wide at its widest) that is roughly the size in square miles (a hundred and twenty-five thousand) of the state of New Mexico, and that is two-thirds mountains, a little less than one-third forests, about three per cent small farms, less than half of one per cent cities, and the rest water (or ice). If it is suggested to Norwegians that perhaps *something* is missing, that some little thing detracts from the good life—for example, their sandwiches, which are always open, with only one slice of bread—they are invariably ready with an answer. Too much bread, after all, isn't good for you.

THE subject of emigration nevertheless remains a preoccupation, and people are reluctant to let go of it. They hold on loyally to every tie with friends and relatives who took off at any time from 1825 on, not only for America, which was where most of them went, but for places like Ethiopia, South Africa, Mexico, Hong Kong, and Brazil, and keep track of all their descendants. A sixty-five-year-old Nordmanns-Forbundet, or Norsemen's Federation, complete with a bimonthly magazine, *The Norseman* (published in English as well as in Norwegian), has a long list of representatives all over the world to help maintain contact with everybody who once had an ancestor who came from anywhere between Kristiansand, on the south coast, and Hammerfest, about a thousand miles up, which is Europe's northernmost town. (The Norwegian-owned coal-rich Svalbard Islands are four hundred miles farther up, at the top of the world.) There are about three million people of Norwegian background in the United States, and one gets the impression here at the moment that all of them are going to join the entire population of Norway, which is about four million, in a program of commemoration of the arrival in New York of the first group of Norwegian immigrants. There were forty-six of them, including a baby born en route, aboard a sloop named Restauration, with a crew of seven. The voyage took just over three months, and they arrived on October 9, 1825. It is assumed here that the date, after Norwegians get through with their plans to make it stick, will be famous throughout the world, and especially in America. Their determination to make the date famous may well take the edge off the whole business of centennialism. The year 1975 is important here not as the year before the American Bicentennial fireworks but as the year of the Norwegian Utvandringen Til Amerika—or Immigration to America—*Sesqui*centennial.

There are committees in Norway and committees in the United States which have been working on Sesquicentennial plans and activities for months. One Norwegian who has been shuttling between the two countries is Erik Bye, a poet, composer, singer, and television producer, who has been commissioned to make several television documentaries as part of the commemoration. Bye, a tall (six feet five), handsome, charming sailing type, is as well known here as the King of Norway, Olav V, or the Norwegian actress Liv Ullmann. (Bye's record albums are almost a standard item in Norwegian homes. His songs are mostly ballads, and often deal with folk characters, in Norway or America. One is about an old man who sings, "Farewell. I must brush my coat and wash my face, for I am a very old man and I want to be clean when I meet my Lord." Another tells about Hans Christian Heg, a Norwegian immigrant in Wisconsin who was a colonel in the Union Army and was killed leading a regiment of other Scandinavian-Americans in the Battle of Chickamauga, in Georgia. It contains allusions to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and is entitled "A Civil War Portrait." A third, and *very* popular, song is entitled "Crazy Ole." It tells the story of a Norwegian immigrant who wound up in the Midwestern plains and who missed the sight of mountains so much that he built his own hill, so that he could look at it in his back yard. He sings, "Since I

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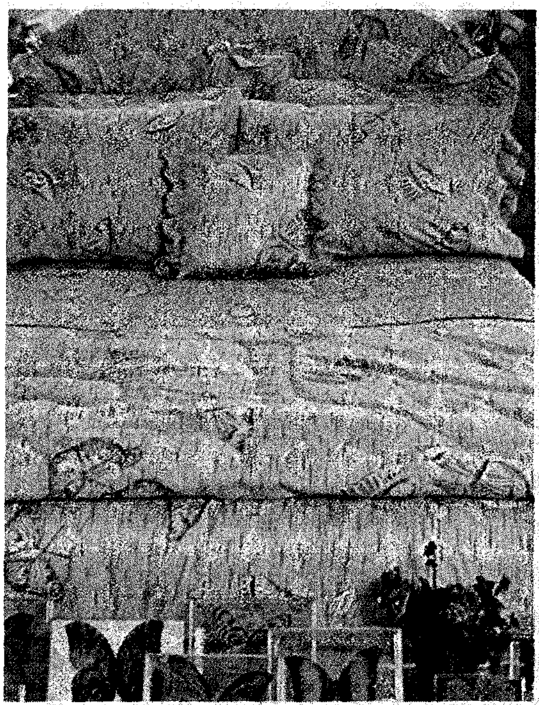

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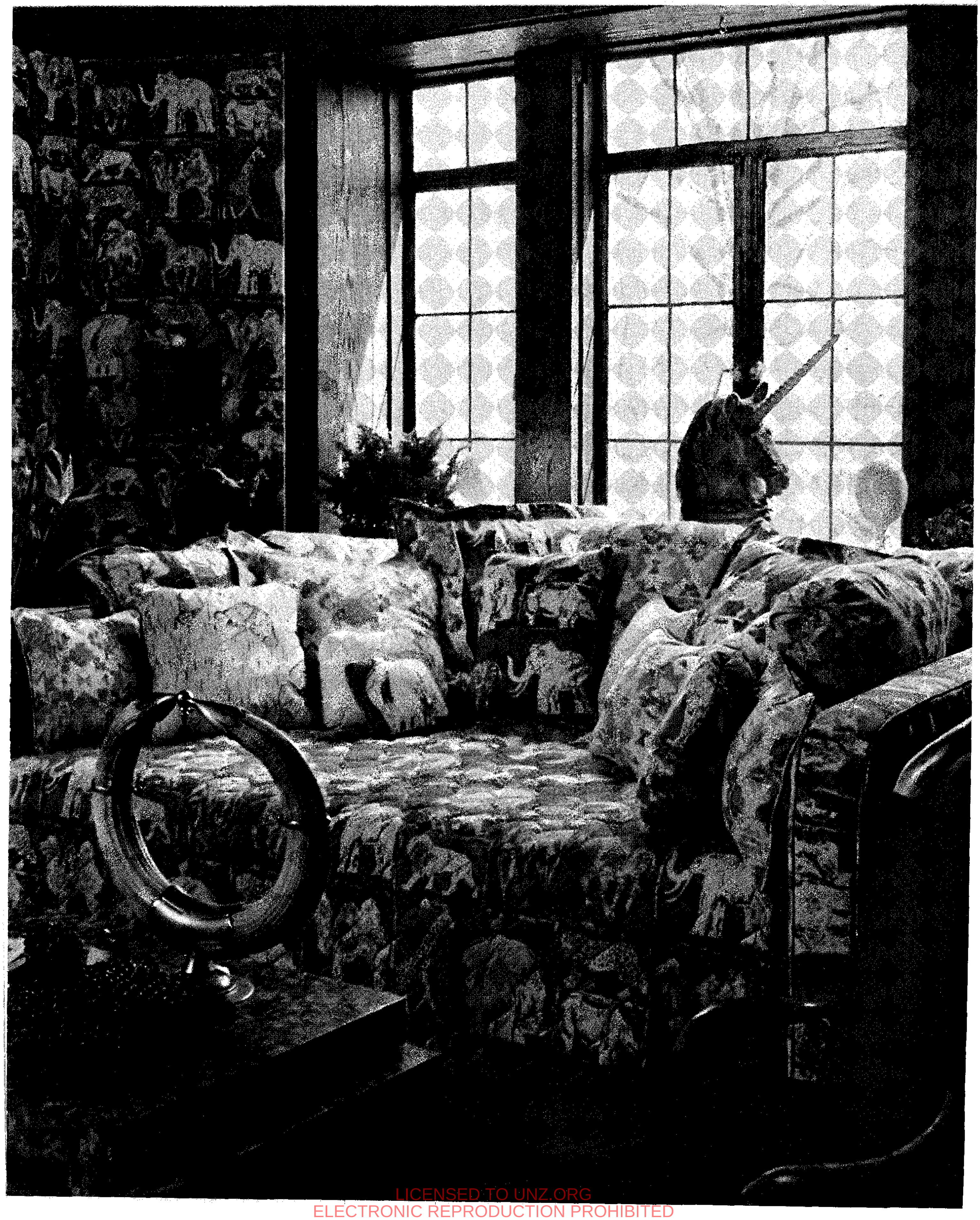
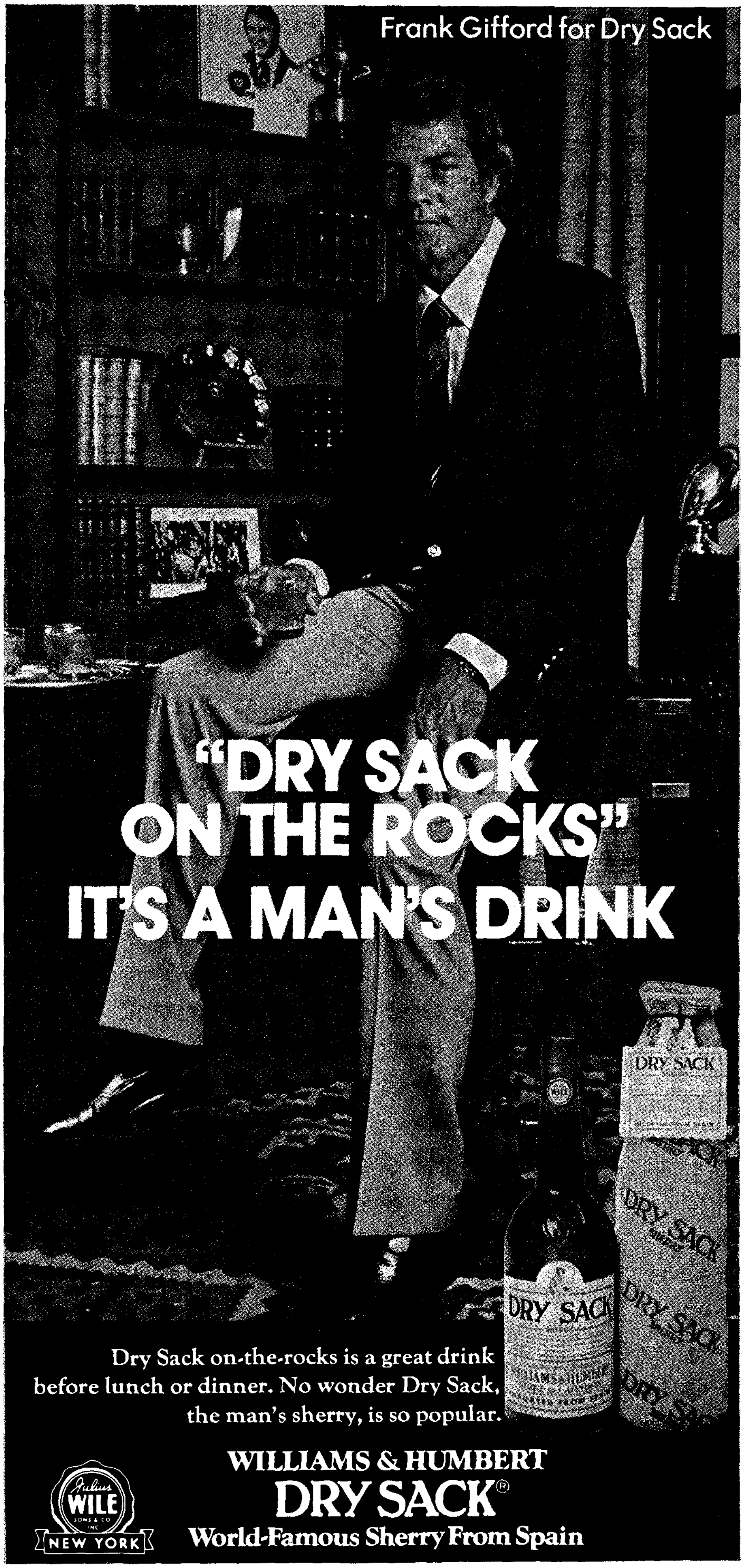


couldn't change myself, I had to change the land.") Bye was born in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, but he and his family moved to Norway when he was five, in 1932. It will be up to him not only to film, for future Norwegian television, a Sesquicentennial program—entitled "A Salute to Norway and the Heritage We Share"—to be presented at Carnegie Hall on the night of October 7th to a full house, including King Olav, but to write and produce the program in the first place.

"America is *celebrating*, but we are *commemorating*," Bye told me just before he set out to perform one of his minor duties—the briefing of the Norwegian Broadcasting Orchestra on its part in the program, and a rehearsal for it. The sixty-five members of the orchestra and its conductor, Øivind Bergh, will be flown to America, will be installed at the Hotel Salisbury, across from Carnegie Hall, and, after three days of rehearsal, will perform a program of Norwegian and American music as part of the "Salute," which will include the first performance of a setting, by the contemporary composer Geirr Tveitt, of a poem written for the occasion, in English, by Erik Bye. The Carnegie Hall program is an ambitious undertaking, with an Executive Producer (Neil Schwartz), a Producer (Erik Bye), and two Associate Producers (John Heistein and Abel Abrahamsen). First, Erik Bye, to the Tveitt music, will read his poem "Are You Still Walking with Me?" Then will come a dramatic rendition of the tale of the 1825 journey to America, with actors of Norwegian origin, including Celeste Holm and Peter Graves. This will be part of a multi-media production created by an American photojournalist, John Launois, using film, animation, and old photographs of Norwegian pioneers in various parts of America. It will also include a reading, on film, by Liv Ullmann, of an Erik Bye poem entitled "Our Neighbors Are Indians," and singing by a mixed choir of ninety-six people chosen mainly from various Norwegian-church choirs in the New York area. There will be a concluding piece, by Eric Sevareid and read by him, about the future of America, which is written in the form of a letter to his grandfather, one of the immigrants. (Grandfather Erik Erikson Sevareid came from a tiny farming community called Sevareid, on the Akra Fjord, near Hardanger Fjord, on the west coast of Norway, and he settled as a homesteader in southeastern Minnesota in 1854. "You believed that hard work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was what a man and woman did, in order to matter," Erik Sevareid will say. "Some speak of this now as the 'work ethic,' as if it were some curious, irrelevant quirk or cult. You were at ease with the word 'duty.' You knew there could be no rights and privileges without responsibility.")

"We *can't* celebrate the fact that a large part of the population of Norway got up and left," Erik Bye explained. "That's why everything at this end is in the form of a commemoration." Whatever it is, there has been quite a fuss made. Two Utvandringen Til Amerika postage stamps have been issued in honor of the Sesquicentennial. One shows a pioneer family in front of a log cabin, and the other has a portrait of Cleng Peerson, the father of Norwegian emigration, along with an excerpt from a letter written in 1874 by an immigrant son to his mother back home. The Bank of Norway has issued a new five-kroner coin (worth about a dollar), which has a likeness of the sloop Restauration on one side and the inscription "*Veien Mot Vest* [The Way West] 1825-1975." The coin came out in May, in an issue of one million two hundred thousand, and, rather like the John F. Kennedy half-dollar, has been taken out of circulation by collectors and is all but impossible to get. It was brought out even though another new five-kroner coin was brought out this year, in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the krone as the unit of currency. This kind of extravagance in thrifty Norway—where, for example, all government agencies mimeograph their documents on *both* sides of the paper—is really in the nature of going wild. Moreover, two hundred and fifty thousand bronze medals, about three inches in diameter, were put on sale last May in banks all over the country. They show stones on one side and a field of grain on the other, to illustrate what the immigrants went from and to, and though they cost a hundred and fifty kroner each, they were all grabbed up immediately. Other commemorative issuings have included a Porsgrund Porcelain seven-inch plate in three shades of Scandinavian blue on white, which includes a *lot* of story: the sloop Restauration in the middle, surrounded by depictions of an immigrant's arrival in New York, with his sea chest; of Norwegians heading West in a covered wagon; of the wilderness being cleared for farming; of pioneers building Norwegian-style log cabins and pushing ox-drawn plows; of one of the first Norwegian churches in the United States (established in 1853 at Valders, Wisconsin, where, only a few years later, Thorstein Veblen, a second-generation Norwegian, was born); of later settlers heading for the Pacific Northwest and fishing for tuna and halibut; of the building of schools and colleges; of Boe Memorial Chapel of Saint Olaf College, a school, in Northfield, Minnesota, that was founded by Norwegians and offers special programs in Norwegian culture; of Norwegian choral groups and singing societies, and the figure of a violinist (intended to call to mind the career of Ole Bull, the great nineteenth-century Norwegian virtuoso, who toured the United States, who attempted to found a Norwegian settlement in Pennsylvania in 1852, and after whom a Pennsylvania State Park is named); of buildings and bridges by Norwegian engineers in America; of the airplane used by Bernt Balchen, the Norwegian-American who was the chief pilot for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd on the first flight over the South Pole; and of space-age scientific experiments by Americans of Norwegian descent. In case anyone eating from this small plate doesn't get the message, a set of three silver-plated demitasse spoons has also been brought out, with a model of the famous sloop on the handle of each, and the bowl part depicting either the ox and plow or the college and church or a skyscraper. Spoons and plate have been on sale in the United States since December and in Norway since May. Their design was supervised by Abel Abrahamsen, who made his first journey to North America from Trondheim, via Sweden and England, in 1944, to attend Camp Little Norway, in Toronto, Canada, where he trained to become a navigator for the Royal Norwegian Air Force during the Second World War. Abrahamsen, who is co-chairman of the Norwegian Immigration Sesquicentennial Commission in New York (Dr. Arthur O. Davidson, president of Wagner College, on Staten Island, is chairman), is the president of the Norwegian-American

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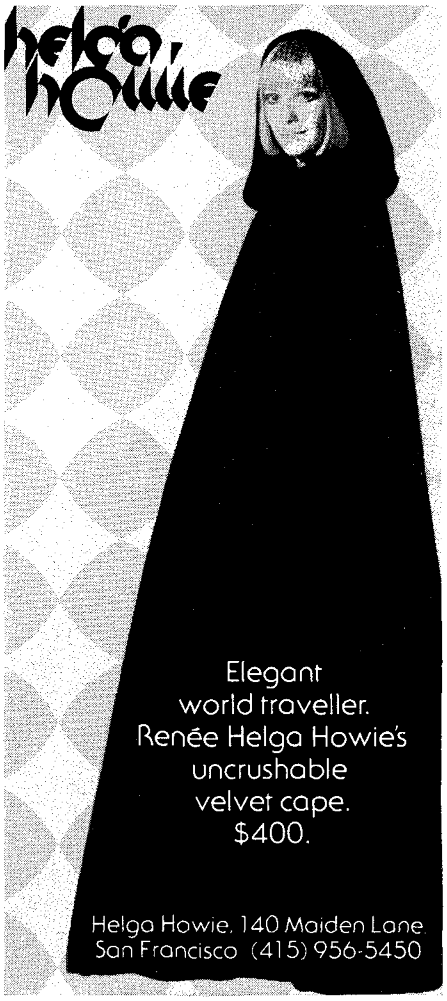
Chamber of Commerce. He also owns the shop called Norsk, on East Fifty-seventh Street, where the seven-inch porcelain plates and the silver-plated demitasse spoons are sold. (Abrahamsen is engaged in other businesses, too, that are helping to keep Norway culturally *au courant* with English-speaking countries. He owns an interest in a successful movie, "Skraphandlerne," made in Norway, at the incredibly low cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and starring Leif Juster, one of the most popular comedians in the country. The movie is based on segments of thirty-nine scripts of television's "Sanford and Son." A few weeks ago, it opened in six Norwegian cities simultaneously, and newspapers reported it to be—as the Norwegian phrase goes—"a comedy that hits.") Abrahamsen, an engaging, relaxed, soft-spoken man of fifty-two, has lately been shuttling between the two countries even more often than Erik Bye and relishing every moment of every speech or song or meeting of the commemoration. He has been digging around in his spare time to come up with historical data on who in America is more or less Norwegian. "James Cagney is and Marilyn Monroe was," he told me. "Also the interpreter in 1626 for the Indians when they sold Manhattan to Peter Minuit. His name was Cornelius Sand. Also George Washington. If you go back thirty-three generations." In addition, he has been digging up combinations of significant numbers that total a hundred and fifty. Last month, at a luncheon aboard the sailing ship Christian Radich, he discovered that he and Kjell Thorsen, the captain of the ship, and Ole Ålgård, the Norwegian Ambassador to the United Nations, all had the same birthday, and that their respective ages—fifty-two, forty-five, and fifty-three—added up to a round Sesquicentennial hundred and fifty. Abrahamsen has not only drawn Norwegian businesses on both sides of the Atlantic into commemorative activities but prompted many American firms to fall into line. The travel business is going in for Sesquicentennial festive tours. "Celebrate the Norwegian Sesquicentennial immigration anniversary with a cruise through unforgettable Panama Canal on the superb new Norwegian cruise ship ROYAL VIKING STAR" is the way an ad in a recent issue of *The Norseman* starts out.

KING OLAV, Crown Prince Harald and his wife, Crown Princess Sonja, and the rest of the Royal Fam-



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ily have thrown themselves into the commemoration with remarkable zest. On May 17th, after reviewing the annual three-and-a-half-hour Independence Day Parade in Oslo, they all attended a two-hour-long Festmatiné program at the National Theatre, where the Norwegian Broadcasting Orchestra played "American Salute," by Morton Gould, and where one of Norway's leading actors, Henki Kolstad, recited Walt Whitman's "I Hear America Singing." On July 4th, the Royal Family turned up in Stavanger, in the south, from which, on July 4, 1825, the Restauration set sail for America. The King opened an emigration exhibit at the Stavanger Museum, attended a special service in the eleventh-century Stavanger Cathedral, made a speech to a couple of thousand Norwegian-Americans who had come from all over the United States to commemorate, heartily applauded a mock departure of a model of the Restauration, and even more heartily applauded the real departure of the Christian Radich, a prize-winning, three-masted racing full-rigger carrying eighty-eight teen-age cadets and a crew of sixteen officers. She was setting out to follow, pretty much, the course of the emigrants' first ship. The Christian Radich visited five ports in the United States before winding up in New York early in September. The cadets sold a lot of commemorative silver-plated demitasse spoons of their own to visitors—spoons that bore a representation of the Christian Radich herself on the handle.

The King made his principal speech of the day in the Bjergstedhallen, the big arena where some of the day's entertainment was going to be held, telling the crowd that Norway and the United States are very close to each other in feeling. He was followed by Liv Ullmann, who was wearing the native costume of Gudbrandsdal—a valley between Oslo and Trondheim. She read a poem by the Norwegian poet Herman Wildenvey entitled "The Birds Are Flying Back Home."

"The King was terrific in Stavanger," Abrahamsen told me with enthusiasm. "He looked as though he were having the best time of anybody, with all those Americans surrounding him. The King made at least two thank-you-for-the-food speeches, and then, in mid-afternoon, when everybody went over to the Gazelle monument, a piece of sculpture that commemorates the Norwegians who emigrated to America, he refused to ride in his limousine. He wanted to march with all the Norwe-

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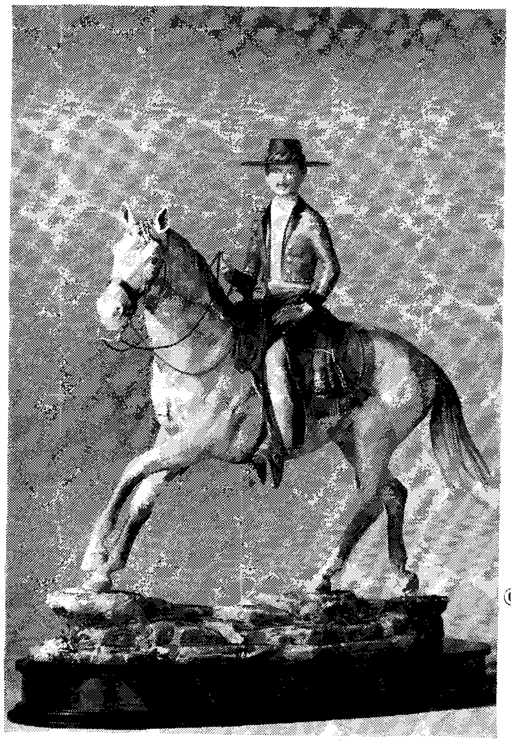

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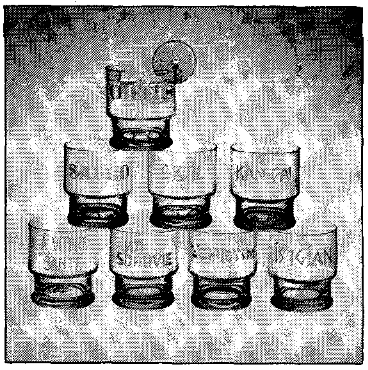
gian-Americans and other Norwegians. Everybody felt so close to everybody else. It was like a big family party."

Next to the King and Liv Ullmann, one of the American visitors, Hubert Humphrey, made the biggest hit of the day. For one thing, he got the biggest laugh—by congratulating Crown Princess Sonja on her thirty-eighth birthday, which was also on July 4th. "You never do that in public," Abrahamsen explained. "But the audience loved it anyway, and at the end of his speech Humphrey topped it by saying that Norway and America had marched hand in hand for a century and a half and adding, '*Maa det alltid vaere saa,*' which means 'May it stay that way.' "

Humphrey was there as an invited guest of Norwegian descent, along with Walter Mondale, his fellow-senator from Minnesota, and he tactfully snatched centennialism back for the United States in a ringing speech, in English, that nailed down some of the reasons for the closeness of Norwegians and Americans. "Next year, we will celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of freedom in America," he said. "It is a time to reflect on where we have been as a nation and to anticipate where we are going. As we honor the traditions and customs which made America great, we can look with pride to the Scandinavian influence which helped shape our national character—especially in my own state of Minnesota and others in the great Midwest. . . . My mother was born at Tveit, near Kristiansand. Her father and mother brought the family to America in the eighteen-eighties, but their love for America never dimmed their affection for Norway. I spent a lot of time with my grandfather Sannes when I was a boy. He spent his youth as a sailor. He sailed from Stavanger and Kristiansand. He had the sea in his blood, and he used to tell me wonderful stories about the Norwegians who sailed to faraway lands. He taught me that nations are tied together not only by commerce and trade but by their humanity. My mother instilled in her children a feeling of worth, and she taught us that we had a responsibility to use our talents for the benefit of others and for our country. We were taught that you have to do some planning if you want to have progress. We were taught that life is to be enjoyed, not just endured, so we had great family outings. I was brought up to believe that religion was more than a Sunday experience. Its true meaning was to be found in love, compassion, and justice. And I learned that poli-



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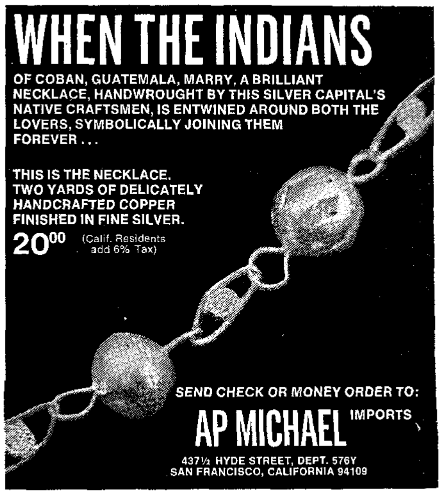

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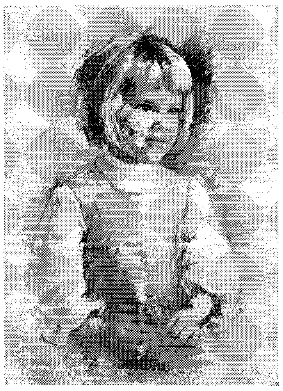

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tics—involvement in government—was to be a part of daily life, not merely an exercise to be pursued in your spare time. I was taught that if you want good government you have to work for it. These lessons from a Norwegian mother have given direction to my life."

"Humphrey was a phenomenon," Johan Hambro, Secretary-General of the Nordmanns-Forbundet, told me a few weeks later, in Oslo. He shook his head in admiration of the Senator. "Do you know what the man did in Stavanger? After having been on the go all day long in an exhausting program, he disappeared. We searched all over and found him in a coffee shop. He had found some American sailors, and he said he wanted to talk with them! Then the man said to me, 'Now I want to go out and see what makes this town *tick!*' "

The prize for Norwegian energy may well have to go to King Olav, after he completes his visit to the United States in connection with the Sesquicentennial. The King was born in England. A great-grandson of Queen Victoria, he came to Norway at the age of two and a half, when his father, a Danish prince named Carl, who had married Maud, daughter of Edward VII, and who was third in the Danish succession, was asked by the people of Norway to be *their* king. At Carl's own request, they literally voted him onto the throne, and he became Haakon VII of Norway. Olav succeeded to the throne eighteen years ago, when his father died, and he is very popular. He and his family seem to do everything the way everybody else in Norway does it. Crown Prince Harald went to the Smestad public elementary school and high school, and then, like his father, graduated from the Norwegian Military Academy. (Norwegian men put in a year of military service between their eighteenth and nineteenth birthdays.) After that, it is true, he spent a couple of years at Balliol College, Oxford, reading economics, political science, and sociology, but in 1968, following his return to Norway, he married Sonja Haraldsen, whose father owned a fashionable women's clothing store in Oslo. As for King Olav, he is ski-crazy, like the rest of the population of Oslo, and is often seen getting on the tram with his skis and heading for the hills. "The King is a nice man," Edvard Hambro, former President of the United Nations General Assembly and now Ambassador in Geneva, told me while he was spending part of his vacation in Oslo. (An international

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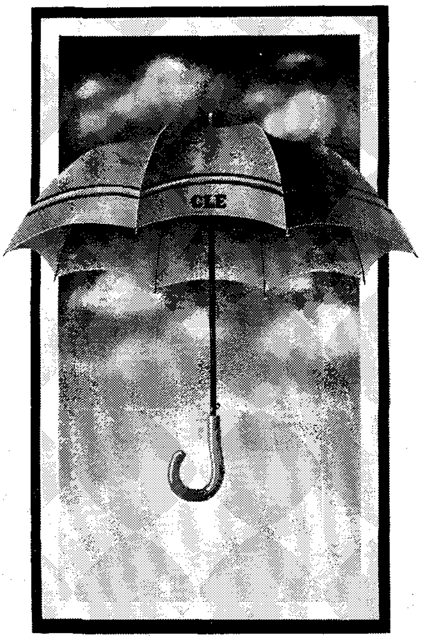

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lawyer by profession, Hambro was recently nominated by American and Norwegian jurists for election to the International Court of Justice, to replace a Swede; a decision on this nomination is expected later this month. Johan Hambro is Edvard's brother.) "The King always gives you this impression: 'Am I not a lucky man to be with you?' "

Even the *Dagbladet*, a sort of sensational Oslo version of the New York *Post* which is occasionally anti-royalty, expressed admiration for the King this summer, in a front-page story. It appeared the day after the temperature in the city hit a record high of ninety-five degrees. (There is no air-conditioning in Oslo homes, and no air-conditioning in the palace, which is in the middle of Oslo.) "OLAV DOES NOT SHIRK HIS JOB," the headline read, in an issue of the paper which carried news of Portugal and of Joan Little on inside pages. The story reported that, despite the tropical heat, the seventy-two-year-old King had walked for an hour, as usual, after an eight-to-three day at his office desk in the palace. People don't have a sentimental identification with the King. They just like and admire him and are really glad to have him.

"You should have seen the King around here last week," the coatroom attendant at the Dronningen Restaurant said the other day to Gerd Nyquist, an elegant Norwegian woman who writes best-selling mystery novels. I was accompanying Mrs. Nyquist to dinner (a single small portion of poached salmon for seventy kroner, or about twelve dollars and fifty cents), where over coffee she broke the news to me that, after much soul-searching, she had made the decision to forgo the Sesquicentennial activities in New York in favor of the Crime Writers International Congress, which was going to take place in London at the same time. The Dronningen is beautifully situated—at the end of a long pier, right out on the Oslofjord, in Bygdøy, a few minutes by boat from downtown Oslo. At anchor nearby was the Norge, the King's white yacht, which had been given to his father by the people of Norway on the occasion of King Haakon's seventieth birthday, in 1947. Everybody, including schoolchildren, had chipped in a krone or two to buy the yacht for Haakon.

Now Mrs. Nyquist, who once spent a year studying journalism at Berkeley, and who, between mystery novels, writes for Norwegian newspapers and magazines, zeroed in on the coatroom

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attendant and asked him for the facts.

"The German Ambassador was giving a dinner party," the attendant reported, looking amused. "The Germans insisted that the entire restaurant be cleared for two hours before the dinner was to start. There were secret police searching every corner. Patrol boats were going up and down in the water outside. And then who comes walking calmly over but the King. All alone. All by himself."

Mrs. Nyquist, too, looked amused. "That is a good story," she told the attendant.

A few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I went out with one of Mrs. Nyquist's three sons—Sverre, a thirty-six-year-old lawyer with a full, handlebar mustache, who works for the Norwegian Association of Disabled War Veterans—to another waterfront area, at Sjøflyhavna, Fornebu, near the airport, to watch the King hand out silver cups to the winners of sailing races for children. There were about sixty boys and girls on hand, with their parents and perhaps a dozen other onlookers, and everybody, including the King, was wearing old sailing clothes and enjoying himself in a serious way. The King, who had on a captain's white cap that looked rather battered and hadn't a touch of gold braid, gave out about sixty silver cups. It was all done on the scale of, say, the mayor of Toledo, Ohio, visiting a playground in a local park. The King shook hands with each of the winners, and applauded all of them, and after the last award was made, everybody enjoyed the final nautical—and, at least in Norway, dutiful—custom of dumping the top winner, a ten-year-old boy named Kristian Aandahl, in the water with all his clothes on.

Although some protocol is observed with the King in matters like letting him walk a few paces ahead of everybody else, the atmosphere in which he moves is very relaxed. He did more applauding of the young sailors than anybody else. One of the parents there asked him whether he was thinking of cutting down on any of his own sailing activity. The King grinned quickly and said, "No. It goes so well that I am not thinking of giving up for some years." Everybody nearby grinned back at him with sympathy and understanding.

One doesn't get the faintest hint that the King or the people around him have ever heard the words "image" or "charisma." "The King isn't a publicity seeker," Erik Bye told me. "At Stavanger on July 4th, I applied

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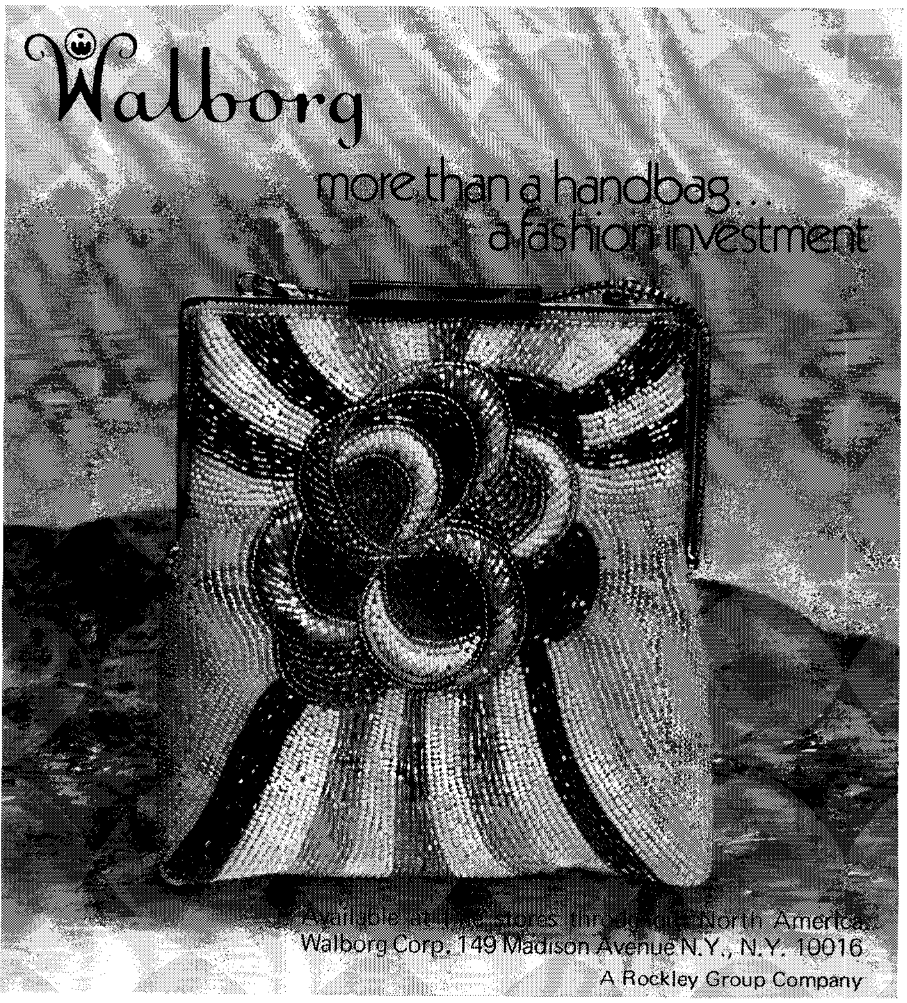
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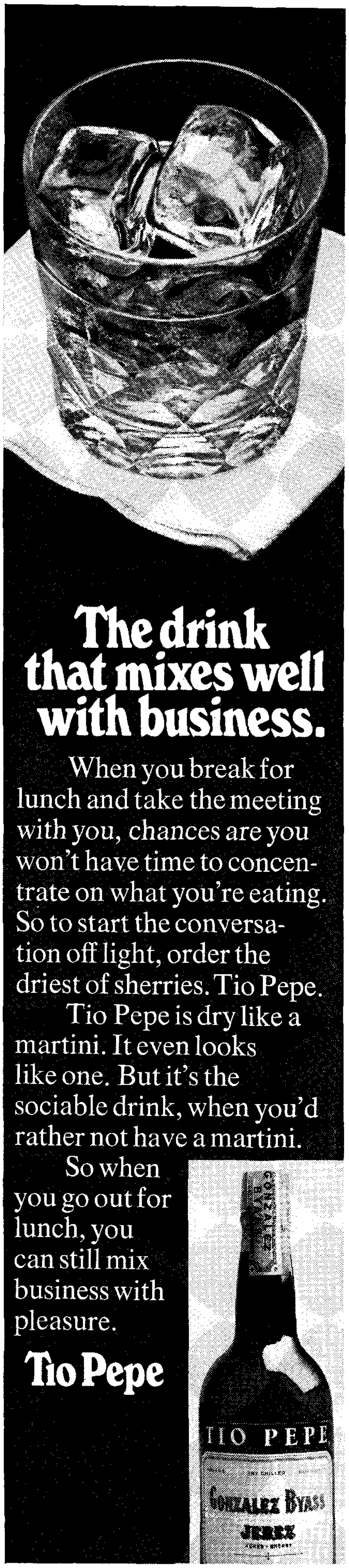

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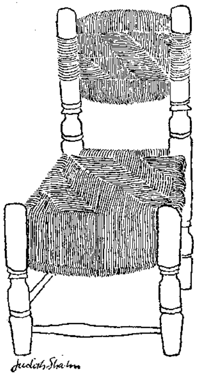
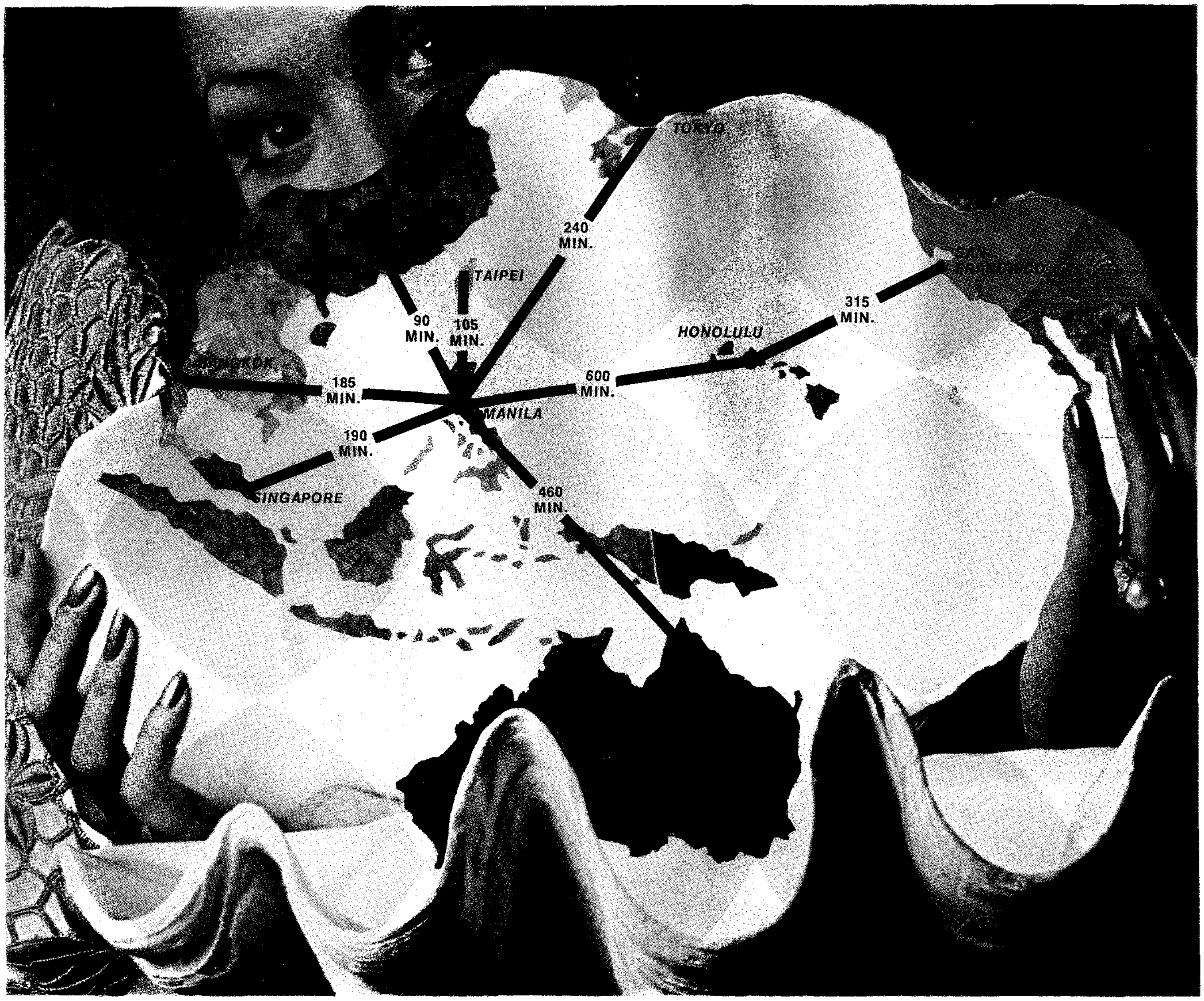
for an interview for American television about the Sesquicentennial. He agreed, and asked me to come over to his yacht—he had sailed to Stavanger on the Norge. So I got all dressed up in my best duds, blue blazer and all, and when the cameraman and I got to the yacht there he was, wearing a plain, wrinkled gray suit and a shapeless fedora. I politely suggested that he change into his Admiral's uniform. He declined. 'Throughout the ages, too many heads of state have too often looked like militarists. I don't want to give Norwegian-Americans any such impression of me,' he said. He had been out in the hot sun on his yacht and all day at the ceremonies, and his nose was sunburned red and peeling. Nobody would even suggest the idea of makeup. For the interview, we talked, in English, about the close connections between Norway and the United States, about his strong feeling of friendship for President Franklin Roosevelt, whom he had come to know well during the Second World War, and about the pioneers. After the interview, we got to talking about an old Norwegian emigrant who had been living and working as a gold miner in Alaska for years. About six years ago, I had interviewed this old chap on television and brought him to Norway for a visit. The King had seen the television program and had asked to meet the old chap, which he had done, and they had had a great, long talk, during which it turned out that the King knew an awful lot about Alaska. Anyway, after my interview I told the King how much I regretted not having been able to film the meeting between him and the old chap from Alaska. The King laughed, and said, 'Isn't it nice to see how many good things in life are never on film?' "


Judith Shahn

As Sverre Nyquist watched the King take off in his motorboat at the end of Kristian Aandahl's ducking, he said, "The King really *is* like a father to everybody."

The King is slated to arrive in the United States, by S.A.S., on October 4th, and to stay for almost the entire month. Bjørn Jensen, an information man at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, told me that the King had taken an active part in working out his itinerary, and that he especially wanted to visit Alaska, where a few thousand of the Norwegian emigrants wound up. (One gets the feeling that history does not become ancient here as quickly as it does in the United States. Concrete bunkers built by the Nazis when they occupied Norway are still much in evidence in the area of the Holmenkollen. Bjørn Jensen keeps blowups of the New York *Times* front pages of April 9, 1940, and April 10, 1940, on a wall of his office. "GERMANS OCCUPY DENMARK, ATTACK OSLO: NORWAY THEN JOINS WAR AGAINST HITLER; CAPITAL IS REPORTED BOMBED FROM AIR." "NAVAL AND AIR BATTLES RAGING IN NORTH SEA; NORWAY REPORTED ASKING PEACE WITH NAZIS THOUGH ALLIES RUSH AID; SWEDEN IS NEUTRAL.")

Mr. Jensen handed me a copy of the King's itinerary, which demonstrates that—unlike, say, the Shah of Iran—he is not intending to make the Swinging Circuit. The day after he arrives, he is planning to attend a Sunday-morning service at the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn. Among his other dates in New York, in addition to his appearance at the "Salute to Norway" in Carnegie Hall, are the dedication of a plaque to the Norwegian Immigrants at the American Museum of Immigration at the Statue of Liberty; a visit to the Norwegian Old People's Home in Brooklyn; a visit to the Norwegian Children's Home in Brooklyn; a visit to the Eger Lutheran Home, on Staten Island; a lunch at Wagner College; a speech to the United Nations General Assembly; and a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria for Norwegian-Americans. After New York will come a brief meeting with President Ford at the White House, an evening of playing host at Blair House, and a few hours of sightseeing around Washington the following morning. Then he will take off for Minneapolis, where he will go to a Sesquicentennial Concert by the Minnesota Orchestra, attend church at the Norwegian Lutheran Memorial Church, attend a Thor Heyerdahl program, visit the Central Lutheran Church, visit the Sons of Norway International Headquarters, go to a reception at Augsburg College (the first Norwegian Lutheran seminary in the United States), open a Sesquicentennial exhibit, watch some Norwegian-American folk dancing, visit the Luther Theological Seminary, visit the Lyngblomsten Old People's Home, and stop at a monument to "the pioneer woman" in Saint Paul. He will do more of the same kind of thing in Chi-



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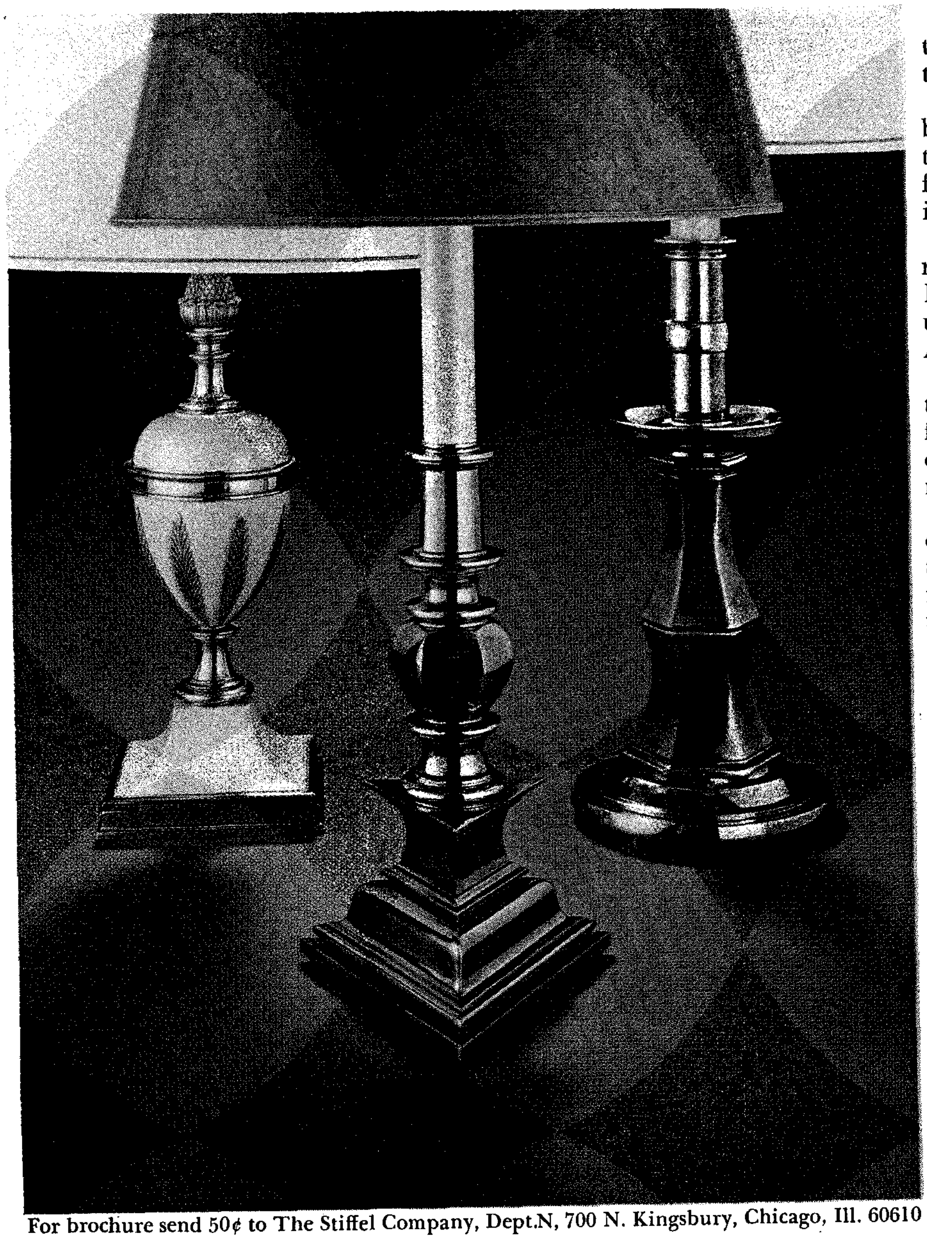

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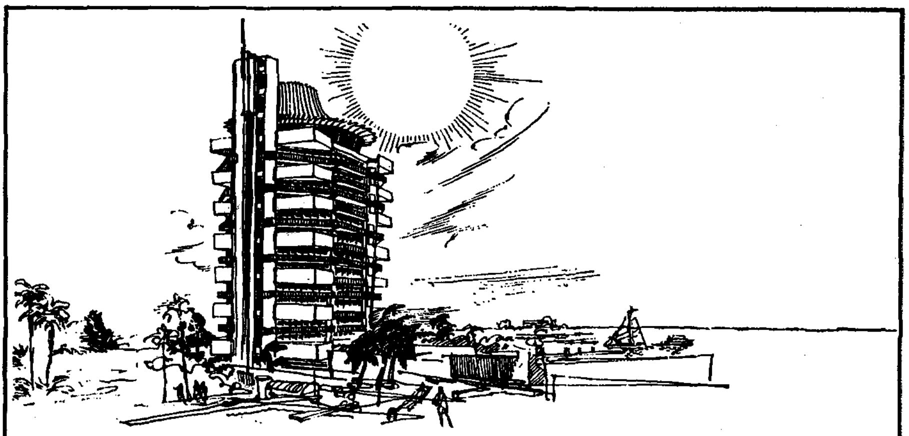
cago, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Anchorage. The King is also scheduled to make a number of side trips, including one to a little Illinois town, about sixty miles from Chicago, called Norway, where he will dedicate a monument to Cleng Peerson.

"Most Norwegian-Americans have never heard of Cleng Peerson," Erik Bye told me. "Now they're going to know who he was." He went on, "I've been having the time of my life this year working on the Sesquicentennial. The Norwegian-Americans that I found! I found the most wonderful old lady in Minneapolis—Brenda Ueland, a granddaughter of the nineteenth-century schoolteacher and politician Ole Gabriel Ueland, who championed the cause of the Norwegian peasantry. Brenda is eighty-three. Two weeks ago, she tried to climb Pikes Peak on foot. She made it about halfway up—seven miles—and then came down."

Erik Bye has great hopes for the effects that the Sesquicentennial will have on Norway. "People here need to know more about the United States, because we were part of American history from the start," he told me. "Norway is a little bit separated from the rest of the world. It's almost the last bastion of innocence. I once wrote a little song as a joke entitled 'Why Don't They Let Us Rule the World from Norway?'" With a rueful laugh, he added, "We've made our share of mistakes. After all, Leif Ericson couldn't even hit Greenland, the biggest island in the world, when he sailed West." After another rueful laugh, he said, "It was much simpler at the time of the great emigration. We were such a poor country. All we had was fishing and a little farming. Now, with all the industrialization, and with the oil in the North Sea, it's not all *that* sweet."

ONLY three per cent of Norway's land area is suitable for farming, but fishing has always helped give the Norwegians enough to eat. For more than a hundred years, Norway has been one of the world's four leading shipping nations, and shipping has accounted for about forty per cent of its foreign-currency earnings. With shipping now in trouble, oil has become the big word in Norway, whose per-capita G.N.P. is the fifth-highest in the world. (More than half the Norwegians live in houses built since the Second World War, and seventy per cent of these have been



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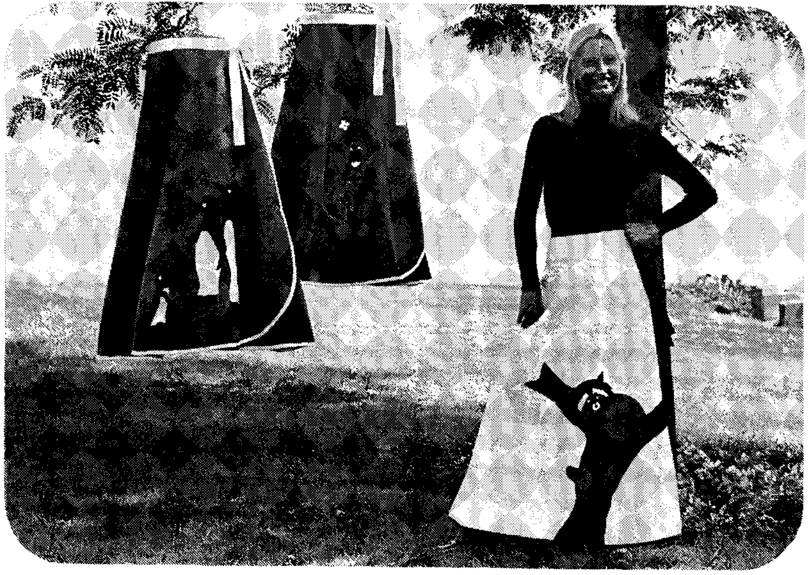

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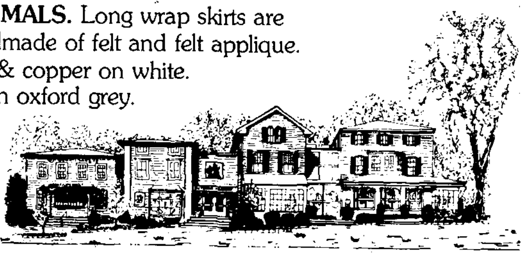

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financed mainly by government loans.) Mixed feelings about the new oil prosperity, however, seem to have led to mixed feelings about other economic issues. When faced with taking an action that would have drawn them a bit further into economic relationships with other countries, the more than fifty per cent of the Norwegian people who voted against joining the Common Market seem to have been overcome by emotionalism. (After all, King Olav's motto, engraved on some of the Royal Mint's money, is "*Alt for Norge*," which means "Everything for Norway." The motto was also King Haakon's. Apparently, all Scandinavian kings have mottoes. The Swedish king's motto is "For Sweden in Our Time.") Even within families, arguments about whether Norway should join went on for months, and the longer the debate raged the harder it became to separate who was for and who was against, and to follow their reasons. Mrs. Nyquist was for. "Norway should be part of what is going on in the world" was her reason. All three of her sons—Arild, Sverre, and Johan—were against. "We were afraid, and we had no good reason to do it, so why do it?" Sverre said to me. He earns about seventy thousand kroner a year, and he lives in a house in an Oslo suburb with his wife and three small children, all of whom he transports either in a second-hand Fiat he bought a couple of years ago, for sixteen thousand kroner, or in a thirty-six-foot Colin Archer-type one-masted sailboat, built in 1912, which he bought from a truck driver a few months ago, and which is his great pride. Johan, who is twenty-eight and has a mustache like Sverre's, is an architect working for a private firm in Oslo. He earns about sixty thousand kroner a year, and lives in a house near his brother's with his wife and one young child. "I didn't want loud Germans smoking big cigars coming in here and buying our huts in the country and selling us cheap wine," he told me. Mrs. Nyquist's eldest son, Arild, a thirty-eight-year-old teacher and writer who lives with his wife and two children in the north, near the Arctic Circle, voted against for somewhat the same reasons.

"Norway was split," a young social worker said to me about the vote on the Common Market. "I feel we should go with the rest of the world, but I was afraid. I voted against it. Many of us are afraid Western ways will take over. We feel, Let Norway be Norway."

"There was a very well-run cam-

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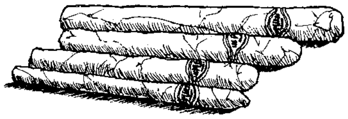

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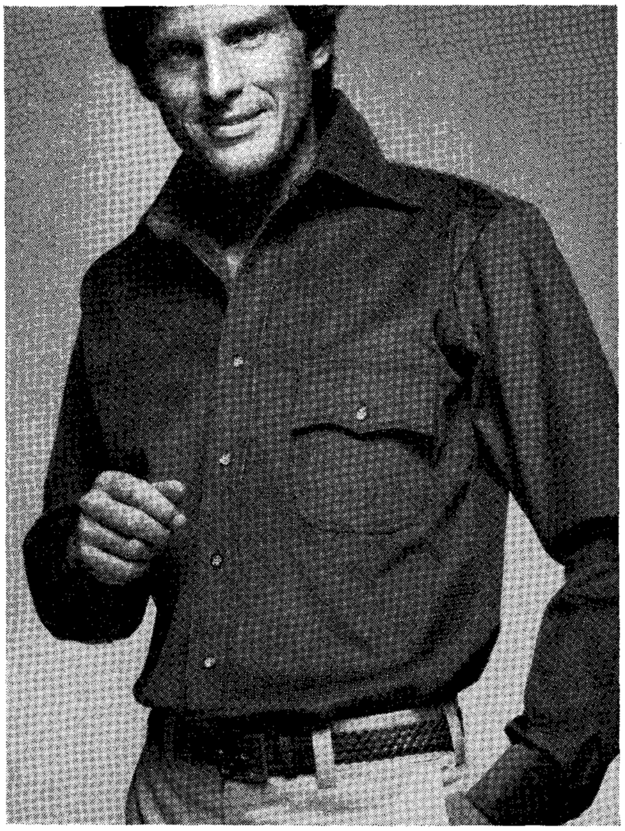
paign against joining the Common Market," Edvard Hambro said. He voted for it. "Many of the radicals were against it, because they claimed that it was an instrument of capitalism. Many of the young people were against it, mostly because their elders were for it. Others felt that it would diminish Norwegian independence and bring us more and more into collaboration with the West. Somehow, they felt that that would keep us from being masters in our own house. Now nobody knows what difference it would have made, because Norway has an agreement with the Common Market that enables us to have substantially the same arrangements in matters of trade which we would have had if we'd voted to join."

Today, the level of complaints in Norway is slowly rising. Even though the nation's unemployment is so low, it has gone up substantially this year; in July, for example, fourteen thousand six hundred people were reported as being out of work—eight thousand two hundred more than were out of work in July, 1974. Except for the North Sea oil, the volume of Norwegian exports during the first half of 1975 was down an average of twenty per cent from the first half of last year, and this was a source of dismay, even though the drop in volume was counterbalanced by a rise in export prices, making the actual value the same. "Many people fear that getting rich too fast will bring us trouble," Sverre Nyquist told me. A rugged, well-educated, happy man, he thoroughly enjoys his work of helping war veterans get their special benefits, he told me, and he has no great ambition to find a job that would pay him more. He likes getting out of his office in the afternoons and taking his family and friends out into the fjords on his sailboat. He also likes spending a week or so fishing in the mountains with his brothers. (A few weeks ago, they went after mountain trout to freeze and store, and caught enough to last them and their families until spring.) But he is worried about what all the new industrial activities are going to do to his mountains and waters. Europe's biggest hydroelectric power station is under construction at Eidsfjord, in Hardanger. The power station is being blasted out of the rock of a mountain. It is supposed to be completed in 1979, when, Sverre told me, his three children will be eleven, ten, and five years old. "Hardanger is where all our beautiful picture postcards show the beautiful cliffs and mountains," he said. "I want to take my children there on our

Paul Stuart



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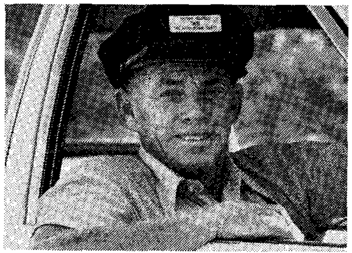

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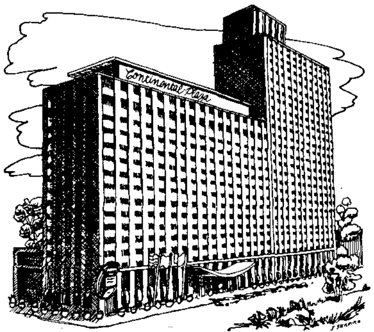

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boat, and I want them to take *their* children to it, but I worry that by then the beauty will be gone." Editorials in the newspapers complain about the rise in the cost of telephone calls (a local call costs about twenty cents instead of ten, as in the past), postage stamps, and beer; and a lot of people who go to a bank to ask for a loan do not emerge looking happy.

Warning bells are also sounded these days about the harm that is being done to children—the most shocking sin of all in a country that is still shockable. My young friend the social worker told me she had been appalled to discover that in the new Stovner section of Oslo, where the modern apartment houses had been built, there were children going to school and *not learning to read and write*. (In the United States, one hardly notices the statistics on illiteracy anymore.) The biggest single expenditure in the central government's budget for 1975 is 5,213,148,000 kroner for the Ministry of Church and Education, and Norwegians are upset when they hear that children are not learning to read and write. "We must think of what is happening to our human beings," the young social worker told me. "Both parents are going to work. These families live in new apartments. They have new schools. They have all the new equipment. Everything is new, new, new. But we have found children in these new schools who are emotionally disturbed. They are not close to their parents. The elderly people are sent to old-age homes. The children don't get to know their grandmothers and their grandfathers. It is from the grandparents and the other old people that children can learn how to be *human*. Mentally and physically handicapped people are also isolated. And the little country school is left with one teacher and one pupil. I am telling people, 'We must *do* something.' "

Edvard Hambro was less alarmed. "On the whole, we are a happy and united country, with very little to complain about," he told me. Then he added, "But I do feel somewhat that economically we are doing too little to encourage individual effort. The government discourages private schools, for instance, when private schools have a legitimate function. We are well taken care of in Norway, but it is important to realize that the purpose of democracy is not to make all the people alike but to give all the people an equal opportunity to develop their gifts."

The Norwegians sometimes seem to express their new self-consciousness in

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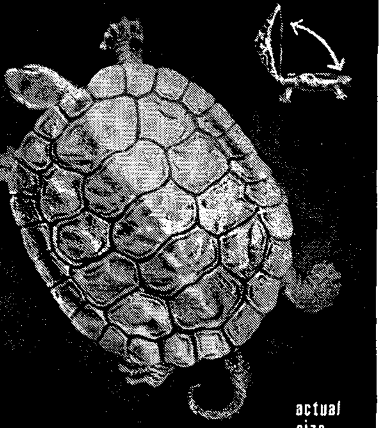

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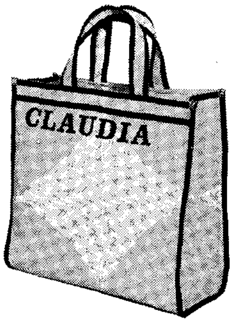

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terms of their neighbors the Swedes, with whom they have a kind of resentful, competitive younger-brother relationship.

Standard jokes I often hear repeated:

> The plane from Stockholm landed in Oslo, and the stewardess announced, "We've just landed at Fornebu Airport, in Oslo. Please set your watches back ten years."

> "Do you know how to save a Swede from drowning?"
> "No."
> "Good."

> "The Swedes are lucky."
> "Why?"
> "They have such great neighbors."

> "Are you Swedish?"
> "No, I'm Norwegian."
> "But you look Swedish."
> "Well, I've been sick for three months."

Jokes about oil-rich Norway include the one-liners "Here come the goat-cheese sheiks" and "Here come the blue-eyed Arabs."

The fact remains that a country accustomed to doing things on such a small scale that its king spends a Saturday afternoon handing out prize cups to a few dozen children is now in the oil business, and that is big-time stuff. The government, Mrs. Nyquist assured me, does try to keep economic life under control. "Norway can't afford to be so rich," she told me.

"We are being very careful in the way we exploit the new oil," an industrial executive told me. "We are trying to use the money in healthy, constructive ways. We believe in making haste slowly. We have a centuries-old tradition in Norway: Keep nature in balance. Ever since the time of the Vikings, we have never cut more timber than we have actually needed. And we have always had the tradition of the '*dugnad*'—voluntary efforts undertaken by neighbors to beautify their surroundings. We don't want to change either of these now."

In 1972, in keeping with both traditions, the government created a new Ministry, with full Cabinet status—the Ministry of Environment. The Minister is Gro Harlem Brundtland, a thirty-six-year-old blond mother of four young children. (Her children all read and write, and are free of serious problems, because, she explains, her husband, a social historian, stays home a lot, does the marketing, and helps out in other ways.) She holds a medical degree from the University of Oslo and a master's degree in public health from

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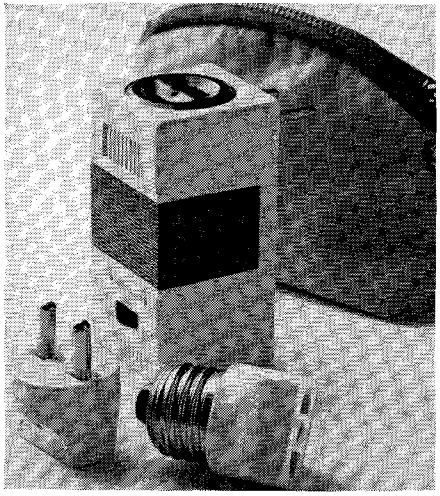

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Harvard. She is deputy chairman of the Norwegian Labor Party (Socialist). Her leading concern was pollution, she told me when I visited her in her office, next door to the Akershus Fortress, a sixteenth-century pile that overlooks the harbor, in which a new oil-rigging platform had just been completed and was waiting to be tugged to the North Sea. She said she was currently working on getting a comprehensive bill passed to set safety standards for products of every kind—medicine, toys, and so on, and that her Ministry was also drafting a bill to control pollution. "I am responsible for protecting our country against pollution from the oil," Dr. Brundtland told me, fixing me with a steely-blue-eyed look that left no doubt in my mind that polluters had better take care. "I don't usually wake up with nightmares," she went on. "I normally sleep well. It is important to sleep eight hours a night. But several times I have awakened in the night dreaming about what we call an oil blowout in the North Sea, with great pollution spreading to the coast of Norway. And I dream I am standing on an oil-drilling platform, with oil floating on the water under me, and a television reporter asking me, 'What are you going to do?' "

To keep herself out of this kind of trouble in reality, Dr. Brundtland, with the help of a number of intelligent young lawyers on her staff (one of them is Christian Hambro, a son of Edvard Hambro), is preparing legislation that will encourage other countries to work with Norway on ways of controlling sulphur in the air and acid in the rain carried on the winds to Norway, for these pollutants are now ruining forests in the mountains and fish in the waters. "Responsibility for pollution crosses national boundaries," Mrs. Brundtland said.

Oil is constantly on the minds of government leaders. They expect that new oil resources will soon be discovered in the sea even farther to the north—up to or on the Svalbard Islands—and they seize every opportunity to explain their policies to outsiders. "We feel a strong responsibility to take care of these valuable resources in a manner that is wise, considering both our national interest and the interest of the people in other countries, and also the interest of future generations," Bjørn Skogstad Aamo, Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of Finance, said at a seminar of Dutch politicians and businessmen in The Hague not long ago. "The fact that Norway is becoming an oil-ex-

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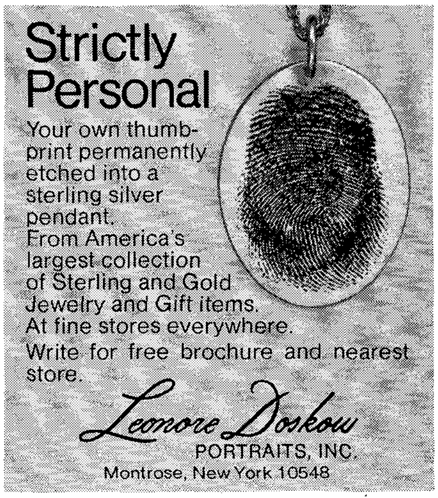

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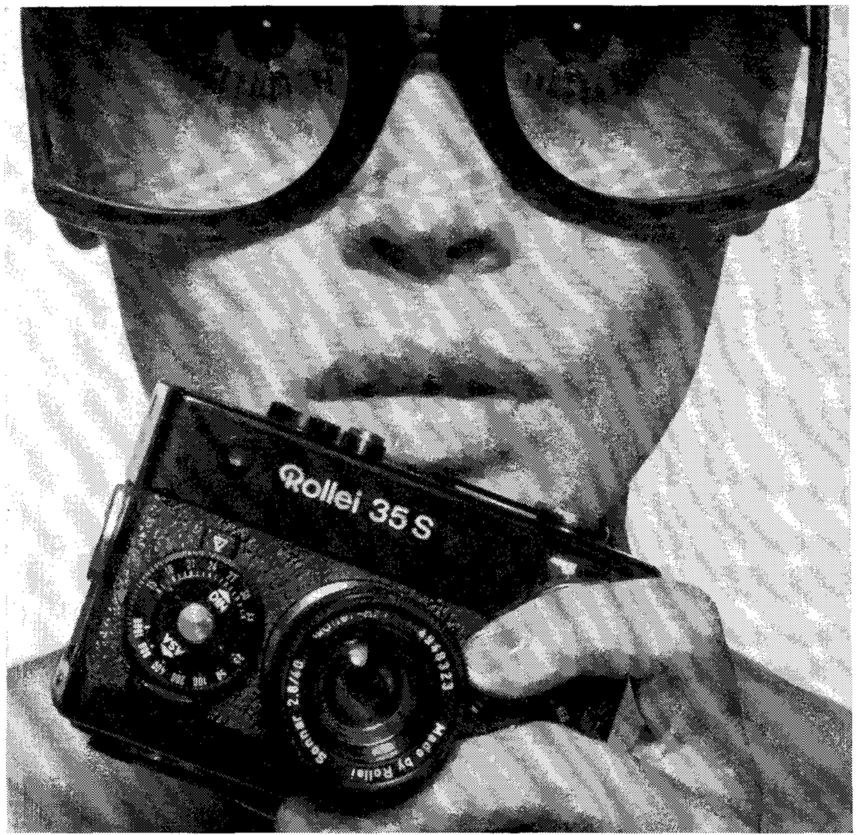
porting nation probably implies the biggest transformation of the economic, social, and political conditions in modern Norwegian history. Norway will have a new industry and, it is expected, huge revenues, as well as a stable supply of energy. Precisely when most other European countries are facing problems concerning their supply of energy, the petroleum finds have put Norway in a very favorable position." He went on to say, "The expansion of the Norwegian petroleum industry and the resultant public and private use of the revenue from oil will to a certain degree lead to reduced employment in other sectors of the economy, producing a number of transitional problems. Because of the great impact of the oil industry on Norwegian society, the shaping of the policy on oil is not a process that can be carried out solely by the industry itself, or solely by the experts of the Ministry of Industry and others with experience in oil matters. These are basically highly political questions."

Under-Secretary Aamo then explained to the Dutch business leaders that the Norwegian Parliament had laid down policies to be followed: "A moderate scale of production of oil and gas; a slow introduction of the revenues into the domestic economy; government control of future exploration and production, and also, to a large extent, of refining, of the petrochemical industry, and of distribution." After noting that "Norway is most probably entering a prolonged period of high economic growth," he said that the new wealth would be used to increase both consumption and investment, public and private. The government, he said, was also preparing to make reductions in direct taxation, and to use the new revenues to improve and expand public services such as health, education, housing, and transportation. "The main risk in the development of the oil industry and in the use of the income is that inflation will be accelerated until it is out of control, thus forcing through greater changes in the pattern of production, employment, and population distribution than can be justified on the grounds of economic growth," he said. "It is the intention of Norwegian economic policy to *plan* the changes judged necessary and to *prepare* measures in advance, in order to obviate the inconvenience to the individual and to society." All phases of the oil operation, Mr. Aamo said, were going to be under public control.

In the meantime, the people of Oslo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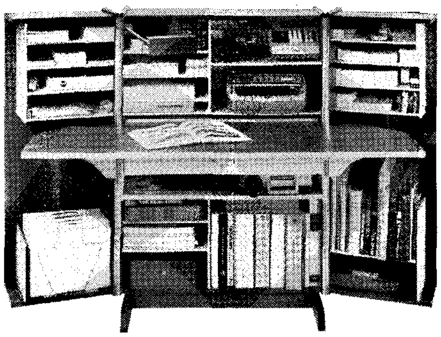

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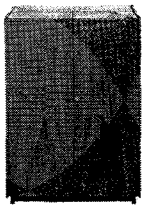

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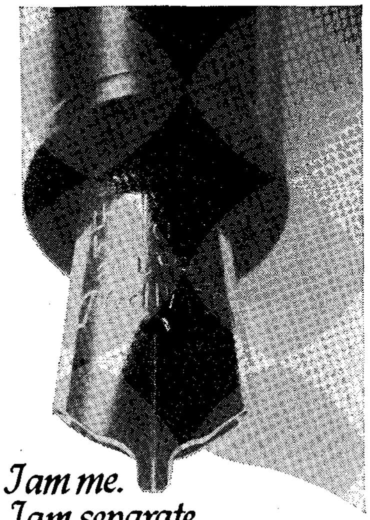

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watch the platforms being built on their waterfront, and they worry. They read in their newspapers that Norwegian engineers have surprised the world by inventing mobile steel drilling platforms that rest on pontoons anchored to the ocean floor and production platforms of concrete which stay in the seabed. Workers live on top of the production platforms for periods of two weeks, being transported to and from the man-made islands by helicopter, in shifts of eighty. As for the drilling platforms, they are being emplaced farther and farther north. One of the areas where the Norwegians expect to discover more oil is around the Svalbard Islands, on which they are now mining coal. Odd Medboe, an S.A.S. executive in Oslo, recently arranged for two of his DC-9s (chartered by the Ministry of Justice) to take King Olav and a group of a hundred and twenty Ministers, members of Parliament, ambassadors, and members of the press on a visit to the Svalbards to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary as a part of Norway. I dropped in on Medboe at his office the day after the event and found him delighted at having been able to work out a means of giving the King and the others a glimpse of the place at the top of the world where more Norwegian oil may be found. "Unfortunately, the planes couldn't land on the Svalbards, because of a polar fog," Medboe told me. "But they flew low, so that everybody saw the glaciers, and from the cockpit His Majesty conveyed his regards to the Governor and a thousand Norwegians waiting below. Did you know that King Olav voted yesterday for the first time in his life?"

"*Voted*?" I said.

"Yes," Mr. Medboe said, looking even more delighted. "*Voted*. They had to land the planes in Tromsø and stay there overnight. The Prime Minister got everybody together and said, 'If there is a possibility that we can go to the Svalbards a few hours from now, all of you who want to go please raise your hand.' And the King was the first to do so. But the fog didn't lift, so the planes returned to Oslo."

Mr. Medboe also told me that the Vikings never wore horns on their helmets. "Those helmets came straight down over their ears and foreheads. Helmets with horns are a fake," he said.

"What about the Vikings?" I asked. "Were they really so fierce?"

"They sailed the North Sea and took only what they needed when they

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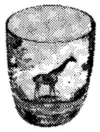

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came to Ireland and those places," Mr. Medboe said. "They were never mean without a reason."

"And how about things in Norway today?" I asked.

"I have been all over the world, to every place except Tibet and New Zealand, and I know—Norway is the best."

IT may be that the Norwegians' uneasiness and self-consciousness in the face of their new affluence are prompting them to get even closer to the United States—perhaps in order to see what *we* do about it all. At the University of Oslo, one of the required courses for undergraduates studying English is called American Background. The course is given by Dorothy Burton Skårdal, an American woman who is married to a Norwegian social scientist (he also teaches at the University of Oslo) and has lived in Norway for twenty-two years. I saw an outline for one lecture on "The Economic System," and it covered considerable territory—"American Economic Achievement," "Organization of Economic Life," "Big Business," "Big Labor," "Big Government," and much more. A lecture on "The Social System" covered "Criteria for Classification by Class," "The Middle Class," "The Upper Class," "The Lower Class," "Race and Racism," "Growing Self-Consciousness and Militancy of Other Minority Groups," and, again, much more. (On the university campus I caught a glimpse of a single black face. I saw perhaps one black face a week in Oslo, which, like the rest of Norway, strikes an American as surprisingly homogeneous.) Mrs. Skårdal is the author of "The Divided Heart," a recently published book about Scandinavian immigrants in America. She told me that it was her impression that America was no longer popular in Norway. "The Vietnam war set an entire generation's attitude toward the United States," she told me. "But American literature and culture and background still draw and hold the interest of Norwegians. Although the students wouldn't want to settle there, they find the idea of America interesting. I once gave the examination question 'Assume you've been offered a job in the United States. Write a letter explaining why you would or would not want to go there.' Well, *most* of the students said they wouldn't want to go. Their main reasons were crime, pollution, corruption, the injustices of the economic system, too much traffic, and lack of access to nature and the

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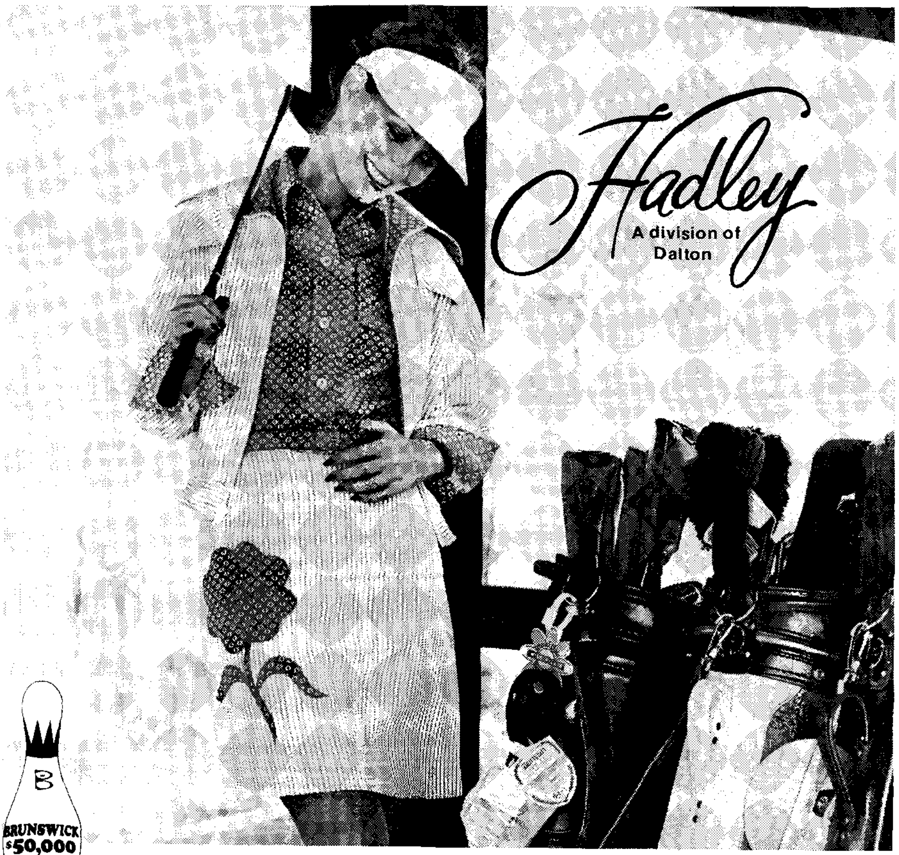

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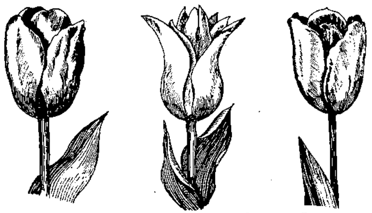

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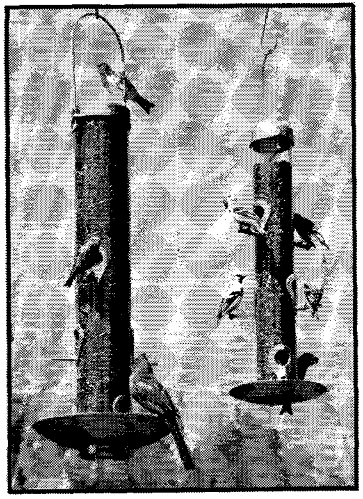

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outdoor life." Mrs. Skårdal looked sad. "They're worried enough about our own growing crime rate, ecological damage, and loss of old values. They don't opt for something worse."

Erik Bye has written another Sesquicentennial song, "Blow, Silver Wind," as a ballad of the emigrants who left Stavanger a hundred and fifty years ago. The last verse goes:

Blow, silver wind, with a song from
 the mountain!
Wish us Godspeed with a cheer
 from afar!
Blow, wind of hope, for your chil-
 dren departing.
We know what you gave us. We
 know who we are.
So look alive, all! Feel the old ship
 straining!
Already she's wetting her nose in
 the brine.
So look to the East, where the old
 land is waning.
And look to the West, where the
 new land shall shine.

Things may no longer seem to Norwegians to be shining in the West, but the Norwegians are still looking over to America for something as they go about trying to figure out how to survive becoming rich. One government official said to me, "The question we seem to ask ourselves is: Are we going to be like *them* or are we going to show them how to *be*?"

—LILLIAN ROSS

•

SPOKE AGAINST CONFUSION

To The Editor:

Gazing out the window this afternoon at the perfect end to an even more beautiful day, my eyes dropped to the letter to the Editor column of our beloved weekly rag. I noticed a paragraph which stated in total, "The article was adopted on a voice vote after Richard Herrick and William Cassidy spoke against it."

"This must be Nantucket," I thought. Nowhere else in the world do people assume they know what's on the other person's mind.

Actually, I didn't speak against anything. I was at a meeting of the townspeople on my most favorite place in the Universe: Nantucket. What I spoke against was the confusion that was so apparent. Anything that benefits the children, I'm all for it. What we have to do is reassess what we want and what we have to do it with.

My eight year old son Padraic wanted a lesson one night not too long ago. I was a history major (still am), so said," let's try English (he's good in math) "I gave him a word, his for the day. It was assay. He knows what it means, and it's a beautiful word. It means, to try. Thank you for letting me live here.

WILLIAM P. CASSIDY

—*Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror.*

Damned confusing island, Nantucket!

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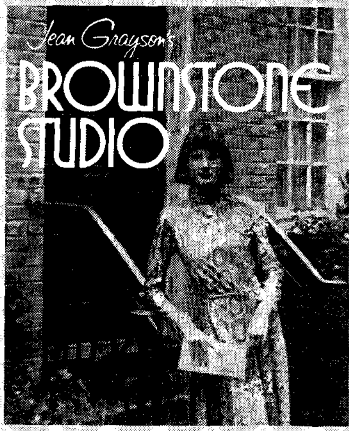

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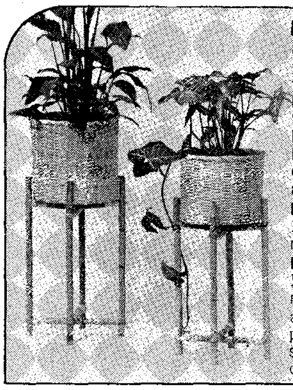

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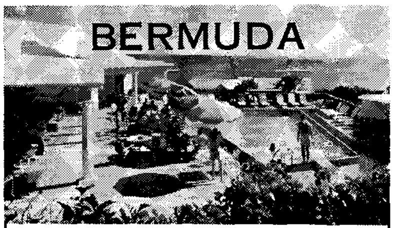

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FOOTBALL

Decline and Fall

THE sense of security that walled in the ancient enclaves of the Ivy League and of Army and Navy for so many years does not now prevail; the troupes of athletes that were once beckoned to serve as victims in the sacrificial rites that began the season have turned against their masters. The annual ventures of the League, and of Army and Navy, into what in their eyes had been the great and unimportant outback are now journeys through territory in which the slightest hillock conceals an ambush. There are occasional wellsprings of hope, such as the one that so recently suffused West Point—and that came to an untimely end last weekend at the hands of Villanova, a visitor that earlier on had been deemed a worthy opponent but hardly an insuperable one. Army's old difficulty (it was most apparent in last fall's match with Navy) showed up again: if you set your defense properly for a run when Gillogly, a runner, is at quarterback, Gillogly can't run; if you set yourself properly for a pass when Hall, a passer, is at quarterback, Hall can't pass. Army's problem is molding the qualities of the two men into one performer. Its most effective artillery (Hall's throwing arm) twice propelled the ball into Villanova's clutches last Saturday, and gave Villanova its two chances to score. It went home a 10–0 winner. Four of the ten points were provided by Fernandez, a soccer-style kicker on lend-lease from the Argentine. Bedesem, Villanova's dexterous coach (he had his team running to the outside when Army set itself in pass-defense array), is from closer to home; he visited West Point once before, in 1951, as running back for the squad he now trains. And Navy, in far Seattle, lost for the first time this fall in gallant, go-for-broke fashion when it chose to pass instead of kicking after its second and potentially tying touchdown; Washington 14, Navy 13.

The Ivy League, always the last to begin the season, barely came out even over the troublesome weekend with its crop of outsiders. Pennsylvania, calling on Lehigh, was upset, 34–23, late in the afternoon by an uprising of the restless natives; Columbia, calling on Lafayette, was put down, 10–7, after a vast display of awkward-squad antics; Cornell, accustomed to early-season trouble with its unruly neighbor Colgate, was overcome, 24–22. Cornell graduated a few too many players this year (so did all the other Ivy Leaguers) and also, and unceremoniously, graduated its head coach. Dartmouth, having at last exhausted its seemingly bottomless supply of quarterbacks, had to experiment against Massachusetts and came out a loser, 7–3. At that, the other Leaguers did well enough. Brown, graduating Beatrice at quarterback but holding on to Bateman in his stead, could clobber most of the League this season—a point it made, quite vigorously, by setting back Rhode Island by a score of 41–20. Yale, which surrendered Doyle at quarterback last spring, along with a brace of classic runners, retained Phillips, last year a useful subordinate at quarterback, and batted down Connecticut, a venerable regional enemy, 35–14. Harvard, which may not in years see again the likes of Stoeckel and Holt at quarterback, inserted a wholly unknown quantity—Kubacki by name—in their stead and came out ahead, 18–7, of Holy Cross, which has been having difficulties of its own at that same post. To Princeton, though, must be accredited the week's honors of the League, such as they are. Rutgers, which it has met in combat a good many of the past hundred and six years, had gained a head start by demolishing Bucknell the week before, at a count too horrendous to bear repetition, and had unwrapped, in the role of quarterback, a chap named Allison, late of professional baseball and a performer of great speed, resource, and cunning. To further Allison's purpose, it had conceived a set of backfield maneuvers of an intricacy and a bewilderment that rate comparison with the sort of devices thought up by Joe Restic, Harvard's necromancer-in-chief. These, and Allison's skill at fakery, ran Princeton right into the ground during the first half of the tournament. Then Beible, Princeton's main man at quarterback for the past two seasons, stunningly became not simply a reliable, durable performer but a whirling dervish. Slithering about the field as he dodged the tacklers swarming toward him, he threw—always to comrades in splendid isolation—a series of strikes that moved the ball down to within punching distance of the Rutgers goal, then took the ball over, by a matter of inches, for the touchdown that shaded a disbelieving Rutgers, 10–7, not just for then but for the rest of the afternoon.

—J. W. L.

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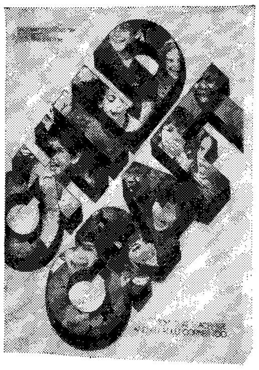

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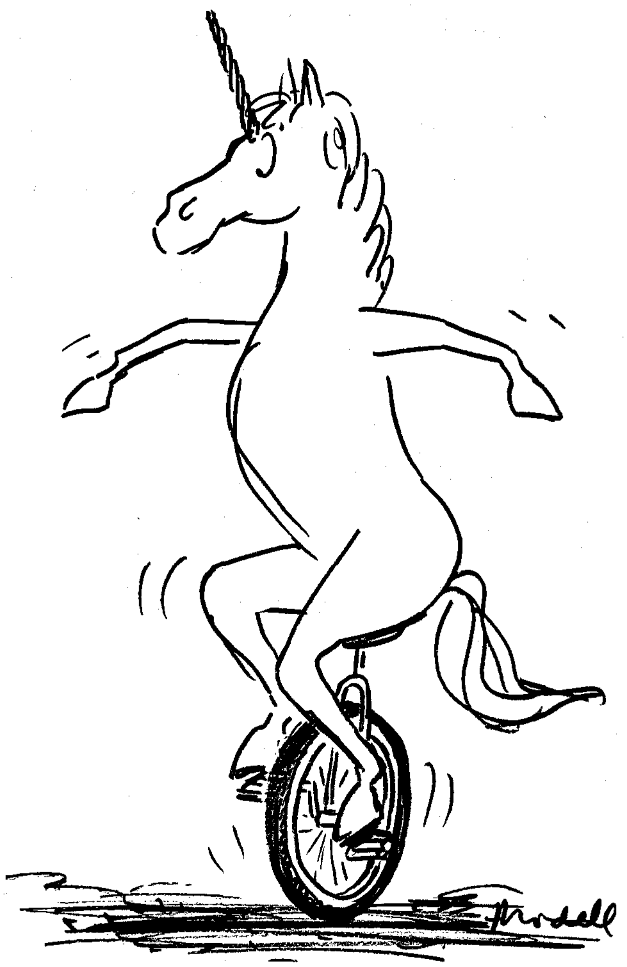
LETTER FROM SAIGON

DURING three and a half months I spent in Saigon after its takeover by the Communists, the predominant impression I had was one of growing bewilderment among the city's people. For the most part, they are both puzzled because there has been no immediate revolutionary change and increasingly apprehensive because they expect their traditional way of life to be obliterated in the months ahead. On the surface, Saigon has not changed very much so far, except for the presence of tens of thousands of new unemployed, and of thousands of *bo doi*, or revolutionary soldiers. Many of the old cafés and restaurants are still open and busy—people sit around in them simply because they have nothing else to do, and eat and drink and gossip as they always have—and the sidewalks are still packed with stalls offering, at low prices, what used to be black-market American goods but are now part of an astonishing quantity of "liberated" items of all descriptions, from wines and whiskeys to spare machine parts, shiny tool sets, electric typewriters, and colorful clothes, all of which the *bo doi* stare at agape but, except for watches and radios, seldom buy. More than half the regular shops, however, have been closed and confiscated. Relatives, friends, or former employees of shopowners who fled the country or went into hiding when Saigon fell, on April 30th, are not permitted to reopen the shops. Besides, most Saigonese, except for those who were wise enough to draw their savings out of the banks before the Communists arrived, simply don't have enough money to buy anything beyond food and other necessities.



The population, even if it has been pleasantly surprised by the smoothness of the Communist takeover, is fully aware of the omnipresence of the new rulers, manifest in the young *bo doi*, mostly Northerners, who, dressed in baggy green trousers and shirts and pith helmets, constantly patrol the streets of the city, suburbs, and outlying areas, usually in armed groups of five or six. They are generally shy and polite, but they are also firm and tough when they want to be, and they leave no doubt that they represent the new muscle of the victorious regime. The regime itself is a far less distinct entity. The Saigon-Gia Dinh Military Management Committee (Gia Dinh is the province around the city), headed by Tran Van Tra, a suave, bespectacled general of South Vietnamese origin, is scarcely visible, though it constantly promulgates new edicts and regulations—the most recent one directed against major speculators, hoarders, and black marketeers. Its leaders have been seen only at the few official celebrations or receptions that have been held, and this is also true of occasional high-ranking visitors from North Vietnam. General Vo Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam's Defense Minister and the greatest surviving hero of the three-decade-long revolution, was in town for two or three days in May, but he never appeared in public. In an odd kind of way, the city seems to be run by an untold number of hidden hands that don't always seem to know what to do. On one occasion, I was arrested for filming a military installation, interrogated for two hours, and given a stern revolutionary lecture by a fiery-eyed young colonel who had roared up on a motorcycle when a captain summoned him, and who succeeded in thoroughly scaring me with threats of confiscating my equipment and putting me in jail indefinitely but then, at the last moment, let me go with a warning. An eleven-o'clock curfew was still rigidly enforced, and several times when I was walking home to my apartment shortly before that hour I was accosted by *bo doi* who suddenly appeared from behind bushes or trees and demanded to see my identification paper—something that everyone must carry. I was similarly stopped by more dangerous, trigger-happy young men from a new self-defense corps, who represent just about the same sort of menace that the old government's self-defense troops did. The process of registering everyone and issuing new identification papers is now just about completed, at least in Saigon; it has been one of the few firm demonstrations of authority to date, with every category of resident—from foreigners, former soldiers, government workers, and employees of the Americans to what were described as "secret agents" (of the old regime)—told to report to such-and-such a place and make their identities and addresses known.

In the cafés and everywhere else that people still gather to talk—there are no efforts to curb either private or public conversations, but circumspection naturally is evident—the most common topic of discussion is the future of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the Southern-based political structure, and of the National Liberation Front, its older sister revolutionary organization, whose roles were swiftly put in question when North Vietnamese tanks and soldiers moved in for the actual takeover. Both Huynh Tan Phat, who headed the P.R.G. in the jungle and continues as President, and Nguyen Huu Tho, the head of the N.L.F.—chairman of the P.R.G. Advisory Council and of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the N.L.F., who is now usually referred to as "chief adviser" to the government—are frequently seen or heard from, and they spend most of their time, according to officials I asked, "travelling around the countryside." The two are Southerners and are held in high esteem by the people, and large matching pictures of both men are prominently displayed all over town, along with larger pictures of the late Ho Chi Minh, portraits of whom are on sale at almost every sidewalk stall. But no one seems to know just when, or if, the P.R.G. will really take charge. Very little has so far been said about elections, but any that may be held will probably start at the village level rather than the national one. At a reception I attended in Independence Palace, the former Presidential seat, now headquarters of the new government, I was able to address some questions to General Tra, who told me that the new government would take control "when the security situation permits;" he was deliberately vague and made no predictions about when that would be, simply adding that then he would be "out of a job." (Subsequently, I have learned, he has said that security has improved sufficiently for the local military committee to reduce the scope of its activities.) Meanwhile, the North Vietnamese flag—red, with a gold star—is flown in most places at the same height as the P.R.G. flag, which is blue and red, with a gold star.

In late July, the N.L.F. held a big conference at the former National Assembly building (which during the French colonial period was an opera house and concert hall and has now, for normal use, been turned back into one), and a long list of official members of the Committee for the N.L.F. of Ho Chi Minh City—Saigon's revolutionary name—was distributed. The list consisted of a fourteen-member "board of chairmen," headed by Professor Nguyen Van Chi, plus ten other commissioners, thirty more, and apparently lesser, commissioners, and a three-man "secretariat." Among the names were those of quite a few members of the earlier so-called third force in Saigon, and of revolutionary heroes and heroines who had been out in the jungle with the N.L.F. Anyone who had been in Saigon for any length of time before the takeover immediately recognized many of the names—such as that of Huynh Tan Mam, a prominent student radical who had been in and out of jail several times, now designated a vice-chairman, and that of Tran Ngoc Lieng, a well-known leftist lawyer, who became one of the top-level commissioners—but exactly what roles all these people play no one knows.

Tho appears, for the moment, to be more prominent than any other Southerner. He is a warm, folksy sort of man, whose old friends in Saigon—where he was a lawyer before he went into the jungle—readily throw their arms around his shoulders, but many people in the city believe that the more

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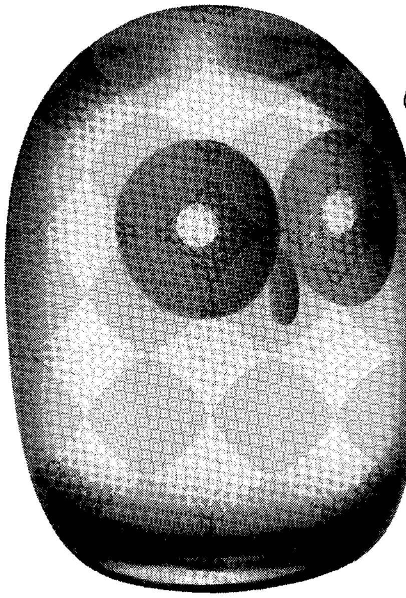

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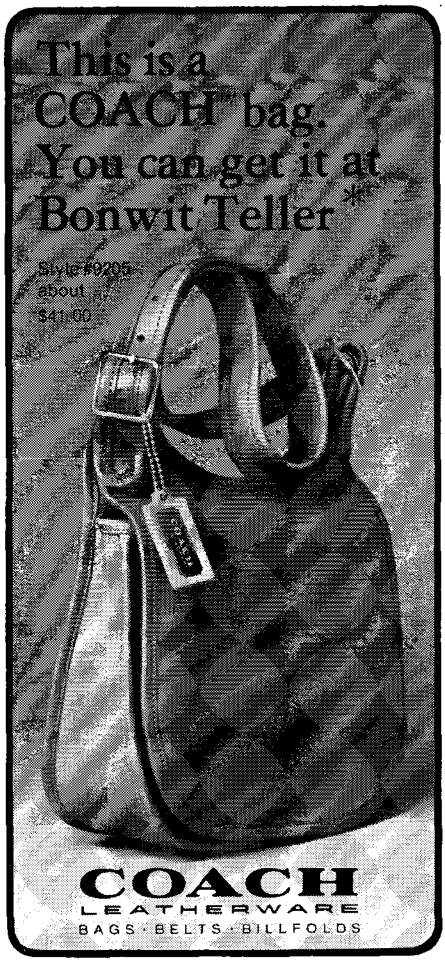

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analytical, though by no means remote, Phat, a onetime architect, who bears a remarkable physical resemblance to Premier Chou En-lai of the People's Republic of China, will sooner or later emerge as the dominant figure. There are some rumors of a behind-the-scenes power struggle between the N.L.F. and the P.R.G.—as there were long before the Communist takeover—but no direct evidence of one. Hanoi has always maintained firm control over the Southern Communist movement anyway, and it is now apparent that the Politburo in North Vietnam has simply not yet decided what kind of permanent or semi-permanent government it wants to establish in the South prior to unification, which everyone assumes will take place sooner or later—probably within two or three years. While the debate goes on in Hanoi, Military Management Committees run the cities and provinces, with the help of small People's Revolutionary Committees in the villages and hamlets. Interestingly, the Military Management Committees at present seem to function autonomously, often applying different standards of strictness. For example, in some areas the people are allowed to kill chickens and pigs and sell as many as they want in public markets, whereas in other areas such activities require official permission, which isn't readily given. Anyone travelling, as I did on one occasion, from Saigon to My Tho, in the Mekong Delta, finds himself under the jurisdiction of the My Tho Military Management Committee about halfway down. Travel to the former resort of Dalat, northeast of Saigon, has been forbidden to Saigonese in recent weeks, apparently because the Dalat Military Management Committee proscribed it. Lovely Dalat strawberries and vegetables, which were plentiful in Saigon for some time in May and June, suddenly disappeared on orders from Dalat.

REPORTS from the outlying areas are scanty, but I did talk with several people—both foreigners (mostly Frenchmen) and a few Vietnamese—who have moved about. While they indicated that things were generally quiet around the country, there have been reports of the arrest and execution of some former government officials, including provincial and district leaders charged with corruption, and of some tax collectors and schoolteachers. One also gets accounts of "reëducation" classes, lasting anywhere from a few days to a month or two, for former government soldiers and

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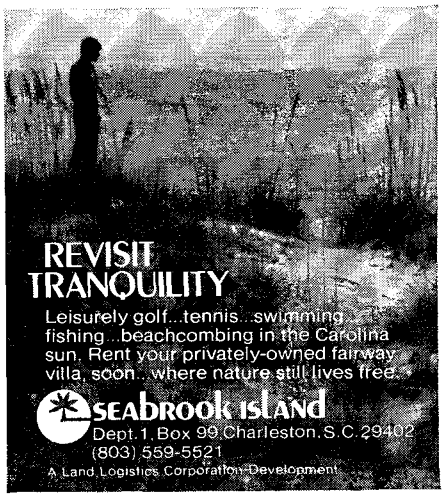
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bureaucrats; such classes have been held in Saigon as well. A score or so persons have been executed in Saigon for robbery, which has been frequent, even in daylight; many of these individuals have been shot on the spot, as they were apprehended. In the fortnight or so before I left, I kept hearing stories of people being arrested in the early hours of the morning for undisclosed offenses, so the 2 A.M. knock on the door is far from unknown. My own guess is that this sort of thing is going to increase—that the system of control and surveillance will continue to grow tougher. It is also my opinion that any new Southern government will continue to be guided almost entirely by Northerners. It is surely not without significance that the once covert People's Revolutionary Party, established in South Vietnam in the mid-sixties as a wing of the Laodong (Workers') Party, of North Vietnam, is still very much in existence, and that members of its seasoned, tough cadres, who directed the Southern war effort, are dominant, if still shadowy, figures in South Vietnam today. The Southern-staffed revolutionary cadres were decimated during the long war, and there were simply not enough of them left to take over. I was told by a well-informed Vietnamese that Hanoi plans to send forty thousand cadremen of its own to the South over the next few months.

Just how soon unification will take place is, naturally, one of the main topics of conversation among the Saigonese. While the National Liberation Front remains simply that—a front, or movement—the Provisional Revolutionary Government *is* a government; and doubtless one reason Phat's role has appeared to be largely ceremonial is that if the leaders in Hanoi were to give him a full go-ahead to run the country it would mean that a two-Vietnam setup could continue indefinitely. There are already P.R.G. ministries and ministers, but so far they don't seem to have much leeway to run either a government or a bureaucracy; most of the offices are manned by workers for the old government who after the takeover were quickly ordered to report back and are carrying on under Communist supervision. Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, who is still the P.R.G. Foreign Minister, has been kept busy travelling around the world, probably because she originally came out against quick unification of the two Vietnams; in recent public appearances, though—for instance, at the conference of nonaligned nations in Lima in Au-

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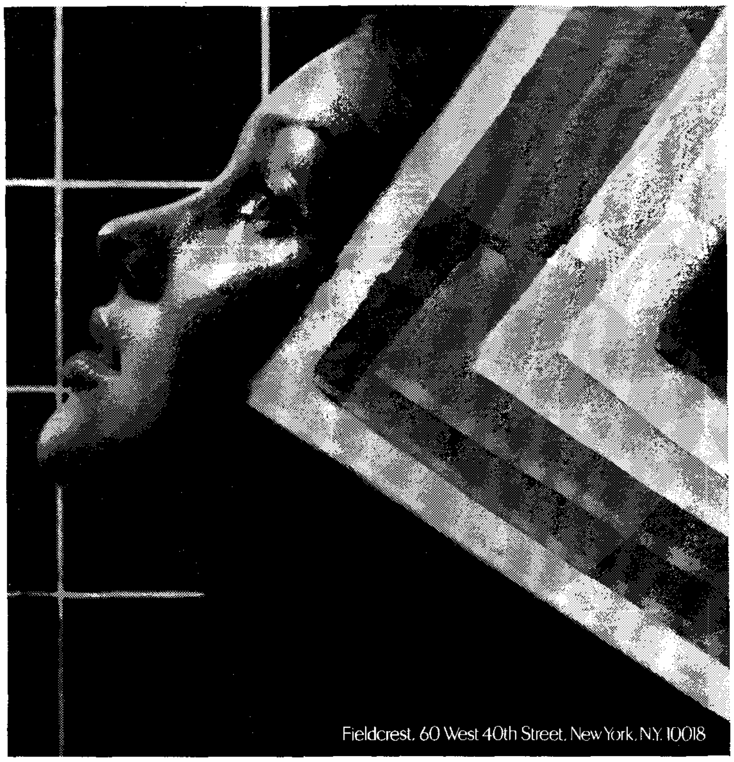

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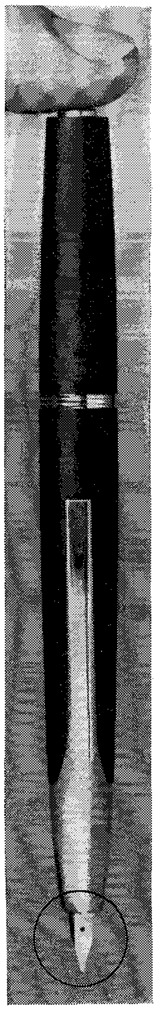

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gust—she has made no mention of it.

The fact that both Vietnams applied for United Nations membership (the applications were vetoed in the Security Council by the United States, which would have favored them if South Korea's application had not been turned down) was regarded by many Saigonese as a sign that unification would not take place very soon. News of the United Nations move was officially dealt with in a low key, both in *Giai Phong*, the new government newspaper, and on the government radio, but many Saigonese heard more about it on their own shortwave radios. (Though the Saigonese have been warned not to listen to foreign broadcasts, they continue to do so, and they seem to have a fairly good idea of what's going on in the world.) On the United Nations question, even those who are anti-Communist and anti-P.R.G. were openly hoping that both Vietnams would be voted in, because this would have put an international cachet on the independence of the South, if only temporarily. Quite apart from wanting to avoid being dominated politically, most Southerners seem to have what could justifiably be called a gut aversion to having to feed the agriculturally much poorer North with their rice and other more abundant food products. This will undoubtedly happen anyway, up to a point, but the Southerners would like to maintain some degree of leverage. "We'll have to pay more if we unify" was a phrase I heard repeatedly. Now that there is a question of self-preservation, one finds considerably more political awareness and latent commitment than one did before, when the prevailing attitude was that the Americans were running things anyway, in collaboration with the corrupt Nguyen Van Thieu government, and that politics didn't count for much whatever one felt or did.

AT the time of the takeover and in the first few weeks thereafter, the overwhelming feeling was one of relief that there were no widespread killings or reprisals. For the first couple of days, the streets were empty, the shops were boarded up, and there was a general sense of trepidation. Then, as the new authorities gave instructions for business to continue as usual, the shops reopened—until confiscation proceedings closed some of them again. Having made up my mind to stay—I was in Saigon as a correspondent for a British news agency—I had ordered a suit the day before the Communists came, and though my tailor (whom

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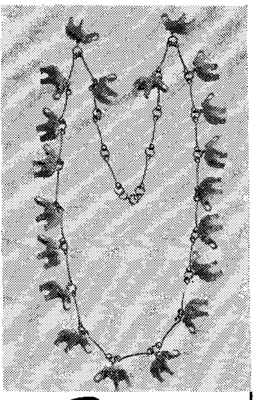

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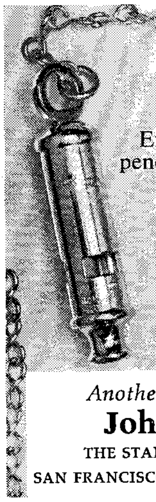

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everyone knew simply as Minh) vanished during the transition, his assistant was allowed to keep the shop open to finish whatever business was in hand. My suit, in fact, was the last thing the assistant made, and when I picked it up he told me sadly that he was now out of work. We both watched as the shop was boarded up by the authorities and a notice of its closing affixed to the boards. The assistant walked off forlornly, and that was the last I saw of him. At about the same time, former black-market stalls began reappearing, and more goods than I had ever seen on the streets before showered forth, including fine bottles of hoarded French wine, which could be bought for as little as twenty cents at the current rate of exchange in piastres—officially seven hundred and fifty-five to the dollar, or about a thousand piastres at the black-market rate, which could still be obtained with little difficulty. I had never before seen such a plethora of office equipment—for example, I.B.M. dictating machines and typewriters, most of which had no doubt been plundered from American offices—and there were hundreds of stereo sets and cameras. The *bo doi* readily admitted, on the rare occasions when one got a chance to talk with them, that they had never in their wildest fancies dreamed that such things were available. In Hanoi, they said, the few items like that to be seen cost ten or twenty times as much. American cigarettes were plentiful at the start, but they sold fast, and the price of the remaining, stale ones skyrocketed.

Similarly, the restaurants and cafés remained closed for two or three days and then, when the word went out, began to reopen. Givral, for instance, on the main square near the Continental and Caravelle Hotels, which for years had been a popular place for gathering to gossip, opened up again and has been serving almost all the same dishes and drinks. A local firm, using a truck bearing the name of the once American-run Foremost Dairies, continues to send chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla ice cream to Givral, and good pastries are still sold, along with such popular dishes as *soupe Chinoise*, a pungent concoction containing shrimp, meat, and vegetables. The main French restaurants—notably Aterbea, Ramuntcho, and Valinco, all near the square—also reopened, and, catering mostly to their familiar French clientele, they continue to offer food at least as good as what they served in the last several months of the old regime. Their owners, almost all Corsi-

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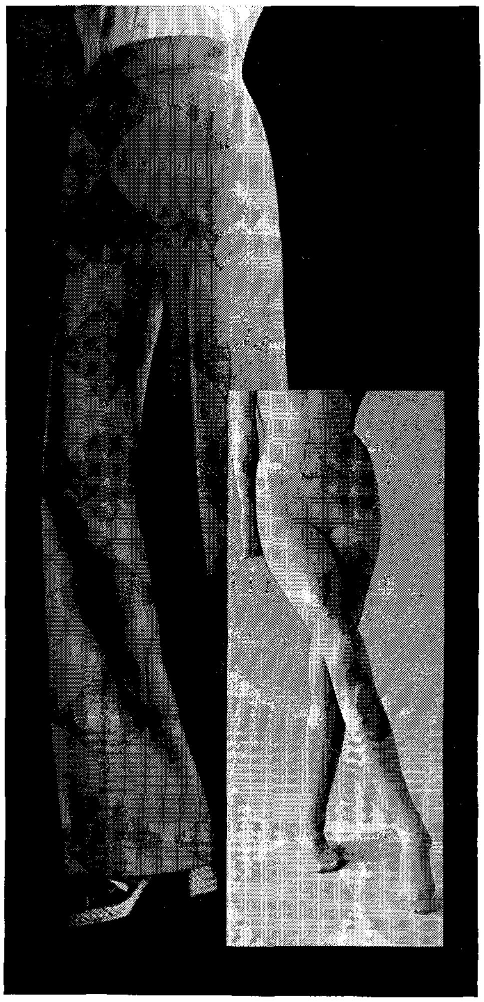

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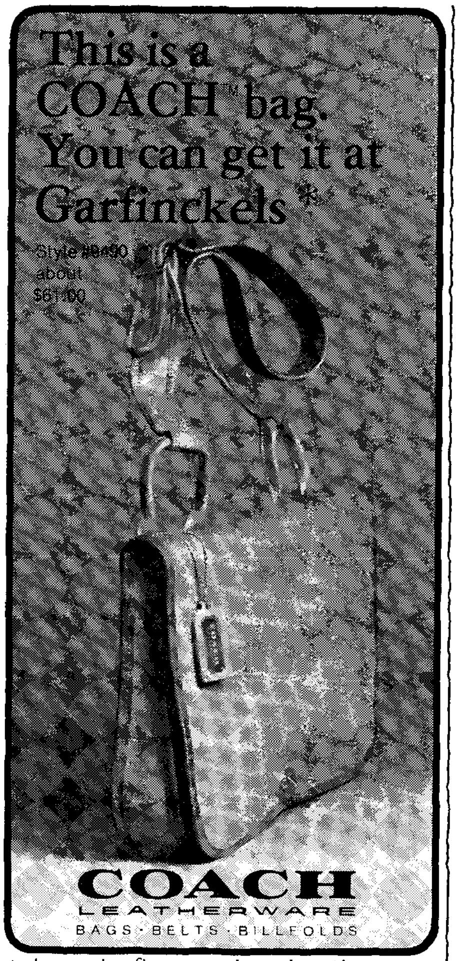

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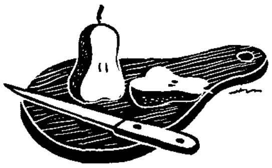
cans, became more friendly both with each other and with their customers; they began visiting each other, which they never used to do, and one of them, whom we all knew simply as Dominique, gave impromptu concerts on his guitar, until one day he suddenly handed it to a friend as a gift. But just before I left, he and the other owners told me they expected to close soon—probably because the eight thousand French citizens still in Saigon, many of them Vietnamese or half Vietnamese holding French passports, were beginning to be airlifted out along with non-French Westerners.



The three big hotels—the famous old colonial-era Continental; the Caravelle, opposite it; and the Majestic, down by the waterfront—were taken over by the new government within a matter of weeks, as were all the other hotels. A few of the remaining foreigners were allowed to stay in the big ones, though—especially the Majestic, where visiting Communist dignitaries, including some Russian correspondents, were quartered. I stayed at the Caravelle for a while, surrounded by *bo doi* who were billeted there—usually three or four to a room, but with as many as twenty in some of the big corner rooms—and we established a friendly relationship. The system of assigning *bo doi* billets was apparently based on proximity to places of duty. Low-ranking men who were assigned to nearby patrols lived side by side at the Continental or the Caravelle with much higher-ranking government officials. The mixture added to the general perplexity among the Saigonese about what was going on and who was who. As for the Western embassies—including the American Embassy, which was thoroughly looted by the Vietnamese after the final, rapid evacuation at the end of April—they have been closed down and are being guarded by *bo doi.* From the flagpole in front of the American Embassy, the P.R.G. banner flies, but the bronze eagle atop the pole is intact. It may be that the new authorities just forgot to take it down, or it may be that leaving it there is meant as a subtle hint that if the United States pays enough reparations it will someday be welcomed back.

In certain respects, Saigon has become a more pleasant city than it was before, because, with most inhabitants in the same boat economically, a levelling process has taken place, and those who never used to speak to each other are now conversing amiably on the streets and in the cafés. On what was called for many years Tu Do ("Freedom") Street but has lately been renamed Dong Khoi ("National Uprising") Street—a main thoroughfare that extends from the waterfront up to the old cathedral in what, dating from 1963, was called John F. Kennedy Square but was immediately renamed Hoa Binh ("Peace") Square—dozens of new sidewalk stands have appeared. Many of these are operated by former professional people—lawyers and so on—or by their sons and daughters, who have hauled fancy bamboo bars, stools, and settees from their homes and set up shop, dispensing coffee, cakes, beer, and soft drinks. One woman, whose parents fled the country, and whose two brothers, one in the South Vietnamese Air Force and one in the Army, were captured, with the result that her family no longer has any control over its plantation in nearby Long Binh or its several fine houses in Saigon and at Nha Trang, on the coast, has a stand right outside the Air France office, in a corner of the Caravelle. She calls herself Salong, and several of us immediately dubbed her stand Chez Salong. In the beginning, she didn't even know how to brew coffee, but she soon learned. Right next to her, a former bar girl has a stand, and this kind of mixture of people prevails up and down the street. Cyclo drivers exchange greetings with the bar girls, instead of insults, as in the past, and former businessmen gossip with peasants and ex-soldiers; there is a constant babble of voices, all bound by a common tie of poverty or boredom. The regime has threatened to close these sidewalk stalls, but it knows that doing so would simply add to the number of unemployed.

FOR the first few days after April 30th, no one smiled very much, and people made a point of not putting on their better clothes, but that soon changed. The lithe Saigonese girls reappeared in their dainty *ao dai* or in colorful dresses, smiles and exchanges of greetings between friends were heard, and everything appeared normal. This panoply of color and conviviality, while it might have been only an Indian-summer phenomenon, appealed especially to the country *bo doi,* who, after so many years of harsh, disciplined life in the North or in the jungle, may eventually be subverted by he warmth and riches of the South. I was thinking about this one day as I wandered up and down Tu Do, and t struck me that the Northern Communists and the P.R.G., too, may be faced with the same elusive problem that the Americans and the old government could never come to grips with—how to "win the hearts and minds of the people." One *bo doi* I managed to have a cup of tea with remarked to me, "The girls in Hanoi are so serious, but the girls here laugh and joke." Another *bo doi* told me, surprisngly, "A lot of us hoped the South would win, because it would have brought about more freedom and reform in both countries."

A continued Southern patriotism and oyalty and a vaguely expressed yearnng for some milder form of Socialism nstead of doctrinaire Communism were themes I heard voiced by a number of people in cafés, including some who had been ardent critics of the old government, and had perhaps even secretly sympathized with the Communists. Although establishing any sort of close friendship with revolutionary cadre members was difficult, I was fortunate in becoming better acquainted with one, a young woman whom I had known slightly when, as a university student, she was, in effect, a member of the student underground. She and her group had, among other things, performed traditional Vietnamese plays with a revolutionary twist to them, and had managed to get away with it. Some weeks after the takeover, she invited me to visit her family, in a poor section of the city near Tan Son Nhut Airport. They lived down an alley in three small rooms—the upstairs part of an old house. Neither she nor her student friends made any effort to hide their immediate disappointment in the revolution. Their feeling, as she expressed it to me, and as she said she and others were frankly telling the Communist officials they were dealing with, was one of having been promised freedom but not receiving it. "Things are just as bad as they were before," she remarked. "The Communists lied to us." She and her parents told me that despite having been anti-American and anti-government, they wept on April 30th when they heard President Duong Van Minh, who took over the old government briefly at the end, announce South Vietnam's surrender to the North Vietnamese over the radio. A relative who was a cadreman from Hanoi was now living with the family, and in subsequent visits, as I got to

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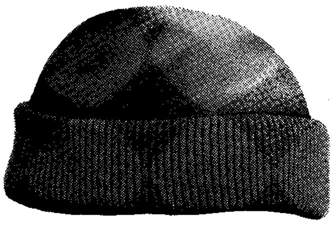

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know all of them better, he began unbending. "What I don't understand is why the South didn't fight harder for all these riches," he said to me one evening, pointing to the rather musty old furniture, the ancient television set and the battered radio that the family owned, and a small, decorative ancestor-worship shrine in a corner of the room. "Don't you understand, compared to this, how destitute we are in the North?" When we sat down to dinner, he expressed amazement at our meal, a simple one of pork and fish with rice and vegetables. "We haven't eaten like this in twenty years," he said. He told me how surprised he had been when he saw all the concrete roads in the South. "We would have fought hard for something like that," he said, almost wistfully. And he added, "Of course, we were all sure, even at the beginning of this year, that the war would be over in six months." I asked him, "Were you that sure you were going to win?" He looked at me oddly and replied, after a pause, "No. We felt sure that we'd be forced to withdraw—that, with the Thieu government's huge American support, we'd have to withdraw."

I have no way of knowing how representative the views of this man were, but, judging from the wide-eyed *bo doi* and from some random opinions I heard, I don't feel that he was altogether an exception. He also told me he had not seen his son in three years—the son had been in the North Vietnamese Army for seven—and he described scenes he had often witnessed at the railway station in Hanoi when whole families came out to say goodbye to men going South, realizing they might never see them again, which in many cases proved true. "It was always very sad," he said. I asked him how he felt when he saw captured American pilots paraded through the streets of Hanoi. "We never really hated the Americans, and we don't hate them now," he said. "We know how strong America is—that the Americans could come back and bomb us if they wanted to. No one really believes we defeated them, though we do know we made it impossible for them to stay in Vietnam. But the United States is such a big power that we look on the Americans as we do on the Russians. They're both great powers, and we can't compare ourselves to them. They struggle for supremacy, and we're just struggling for survival as a small country. So, you see, most people felt sorry for those pilots."

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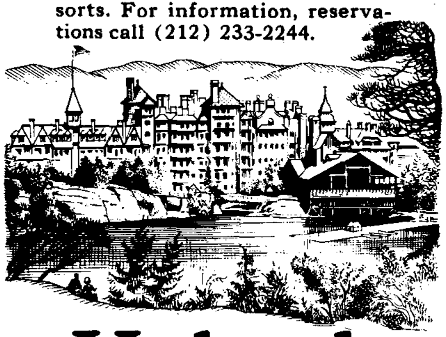

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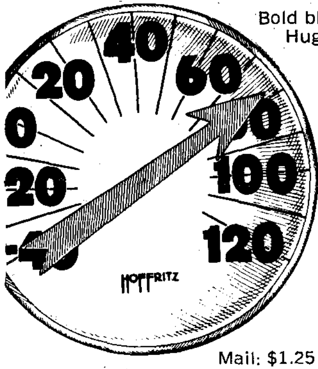

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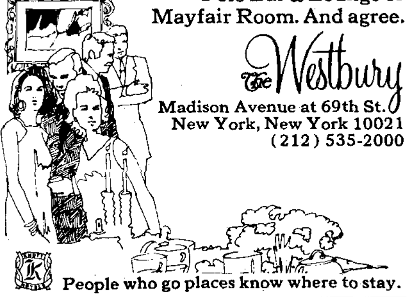

revolution so far, as it was expressed to me by the woman cadre member, was not untypical of attitudes I heard expressed by a number of people. Those who had particularly hoped, or still hope, for a strong, independent P.R.G. government seem to be among the most disappointed, and to find themselves in a quandary. One friend of mine commented, "I did have hope, but now I wish I had left." A vague nostalgia for the old way of life, even with its decadence and license, cuts across a considerable part of the social spectrum, and is associated with a vague fear of what is to come and of the remote but ubiquitous *bo doi.* While they have behaved extremely well, for the most part—much better than the soldiers of the old Army did—everyone realizes that they hold the power of life and death and that, while they have been gentle in taking care of the numerous drunks and drug addicts, they can also be quick on the draw. For example, a friend of mine witnessed an incident in which two of Saigon's young motorcycle "cowboys," who are still prevalent, and who still somehow get gasoline for their machines, swooped down on an old woman—one at the handlebars, the other sitting behind him—and grabbed her purse. She screamed, and as they rode off a *bo doi* calmly stepped out into the street and, facing the onrushing motorcycle, raised his rifle and killed the two cowboys with two shots. The old woman cried, "I didn't want them killed! It was only two hundred piastres!" By the same token, a number of *bo doi* have been mysteriously killed, presumably by the cowboys. Two were stabbed to death in late June in an arcade near Hoa Binh Square, and shortly afterward another one was shot while he was riding a bicycle near the cathedral. All in all, the *bo doi* are strange transplants, and in their own way they seemed to me just as bewildered by Saigon as Saigon is by them.

In the peculiar vacuum that exists today, rumors abound at least as much as they ever have, and provide much of the conversation among those known by the Communists as *ac on*—"obstinate elements" out of contact with the revolution—including former bar girls, prostitutes (the latter are still about but are no longer allowed to ply their trade), ex-soldiers, and some of the old intelligentsia. In certain restaurants, most notably one named, at least until recently, Tu Do, the *ac on* sit around most of the day exchanging bits of information, true or false, and

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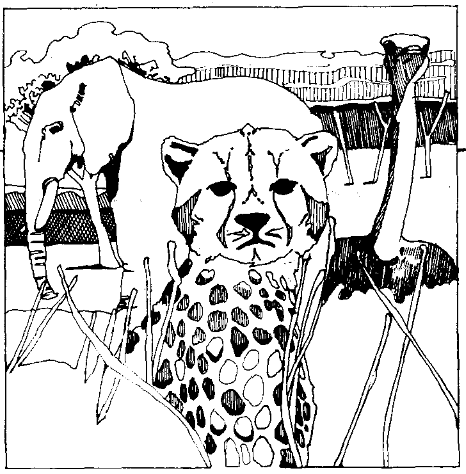

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some of them drink quite a bit, and even gamble, though gambling is forbidden; the police have occasionally raided one or two places, but after a few days the *ac on* are right back at their old tables. We correspondents who remained in the city tried to assess the rumors as best we could on a sort of Richter scale of our own: if we heard enough reports from different sources about a particular occurrence, we figured that the story was true and gave it a high rating. One such report concerned a weeping Virgin Mary in a church in the Da Kao section of Saigon. She was shedding tears, said some *ac on*, for the people of Vietnam. As the story gained circulation, we heard, a *bo doi* unit went out to the church and asked the priest there about it. He said that it was true. There actually was a bust of the Virgin, apparently made of plaster of Paris, and its eyes were moist and dripping. The *bo doi* threatened to destroy it, and in a day or so, according to the rumors we heard, the weeping stopped.

MORE serious reports were circulated early in July about the city of Can Tho, in the Delta: it was said to have been hit by mortar fire on one and possibly two occasions. We heard enough corroboration of this to believe it; the mortars, it seemed, were fired by dissident old-Army elements, which are still around, especially in the Delta. Then, in the latter part of July, it was reported that between forty and fifty ex-officers of the old Army, from the rank of major up, who had been sent off for reëducation classes, were killed on the road from Cu Chi to Tayninh, northwest of Saigon. In due time, the authorities here acknowledged that there had been some sort of mishap, but the circumstances remained mysterious. The *ac on* naturally claimed that the officers had been executed by *bo doi*, but what happened, I gathered, was that the truck the men were riding in hit a buried land mine in the road. The incident touched off a demonstration by two hundred angry women, all wives of officers sent off for reëducation and all wanting to know when their husbands were coming back. They went to Independence Palace to complain and seek information, and, as is the way of Vietnamese women, they hurled insults at the *bo doi*, who stood around not knowing what to do. Then the women walked over to a registration office near the cathedral and continued their shouts and imprecations. For a day or so, the street was blocked off to prevent their return, but not

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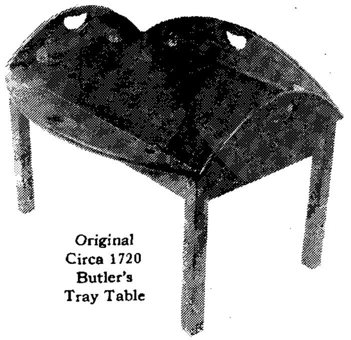

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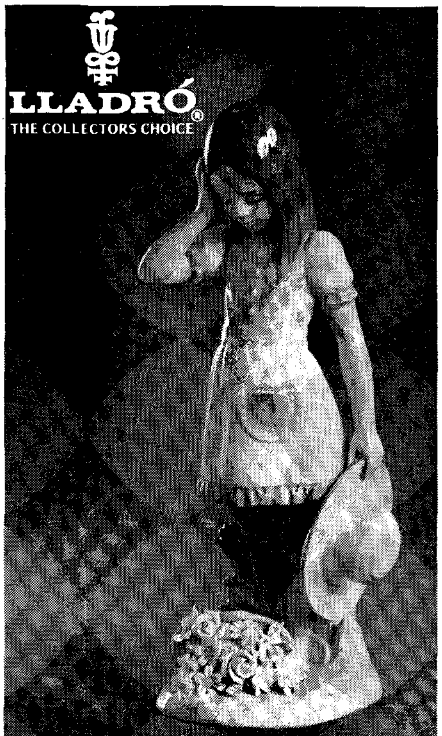

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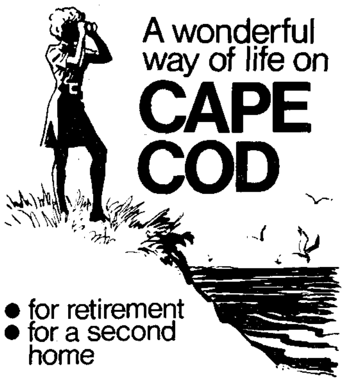

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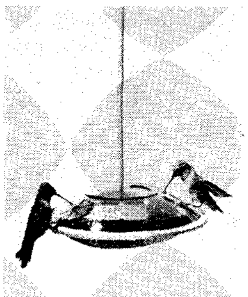

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ıch else happened. I know of five
ɔmen who eventually got back the
dies of their dead husbands; other-
se, nothing more was heard about the
'air.

There is no doubt that there has
en and still is some resistance to the
w regime. Right after the Commu-
ɪts took the city, I myself witnessed
e of several shootouts that occurred
and around Saigon. The one I saw
ok place in midafternoon on April
)th behind the American Embassy,
here a group of former government
ldiers were holed up in a building
ıd began shooting at the *bo doi*.
ventually, the *bo doi* crept up among
ees around the building; they re-
rned the fire briefly, and then waited
ıtil dark, when the holed-up soldiers
rrendered. In mid-July, some crude
ımphlets were mysteriously distribut-
l in Cholon, Saigon's Chinese section,
ınouncing that on July 20th resist-
ıce elements would enter the city and
king people to stay indoors unless
ıey were prepared to help. There was
considerable degree of nervousness
nong the Saigonese that day. About
ne o'clock at night, I heard a burst
motorcycle exhausts, then blasts of
histles, then shots. After fifteen min-
tes, I went downstairs. I gathered
ıat about twenty motorcyclists, pre-
ımably cowboys, had roared up, and
hen they wouldn't stop for the *bo doi*
histles, shooting began. One or two
ɔ *doi*, at least, were killed or wound-
l. An ambulance came by, and the
reet was shut off. The following
vening, at the same corner, an in-
ɛnsive outbreak of shooting began
rom the top of a building and ended
hen a small group of resistance fight-
rs was disbanded after two of them
ere killed by a grenade thrown by
bo doi. I saw the two bodies in the
treet.

We kept hearing of similar incidents
round town, especially out near the
irport. Ever since early June, there
ıas been a resistance radio, probably
ıroadcasting from somewhere in the
)elta. It usually comes on the air be-
ween three and five o'clock in the
norning for fifteen minutes or half an
ıour, denouncing the new government
ınd urging people to "join the resist-
ınce in the Delta." Pamphlets were
listributed in Saigon from time to time
ırging the same thing, and some of
hem named General Ngo Quang
Truong, who used to be the command-
ɛr of government troops around Da-
nang and Hué, as the resistance leader.
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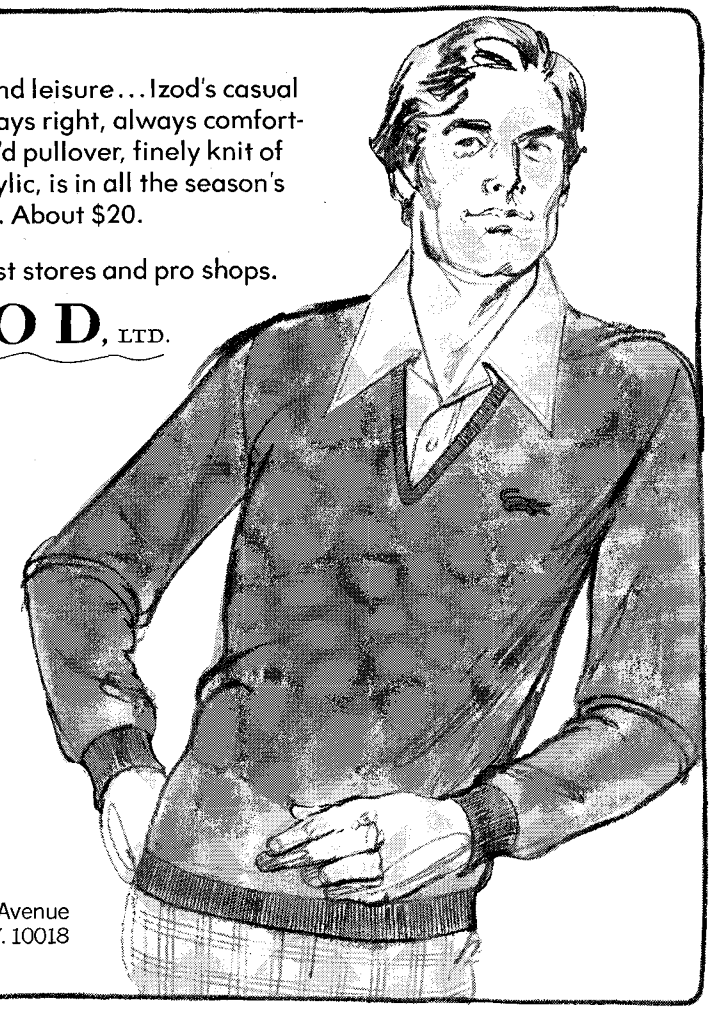
was considered the best general in the



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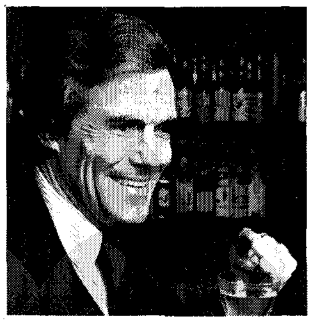

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old Army until his forces around Danang panicked and he ended up in a state of shock in a Saigon hospital. Just how much resistance continues is hard to determine, but there certainly is some in the Delta, especially among members of the Hoa Hao religious sect in the provinces of An Giang and Chau Doc, near the Cambodian border; the government at one point sent a delegation down to try to negotiate with the dissident Hoa Hao. I was also told by several sources that there is some opposition among members of the Cao Dai sect around Tayninh, and more serious opposition among tribal Montagnard bands who are holed up in the Central Highland jungles. If the government is worried about all this, nothing is said about it publicly, in *Giai Phong;* in *Nhan Dan,* which is a Saigon edition of the publication of that name in Hanoi; or in the unofficial but obviously approved new daily *Tin Sang.* Yet the government seems to be going out of its way to come to terms with the various religious groups in the country, including the Buddhists and the Catholics, and has tried to solicit the open coöperation of a number of religious leaders. Though guns held by former government soldiers and police and others have been collected in the cities, there are certainly plenty of loose ones still around, particularly in the countryside, and sporadic resistance may well continue indefinitely. Still, I doubt whether, with all the North Vietnamese troops in the country, it will reach really serious proportions.

WHAT can increase, unless the government moves soon to stop it, is a growing sense of malaise and restlessness in Saigon. This is clearly manifested by erstwhile students, many of them now idle, who during the first few weeks ardently swept the streets, cleaned up the parks, planted new trees, and helped clear away the masses of barbed wire that used to surround every government building and installation, including Independence Palace. After this zestful outburst, their enthusiasm flagged, though they still do some sweeping and gather in groups in the squares and parks to sing the new revolutionary songs. (Oddly, the old national anthem continues to blare from the loudspeakers downtown, because it turns out to have been written in 1944 by a well-known revolutionary, Luu Huu Phuoc, who is now Minister of Information and Cultural Affairs for the government. When I first heard it, I couldn't believe my ears, and half ex-

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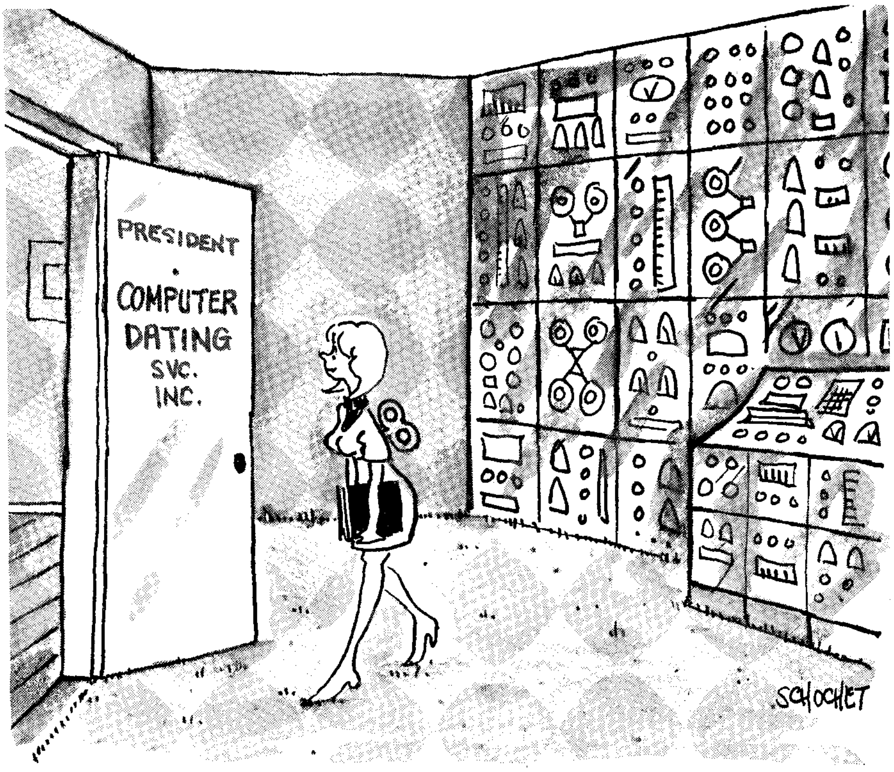
:ted "The Star-Spangled Banner"
follow.) Beyond that, with the uni-
rsities and some high schools still
›sed at the time of my departure—
: elementary and junior high schools
:re open—the students just didn't
ve anything to do. So they were a
;ment of the swelling population of
employed, and one could see quite
few of them out on Tu Do and
ıer streets selling coffee and soft
inks. Obviously, this situation was
·t going to last forever, but it is
ident that so far the government
sn't worked out a new educational
stem.

The anomalous condition of the stu-
nts was one aspect of a situation that
observed among most of the popula-
›n during my three and a half months
Saigon. People were not only still
iiting for the other revolutionary
oe to drop, they were not sure the
st one had dropped. As a result of
e delay, a sort of common passive re-
tance to the new regime had set in.
t the start, everyone seemed anxious
see what the revolution was actually
l about, but by the time I left the in-
tivity had quenched this general curi-
ity and interest, and people were be-
nning to be suspicious of anything
ey were asked or ordered to do. The
lge had been lost, I felt. This is not
say that when the regime finally de-
rmines what course to take the popu-
tion won't respond, or be made to re-
›ond, but at the moment the state of
nbo has only increased the feelings of
:rplexity and fear. For example, in
ocks and wards all over town small
ficial political meetings were being
:ld on what appeared to be almost an
l-hoc basis, and many of the meetings
ere attended by a mere ten or twenty
:ople. One of the things constantly
:ing drummed home at the meetings
'as that Saigon was much too big—
ıat its population of around three and
half million must be reduced to a
ıillion or a million and a half.

A relatively small number of peo-
le, perhaps fifty thousand or so, have
ıoved back to the countryside of their
wn volition, and some two hundred
ıousand have gone after being urged
r forced to do so. Rations of both rice
nd gasoline have been dispensed or
vithheld as means of getting people to
ıove. Gasoline virtually dried up at
he start, and what remained sold for
uge black-market prices—as high as
:n dollars a litre—but then a peculiar
ale-yellow Russian gasoline began to
e imported, and this brought some
ıotorcycles and cars back on the
treets; there are still relatively few



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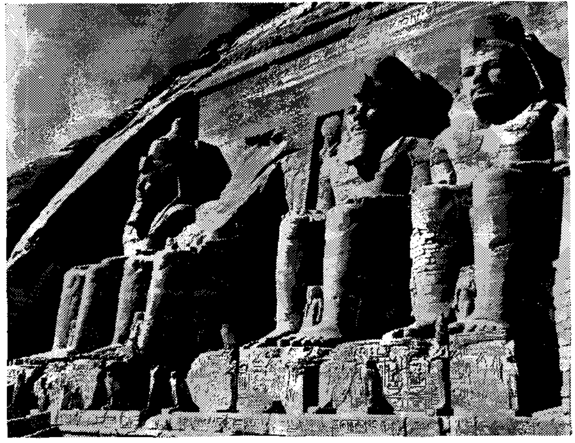

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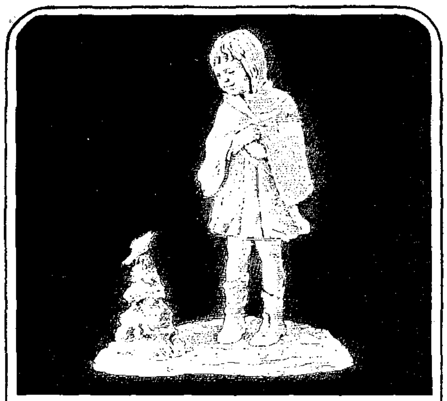

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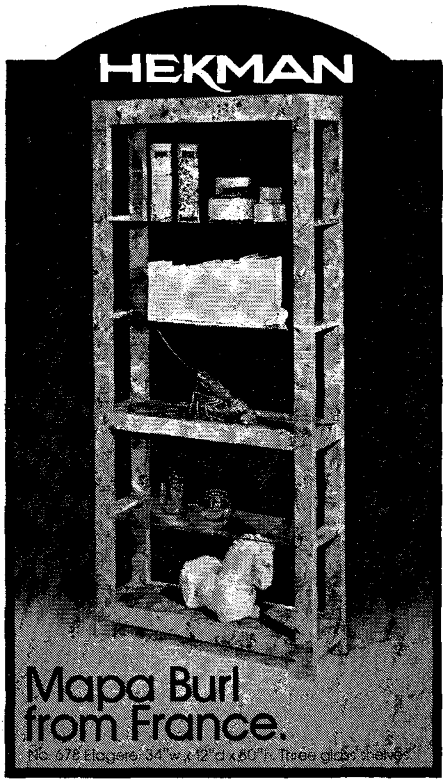

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taxis, though, and bicycles are used much more than before. Many additional people are sure to be forced back to the countryside eventually. At present, however, some of those who initially left are drifting back to Saigon, which is surprising, given the strict control of movement that the Military Management Committees maintain. A common complaint among those who have returned is that promises made by the regime—of a buffalo and a plow, fresh seeds, a rice ration until the first crop is grown, and building materials to erect a small house—were not kept.

The more I wandered around town, the more conscious I became of the odd mixture of change and non-change in Communist Saigon to date. There is even a certain atmosphere of what might be described as Pop Communism, and it has its ludicrous aspects. For example, at one of the local meetings, which was conducted by young P.R.G. cadremen in a part of Gia Dinh Province where there had been a lot of fighting, the chief cadreman spoke for thirty minutes and then tried to get a general discussion started, encouraging questions. No one said anything for five minutes or so, and the silence became embarrassing. Finally, an old woman—she must have been in her eighties—stood up and said, "Well, I just want to thank the new government, because since it's taken over we haven't had any rocketing from those dreadful Vietcong. My house was hit several times. I had to run and hide, and I saw people killed in the streets." There was a stunned silence, and then the meeting quickly broke up, with nobody saying a word to Grandma.

On another level, an organized demonstration took place in May to inspire a burning of decadent Western literature, ranging from lurid detective and boudoir novels to sexy pictorial monthlies that used to be sold in the American post exchanges and constantly appeared on the black market. For a fortnight or so, all this stuff disappeared from the street stalls, and in its place out came dictionaries, technical manuals, and Communist tracts. Then all the old books and magazines slowly reappeared, and they are still being sold. One may wonder how long it will be before another, more permanent cleanup will take place, but the vacillation underlines the present lack of planning and discipline. It seems likely that victory came so swiftly and unexpectedly to the Communists that they didn't know what to do, and still haven't figured out how to administer

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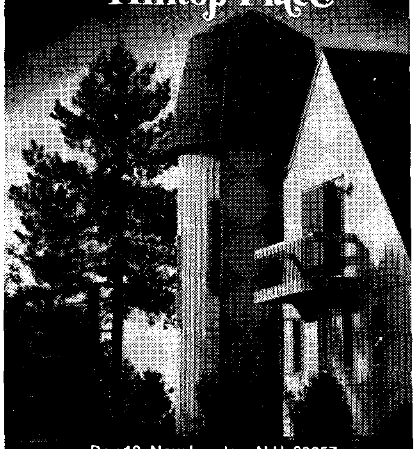

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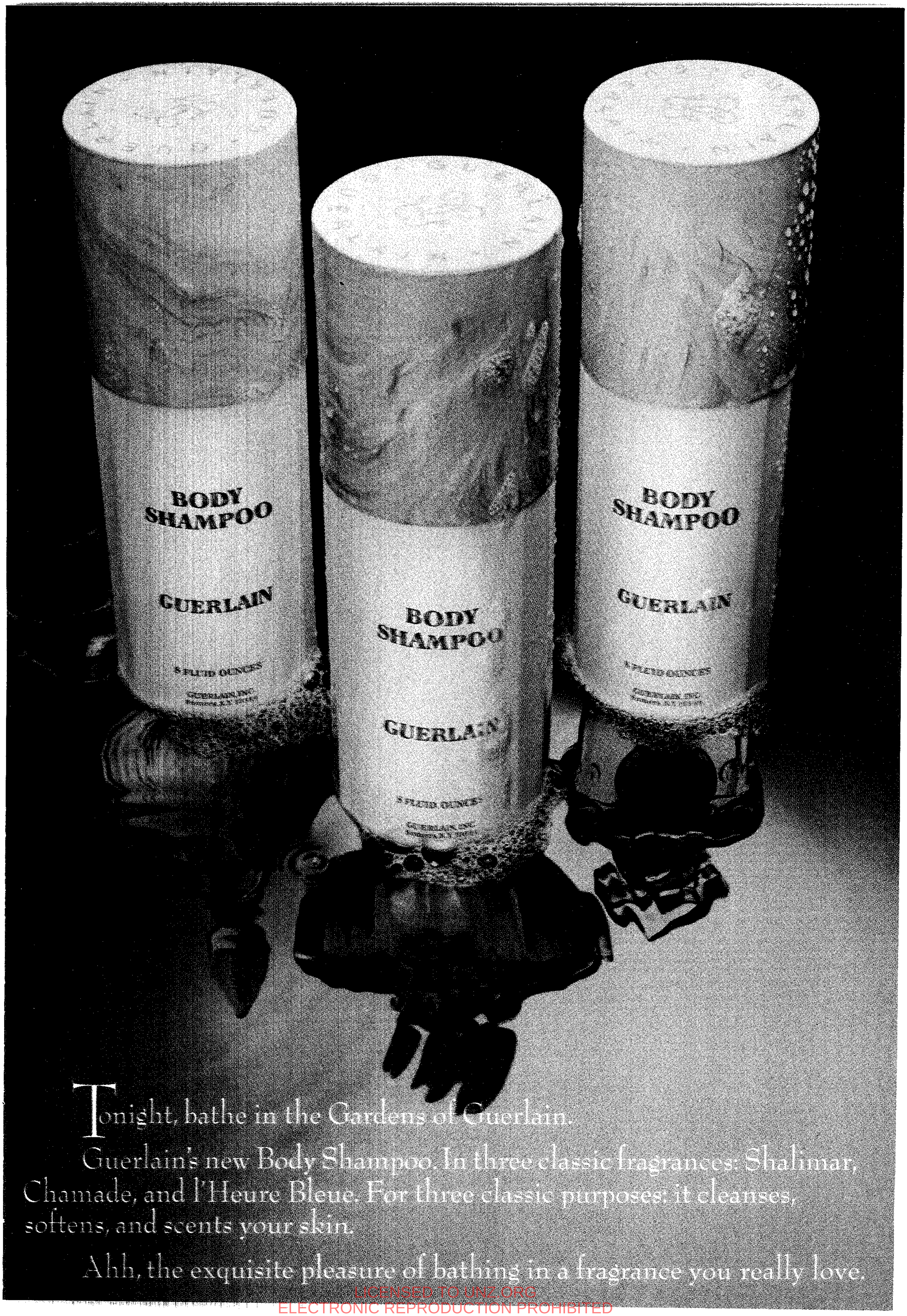
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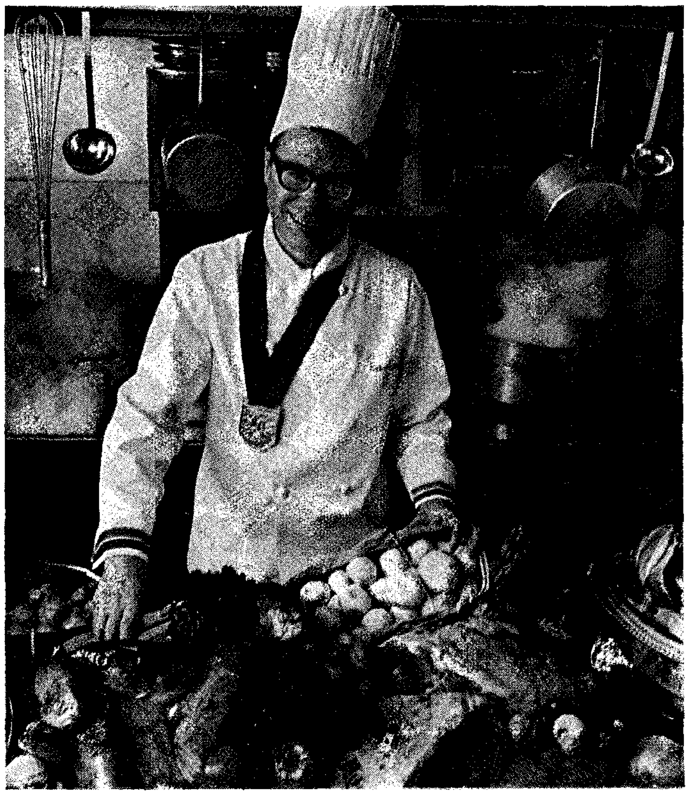

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this amorphous and cosmopolitan city. Perhaps, as a result, the Military Management Committees here and elsewhere will be ruling the roost longer than they themselves expect.

It is not easy, of course, to change the life style and loose habits of a city as big and sprawling and diverse as Saigon. There are, accordingly, a lot of odd contrasts. The horse races out at Phu Lam, near the airport, which had kept right on going until the end of the war, have finally been abolished, and the track, which was always covered with weeds anyway, is now all but overgrown. But cockfights, which used to entrance former Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, among others, continue to be held, and there is a lively trade in fighting cocks. The old movies from the West are gone, and in their place are propaganda films, mostly made in Hanoi; a few of these, such as the story of the victory at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, initially attracted large audiences, but most of them are pretty dull and the theatres are now empty. The opera house (the old National Assembly building) is much more crowded; opera performances, often of Italian and Russian works, and recitals by handsome young North Vietnamese tenors are, along with symphony concerts, well attended by a mixed crowd of once well-off Saigonese, poor people, and groups of *bo doi*. Dress is very informal; most men just wear shirts, slacks, and sandals.

Some weeks ago, a huge map of Vietnam was mounted on the face of the opera house and lit up at night. Only three cities were shown on it—Saigon, Hué, and Hanoi—and Hanoi had a large circle around it. This immediately started rumors of impending unification, and one effect was to drive the rate of the piastre up; the North Vietnamese dong had formerly been worth three hundred piastres, and now it was worth four or five hundred. Among those who profited most were the *bo doi*, since they have more money than almost anyone else. For more than two months, all the banks in town were closed, but now two of them, the National Bank and the Commercial Credit Bank, are open again, though the flow of cash is severely controlled. (On September 22nd, the government announced a change from the piastre to a new currency, as yet unnamed.) Any Vietnamese who had no more than a hundred thousand piastres in a savings account at the end of the war has been allowed to withdraw ten or twenty thousand a month, but anyone who had more than a hundred thousand is

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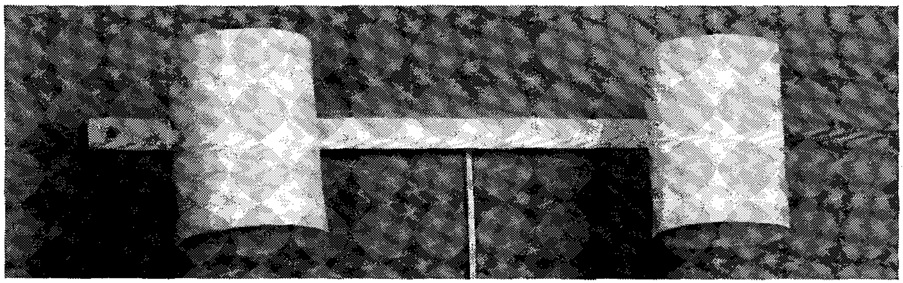

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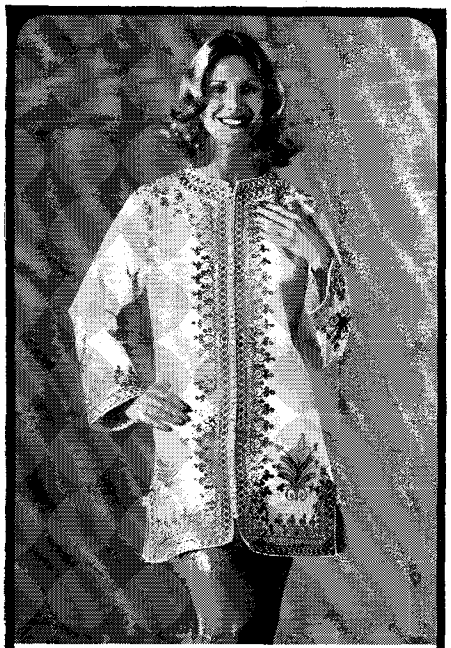

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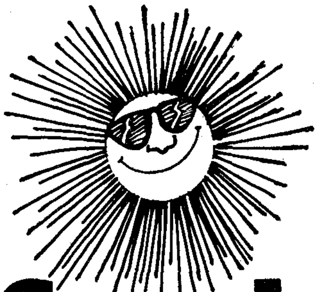
considered to have been corrupt or involved with foreigners and his account remains frozen. Many rich Vietnamese have lost fortunes, and their real-estate holdings have been confiscated as well, but the smart ones who withdrew their funds before the pre-takeover panic began are doing all right; a number of them are supporting their friends, and are even managing to smuggle some funds out of the country with people leaving on the French airlift. Some of the better-off French businessmen and plantation owners are hoarding the cash they have, whether in piastres, francs, or dollars, because they don't know how long they will be in Saigon; at the rate the airlift has progressed so far, it could be six months, or even a year or two. In the fortnight or so before I left, the government began to allow remittances of funds from abroad—in dollars, for instance, which the authorized banks convert to piastres at slightly less than the official rate, and then only if the recipient can prove he needs the money to pay legitimate bills.

As one might have expected, the million or so Chinese in Cholon, who were forced to become Vietnamese citizens years ago and to put Vietnamese names alongside the Chinese names on their shops, but who kept right on making and saving money, have been less affected by the Communist takeover than the rest of the Saigonese. Though the Chinese don't seem to be buying much these days, either, the neat stores and shops in Cholon, stacked with canned goods and Chinese delicacies, have mostly stayed open, and the streets, the food stalls, and many of the restaurants present more of a general appearance of activity than those in Saigon proper. (It is difficult to imagine the Chinese being lethargic or lazy under any circumstances, but the South Vietnamese can be both.) Just what the Communists will do about the Chinese community, and, more specifically, about Chinese commercial life, is no clearer than a lot of other things. The former government always had a hard time knowing what the Cholonese really thought or were doing. A considerable underground Communist movement was certainly built up within the Chinese community, and since the takeover some organized meetings have been held in Cholon, but they have been no better planned and no better attended than the meetings among the Vietnamese. Unlike the Vietnamese, the Chinese will probably not be moved



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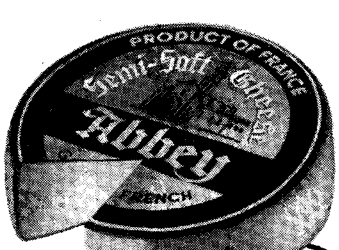

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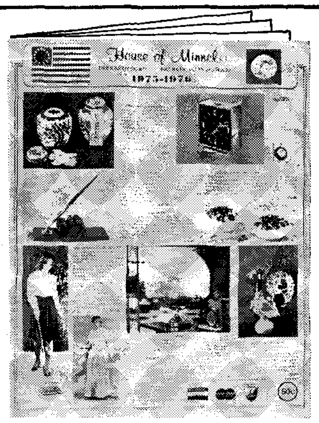

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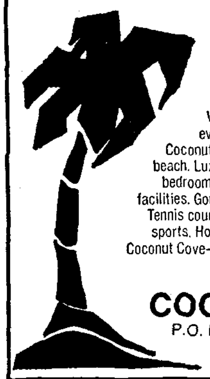

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to the countryside, but whether those who want to leave Vietnam will be allowed to go, with or without any of their money, is problematical.

The Chinese money merchants who used to set the daily black-market rate for the whole city have disappeared from downtown Saigon, where they regularly gathered each morning in a well-known restaurant. With business so slow these days, all the old Chinese-Vietnamese commercial and banking operations are dormant, if not dead. As the whole city marks time, one of the few busy downtown areas is the waterfront. Though it is not packed with cargo vessels, as it used to be during the war, ships have begun to come into the harbor again, mostly flying Russian, Eastern European, or Scandinavian flags, and bringing a wide assortment of cargoes, including petroleum products. The crews can occasionally be seen wandering around town. One day, I ran into a group of Eastern Europeans or Russians at the zoo—where the kangaroos, elephants, monkeys, and other animals are still being fed and cared for, though I thought they looked scrawny.

Most of the prominent Vietnamese I knew who stayed in Saigon at the end, either voluntarily or because they couldn't get out, have kept out of sight. Among them are those who were willing to work with the ill-fated, short-lived government of General Duong Van Minh. I had an accidental, sad last meeting with Big Minh—as he was called—shortly before he surrendered, on the morning of April 30th. I had gone to Independence Palace after spending the early part of the morning at the American Embassy, where I watched the last helicopter loaded with Marines take off from the roof shortly before 8 A.M. and then stayed to watch the looting. When I got to the palace, I just drove in and walked up the front steps and into the building. A civilian told me that Minh was on the floor above. I walked up, carrying my camera, and suddenly found myself confronting a man in a safari suit three feet away. It was Minh, and he was completely alone. He was unshaven, and his face looked drawn and as if he had been crying. We shook hands, and I asked him what was happening. "The other side will be here very soon," he said. He was obviously much upset and didn't want to say anything else, but I took some film of him as he walked away, head down, across the vast expanse of the palace ballroom—a last shot of the old regime. An hour or so

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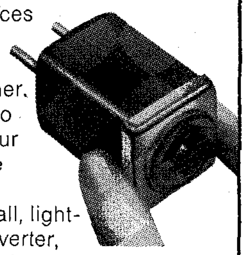

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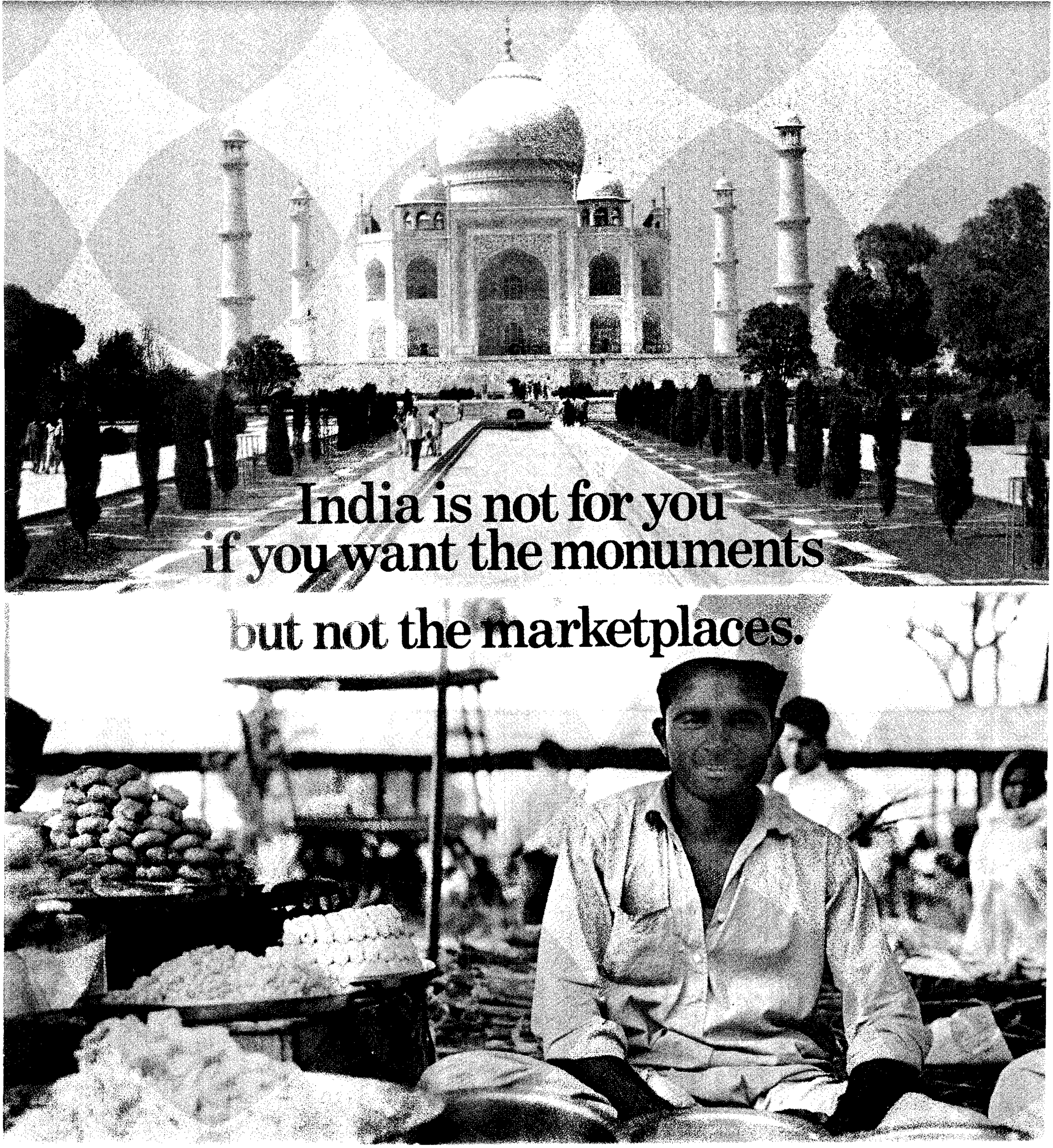

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later, after I had watched the first North Vietnamese tank appear in the area—its number was 843, and it has already become a new revolutionary legend—and batter down the main palace gate, I listened to Big Minh make his surrender speech, and afterward he came out and talked briefly to a group of press men before he went home. That was the last time I saw him. He is still in his house, a few blocks from the palace, tending his favorite orchids.

One of the ironies I shall always remember is walking out of the palace after the surrender ceremony that morning and shaking hands in the garden with a young North Vietnamese soldier. I asked him his name. "Nguyen Van Thieu," he said. My reaction was understandably skeptical, but he assured me he was telling the truth. The name is a common one. A week later, on May 7th, the Communists held their first big celebration at the palace, marking the twenty-first anniversary of the victory at Dien Bien Phu. This time, it was General Tra who spoke, from the second-floor balcony—to a crowd that included a motley array of jungle fighters, Communist film stars, old revolutionary women in *ao dai*, and various pro-Communist personages. Another week later, on May 15th, there was a big victory parade, and on this occasion grandstands and a speakers' platform were erected in front of the palace. It was then that we got our first—and, in many cases, our only—glimpse of the top North Vietnamese leaders, such as the aged President Ton Duc Thang and the Politburo members Pham Hung and Le Duc Tho.

Though French residents make up by far the majority of the slowly dwindling group of foreigners remaining in Vietnam, there are still about sixty Americans around—all presumably registered with the government. Most of them are in Saigon, but seven missionaries who were captured in Ban Me Thuot, in the Highlands, are now known to have been sent to an internment camp near Pleiku, and no one seems to know just when they will be allowed to leave the country. Two employees of the American Mission who were working upcountry at the time of the takeover, one in the Highlands and one on the coast at Phan Rang, have not been heard from and are presumed to be prisoners. Four others, according to what I was able to learn from Vietnamese friends, are being held in the Chau Doc area, in the Delta; they may be men who were captured near

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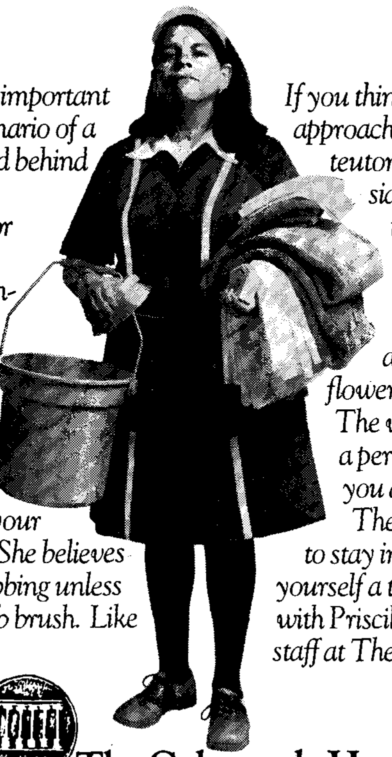

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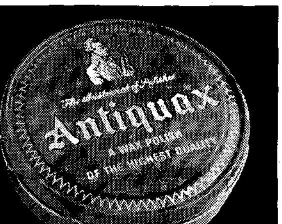

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neighboring Cambodia. No one knows exactly who they are, but one of my acquaintances here said he saw them being paraded around the provincial capital, and another said he saw two of them in a compound.

Of the fifty or so Americans remaining in Saigon, about two-thirds, mostly former contractors and former civilian workers for the Defense Attaché's Office, are living at a Red Cross Hospitality House downtown. They get a weekly rice ration and are allowed about ten thousand piastres a week for supplemental food and miscellaneous expenses—beer, cigarettes, and so on. The others are scattered around, living in their old apartments or hotels. One of them—Larry Feigon, a drifter who sports a beard and lives like a hippie—was put in jail for six weeks and then let go. Another, a contractor who was living with his girl friend at a hotel near the waterfront, is still there. He had come up from the Delta on April 29th, got drunk, and missed the evacuation. He staggered out of bed the next morning and, looking out the window, saw all the Communist tanks and soldiers and flags; he went back to bed, overcome by hangover and disbelief. Fred Gulden, the chief architect for a company contracted to AID, the American economic-assistance organization, spent April 29th feverishly trying to get his Vietnamese employees out. The American government had promised to evacuate them but forgot them in the panic. Gulden's nineteen American co-workers all took off, but he kept on trying to help his Vietnamese assistants until it was too late for him, or them, to get on a helicopter. He then went to his apartment, overlooking the palace, only to discover that he had lost his key. When he rang the bell, his *thi ba*, or female servant, opened the door. She was so startled to see him that she screamed and bolted the door in his face; she probably thought he was a ghost. Being a placid sort of man, Gulden took the overnight bag he had been carrying around to leave with and went to a hotel off Tu Do; he is still living there. Another American, Joe Brickman, who ran a tourist bureau, also missed the evacuation. He goes to his downtown office on Tu Do every morning, even though he has nothing to do.

Two Americans who chose to stay are still working. One of them is a former member of the International Voluntary Services named Paul Horton, whom I have known for some

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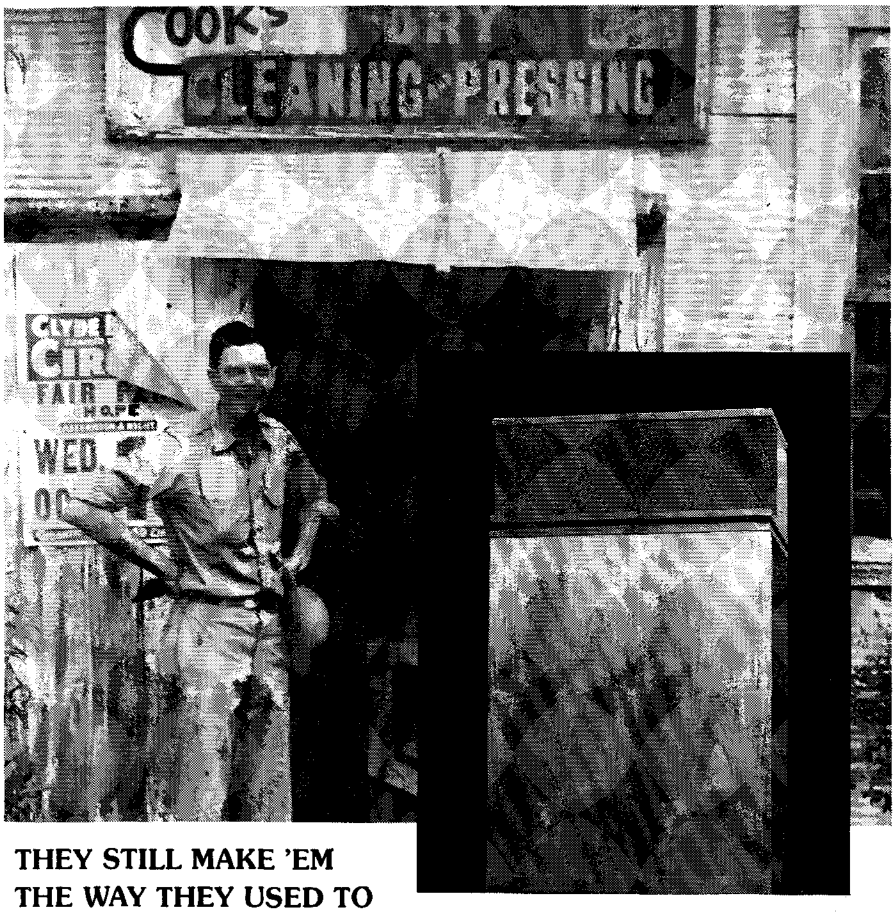
years. Horton was in a bad accident several years ago, suffering severe head injuries when he was hit by a military truck. He went back to the States but returned to Vietnam when he was discharged from the hospital. Being fluent in Vietnamese, he went to work at the Vietnamese mental hospital at Bien Hoa, near Saigon, and he is still there. I went up to take some pictures of him, and he seemed quite happy. He told me he knew the war was over but didn't care, and he speaks only vaguely of the past. He seemed perfectly content to go on working at the hospital, where he tends a small farm, taking care of the pigs and other animals, training patients in farming, and earning about fifteen thousand piastres a month. He lives in a small room and has only a few clothes. He said he has no desire to return to America, but sooner or later he may have to go.

The same is true of a more unusual American—a tall, rangy man in his late thirties, whose name I don't know. He is a cyclo driver. I had heard about him from Vietnamese friends, and one day I spotted him near the cathedral, riding along on his cyclo wearing tight trousers and a white jockey cap; he was bare to the waist, like most cyclo drivers. I was riding in a car, and stopped and jumped out to hail him, but he shook his head and pedalled away. He obviously didn't want any English-speaking passengers. A week or so later, as I was sitting in my office, a Vietnamese who works with me suddenly shouted, "There he is!" We saw the cyclo man, whom I had mentioned, passing. My Vietnamese friend ran out, chased after him, and got into the cyclo. My friend asked, in English, "Are you an American?" but the driver replied, in Vietnamese, "I am a Vietnamese citizen." They kept up a desultory conversation for several blocks, my friend asking questions in English and the cyclo driver answering in Vietnamese. He said he made about fifteen hundred piastres a day but worked only every second day, because he had a partner. That was just about enough to get by, he said, after he paid a Chinese cyclo owner two hundred piastres rent for the vehicle and bought food. It was hard going at first, he said, but he had got used to the work and he wanted to keep on doing it and stay in Vietnam. At the end of the ride, my friend paid him, and the driver smiled and said, "O.K."—the only American word he spoke.

—NEIL DAVIS

(This article was written in collaboration with Robert Shaplen.)



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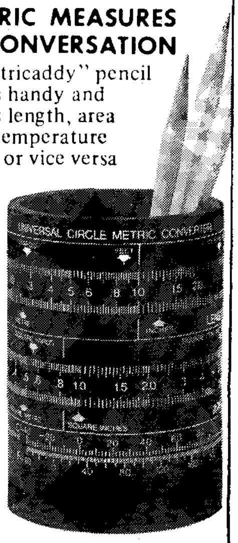

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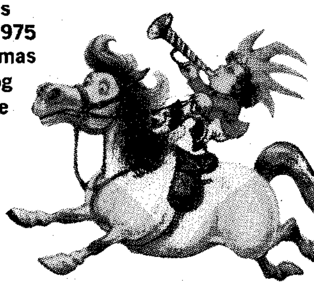

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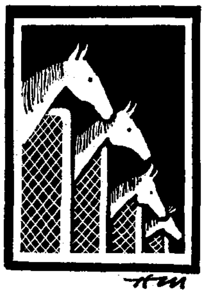
THE RACE TRACK

Forego's Turn



ENTHRALLING as the run for the Marlboro Cup was three weeks ago, it was topped by the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. For one thing, you seldom see three race riders who should know better sending their mounts head-and-head throughout the first half of a race at a mile and a half as though they were in a six-furlong sprint, but that's what Maple, Baeza, and Gustines did with Avatar, Wajima, and Forego. It was thrilling to watch, though hardly a brilliant exhibition of jockeyship. The finish was almost a duplicate of that in the Marlboro Cup, except that this time Forego won by a length and three-quarters, and then there was a claim of foul that kept the crowd of 26,000 on tenterhooks for nearly ten minutes while the stewards reviewed Baeza's charge that his mount had been blocked in the last sixteenth. Gustines had been whipping right-handed and Forego had borne to the left, crossing in front of Wajima, but the stewards decided that there had not been enough interference to warrant disqualification. For the record, Group Plan was third, and Avatar, who tired, finished next to last.

When the entries came out, the day before the Woodward, I doubted that Forego would start. He had never run well on a wet track, and the races scheduled that Friday afternoon had been called off because of heavy rain, which had inundated the racing strip. However, the ground crew that takes care of the strip put it back in first-class condition overnight. Officially, it was labelled fast for the Woodward. Avatar was quickest out of the gate, with Wajima a jump behind him, and as they went around the clubhouse turn Forego was right up there with them, third; he seemed to like the footing. Swinging into the backstretch, around the far turn, and on into the homestretch, the trio went heads apart at a surprising pace, the three other starters lengths behind them. As a matter of fact, the time of 2:27⅕ was a fifth of a second faster than Forego's time when he won the Woodward last year. Without any desire to rub the gold dust off Forego's victory, I must report that the Woodward was at weight for age, so he carried 126 pounds, three pounds less than he carried in the Marlboro Cup; it was his lightest burden this year. His next start will be for the $150,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup, in which he will meet Wajima again. It's a good bet that whoever wins that will be the next Horse of the Year.

THE *Daily Racing Form* published an interesting collection of statistics last week covering the season from January 1st to August 31st. Dan Lasater, who, to borrow an old saying, must have as many horses as Carter has Little Liver pills, again leads the list of owners, with thirteen hundred and ninety-six runners who won three hundred and fifty-one races and $2,107,095 in that period. Mr. Lasater also has six trainers, among them Charlie Whittingham, who handles the stock Lasater sends to California. Whittingham is the country's leading money-winning trainer, having amassed $1,848,785 by taking all the jackpots at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. As of August 31st, however, he hadn't saddled as many winners as Dick Dutrow, who operates a public stable in the East; Whittingham had only seventy-seven, compared with Dutrow's two hundred and eighteen. As for jockeys, while Chris McCarron led with three hundred and five winning mounts in fourteen hundred and forty-two rides, Sandy Hawley, who had an amazing season in California, rocketed to the top of the money-winners, his mounts having picked up $2,696,172, to pass Shoemaker's $2,693,704. Purses, like everything else, are bigger in California.

—AUDAX MINOR

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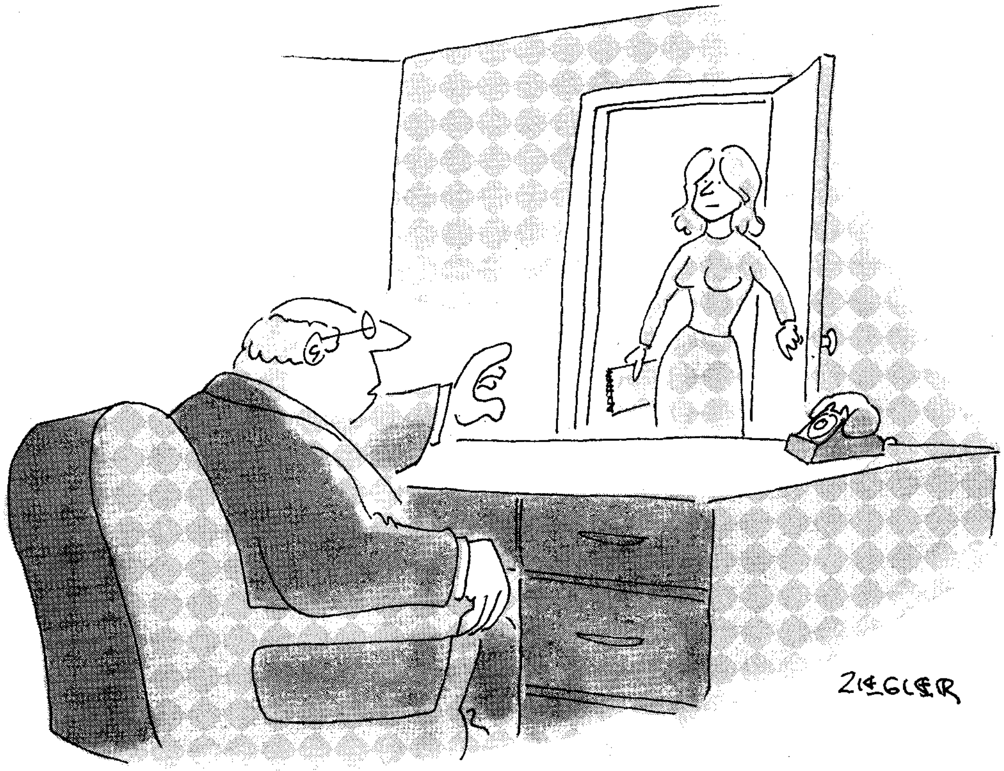
BOOKS

Alone But Not Aloof

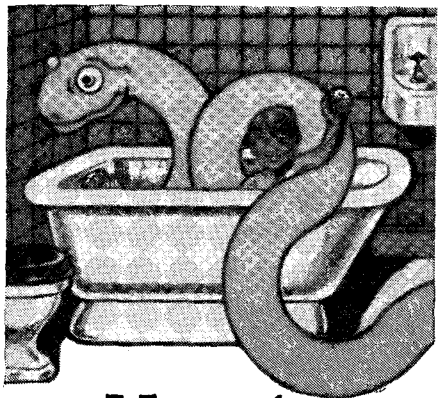
WHAT would W. H. Auden have made of "W. H. Auden—A Tribute," edited by Stephen Spender (Macmillan)? He would have winced, I fancy, at the embalming opulence of the production (10″ by 7½″, 101 plates, $14.95) and the quickness with which the helpless dead are visited by the sentimental, and not necessarily profitless, exertions of the living. At several places in the memoirs, poems, and critiques composed by the thirty-three contributors, Auden's express wish that his letters be withheld from posterity is pointedly ignored, and it cannot be said that the glimpses of him in action, as recorded by frank observers like Cyril Connolly, Nicolas Nabokov, and David Luke, are all such as to make his wraith smile. From its dramatic jacket (Auden's creased face looking, as he once said, like "a wedding cake which had been eft out in the rain") inward, the book avors of glorification in a way that sits bit embarrassedly upon the self-care-ess, always efficiently professional sub-ect. My own closest approach to Auden was a drink years ago in his St. Mark's Place apartment, when a friend was ubletting it; we were struck, inspectng the library of the absent landlord, y how his own books—his collections nd plays and translations and anhologies—were not set aside on the helves but distributed, in worn copies, hrough them, placed where genre and opic dictated, as if anyone had written hem.

Yet Auden, Mr. Spender points out n his introduction, took an active inerest in a *Festschrift* volume for his xty-fifth birthday and was no decliner f tributes. He was a great believer in riendship; in "New Year Letter" he dvised us all to dwell in "the *polis* of ur friends," and it would surely please im to see assembled in this commemrative volume so many who knew im, and to overhear, from the repose f his early bedtime (he never thought too rude to leave a party in progress), hem all talking about him. The editor as done a good job of assembling urvivors to testify on each stage of uden's bi-continental career; they nge from Auden's older brother ohn, who beheld him in the cradle, to hester Kallman, who "found him ead/ Turning icy-blue on a hotel d." Framed by some criticism, the emoirs progress from his schoolmates nd early mentors to the confreres of his famous years as the foremost new English poet (Spender and Isherwood and Connolly), to the collaborators and conversation partners of his New York decades (Lincoln Kirstein and Ursula Niebuhr and Hannah Arendt and Louis Kronenberger), and, finally, to the relatively youthful witnesses (Orlan Fox and Oliver Sacks and David Luke) of his less happy Manhattan *Dämmerung* and his abortive return to Oxford. Each voice adds its blind-man's impressions to the elephant once in their midst. (Michael Yates, indeed, describes the great man, going to bed in Kirchstetten, as padding off "at nine o'clock in those carpet slippers, a bottle of wine in his fist, looking like the back side of an elephant, to have his bubble bath.") An ordinary biography, like a work of fiction, is controlled by a single imagination, which imposes its limitations on a chaos of data and achieves coherence, persuasive or not. In this album, the perspective alters every few pages, and—to quote Chester Kallman's poem—"Wystan ploughs through/ Blindly as ever, as ever making/ Chaos good soil and bearable." As a man who valued privacy, and who, for all his gregariousness, kept something essential of himself apart, Auden *would* have smiled, I imagine, at how, when the thirty-three authors have made their grabs at him, he has eluded every one.

Even his physical appearance proves slippery. Nicolas Nabokov notes "the dirt of his fingernails," but seven pages earlier James Stern has shown himself powerfully affected by the sight of "the fattish, fleshy, unfeeling fingers. Each nail bitten down to the quick." Robert Craft feels obliged to report that the poet was, among other things, "slightly peculiar-smelling"—a plaint swiftly qualified by parenthetical praise of "his purity of spirit and intellectual punctiliousness"—but we have been repeatedly informed of Auden's passion for baths, for bubble baths, for singing in the bath. Perhaps the answer lies in a directive the poet gave Louis Kronenberger: "Get up very early and get going at once, in fact, work first and wash afterwards." Craft must have sniffed Auden out before the working day ended. It is Kronenberger, too, who throws light upon the notorious carpet slippers that Auden, much to the amazement of his fellow-Americans, wore indoors and out, summer and winter: "the carpet slippers," Kronenberger explains, "that his suffering feet made necessary." Orlan Fox, with the poet's help, further elucidates this mys-



"I'm feeling somewhat paradoxical today, Miss Forbes. Perhaps you should alert the staff."



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Why John Wayne is called "The Duke."
Where to dig for worms.
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How to do your taxes.
Why leaves are green.
Where to grow mushrooms.
Why they created West Virginia.
Who won the battle of Culloden.
How to fix your car.
Where they have dog races.
Where "The Night Watch" is.
Who Gutenberg was.
Who the Zealots were.
Where Bora-Bora is.
How to land a man.
Who stood in the snow at Canossa.
Who wrote Shakespeare.
Why E=MC2.
Where Halley's Comet goes.
How to buy stocks.
Why the sky stays up.
Why Chicago is the Windy City.
Why it rains.
How to beat Bobby Fischer.
Where *Sonnets from the Portugese* were written.
Why there is smog.
How to buy a house.
Where they keep the Hope Diamond.
How to make a million.
How to get a raise.
Where Murano glass comes from.
How to sew a dress.
How to bake a cake.
Who figured out arithmetic.
Where to complain about potholes.
Who Peach Melba was named after.
How to get into college.
Why Ike won.
Where gypsies live.
Why they eat spaghetti in China.
Where the sun goes at night.
How to write a term paper.
How to land a woman.
How to wash your house.
Who has a job for you.
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tery: "Well, he did suffer painfully of corns. But he admitted to me that he deliberately chose the tackiest style—'At my age,' he said, 'I'm allowed to seem a little dotty.' " Was Auden, *when he was a young man, attractive?* The photographs ("The camera always lies," he once said) attest, ambiguously, to a rather oval pale face, with something soft and heavy below the sad, triangular eyes. He played Peter Quince as well as Isolde in childhood performances, and was remembered by Sebastian Shaw, who played Petruchio opposite Auden's Katherine in a Gresham's School production of "The Taming of the Shrew," as " 'a small, slightly puffy little boy with pink and white cheeks and almost colourless hair,' not very good at being a girl, 'red wrists projecting from frilly sleeves and never knowing what to do with his hands.' " Auden's hands win few good words in these reminiscences, and unanimity prevails concerning his extraordinary pallor. Sir John Betjeman remembers a "tall milky-skinned and coltish member of 'The House' (Christ Church) who contradicted all my statements about poetry. . . . And yet there was an oracular quality about this tough youth in corduroys that compelled my attention." Of the contributors to this volume, only the impressionable Cyril Connolly seems to have been stirred by Auden's physical appearance: "I was at once obsessed with his appearance which penetrated deep into my subconscious so that I often dreamt about him." Connolly describes a dream in which Auden had added "small firm breasts" to the attributes Connolly perceived by daylight:

> He was tall and slim, with a mole on his upper lip, rather untidy tow-colored hair in a loop over his forehead with extraordinary greenish eyes suggesting that iceberg glare he liked to claim from his Norse ancestors.

Connolly, the contributor who most feelingly conveys the impact of Auden's early poems on the English literary public, also best describes the pitted, crease-crossed ("plough marks crossing a field" to Henry Moore) face Auden elderly put on: "that striated Roman mask of luminous authority which it became harder and harder to penetrate." Auden was remarkably smooth-faced when he was young, and became prodigiously wrinkled when old. He kept his hair, whatever its color, to the end. In 1938, in China, he looked to Basil Boothby like "a big, mad, white rabbit."

The touch of the uncanny in Auden's appearance may have come

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from his Icelandic ancestors; his life preserved and magnified it. The cumulative portrait that this tribute comprises does not emphasize, nor can it quite conceal, elements of childishness retained in Auden's character. He slept in the fetal position, Michael Yates tells us, and "all his life regardless of temperature his bed was piled with a suffocating load—not for warmth but because he liked weight." This liking for weight generated anecdotes about the coats, the carpets, the drapes, even a framed picture that his hosts would discover he had appropriated to make himself cosy. "Cosy," according to Oliver Sacks, was one of his favorite concepts; coming to tea with Auden for the first time, in 1969, Sacks found the teapot in a tea cosy, an egg served in an egg cosy, and the tank jacket of his motorbike admired as a "bike cosy." Orlan Fox adds to the cosiness and the bubble baths and the aging man's increasingly petulant insistence on the punctual observance of his nine-o'clock bedtime the revelation that when eating dinner Auden "always sat on a volume of the OED, as if he were a child too short for table." Auden referred to his mother as a moral authority as long as he lived, and the first picture in this book shows her as an old lady, looking strikingly like him, though without that touch of clumsy corpulence that became, finally, his walrusian abundance of folds. One of his last poems is a lullaby sung to himself:

> Now you have licence to lie
> naked, curled like a shrimplet,
> jacent in bed and enjoy
> its cosy micro-climate . . .
> Sleep, Big Baby, sleep your fill.

If Auden's unbroken connection to his fetal self tethered him, held his poetry within some bounds of tameness and talkiness, it also supplied him with a ceaseless strength, the facility of a trusting child. Of his native landscape, in "In Praise of Limestone," he wrote,

> What could be more like Mother or a fitter background
> For her son, the flirtatious male who lounges
> Against a rock in the sunlight, never doubting
> That for all his faults he is loved; whose works are but
> Extensions of his power to charm?

Auden's self-confidence is remarked on by many who knew him. His brother John, a distinguished geologist, remembers his "bumptious precocity" in "a family in which there was love and encouragement to many activities." Harold Llewellyn Smith, a classmate when Auden arrived at St. Edmund's,

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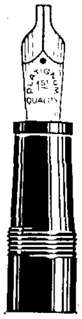

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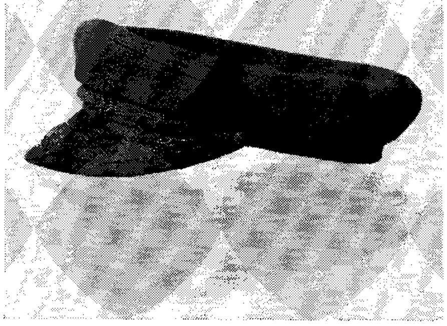

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at the age of eight, records that "Wystan, as a small boy, was not only clever and precocious, but was also well aware of the fact. . . . He greatly revered his father—a man of wide scholarship—and he adored his mother, a devout Anglican of high church inclinations. The latter spoilt 'Witny' somewhat, as being the youngest of her three sons." Fifty years later, Auden told Anne Fremantle that "as the youngest child in the family and the youngest boy *in* my class *at* school, I always felt that I was the youngest everywhere . . ." Though some of his schoolmasters were slow to recognize it (he received a mere third at Oxford), his peers deferred to his promise. Rex Warner met Auden at Oxford: "My impressions of him were of a more than ordinary boyishness, a fresh, unwrinkled, pink face and an amazing intellectual ebullience. His appetite for facts and ideas was voracious. His rapid voluble conversation, full of delightful twists and turns, had always a kind of positive character which distinguished him from most of us." Spender, recalling "the undergraduate poet with the abruptly turning head, and eyes that could quickly take the measure of people or ideas," says, "We were grateful for a person who was so different from ourselves, not quite a person in the way that other people were." Golo Mann detected in him "the air of one who was used to being *primus inter pares*, one might even say a triumphant air, so long as this does not suggest anything exaggerated or theatrical." Auden's phenomenal quickness and cleverness were, like his eccentricities, yoked to an admirable moral positiveness; his "triumphant air" had a "positive character." Kronenberger writes, "What, his great talent aside, seemed most remarkable about him was how decidedly he knew what he wanted, or liked, or disliked, or found boring; indeed it was because he was so surefooted that he could think and act so fast." Lincoln Kirstein, recalling the incongruous apparition of Auden, with his English accent and carpet slippers, serving as a major in the U.S. Army, puts it best:

> Paradoxically, from the eccentric atmosphere emanated a fresh objective utterance which quite defused the fantastic. *His presence was comforting, almost endearing;* he was at once so cheerful, so harmless, so bright and so right.

Auden's upbringing in limestone country gave him not only his invincible intellectual confidence but what John Bayley calls the "family life" within his poetry—the unforced social

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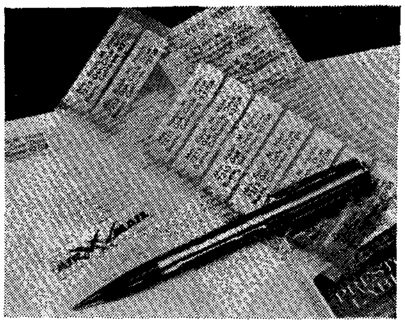

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concern whereby his verse, for all its metrical and verbal cleverness, "joins itself effortlessly to life." Kronenberger comes to the same point via acquaintance: "His own personal sense of what's done or is not done smacked much more of the nursery and the schoolroom than of later, worldlier origins." Oliver Sacks, himself a doctor, sympathetically emphasizes Auden's concern with healing, with care; the son of a doctor, this sanest and most generous of modern poets displayed in his art "the amalgamation of accuracy and affection" that is the essence of care. None of these appreciations mention a minor aspect of Auden that always impressed me: the intentness and wit he brought to every piece of job work. His anthologies—of light verse, of Kierkegaard—never lack ideas, stated in the introduction and embodied in the selections. No more intelligent compendium of English-language poetry exists than the Viking Portable anthology he and Norman Holmes Pearson edited, with its five pleasant-to-handle volumes, each one so full of discoveries and discriminations, and their very titles ("Marlowe to Marvell," "Milton to Goldsmith") cutting across the stale groupings of custom in a way that makes—as elucidated in Auden's brilliant little prefaces—perfect, fresh sense.

And yet, how alone. The word "alone" echoes through these disparate memoirs and appraisals like a unifying undertone. "Surrounded by the whole paraphernalia of broadcasting techniques he sat alone, as if on the moon's vacant surface . . ." "Described at school as 'alone but not aloof,' Wystan . . ." "Certainly Wystan was and felt himself to be alone . . ." "Many years later he returned and stood alone on that exact spot . . ." "I don't think I am over-anxious about the future, though I do quail a bit sometimes before the probability that it will be lonely. . . ." ". . . getting older, crankier, lonelier . . ." "Wystan announced to the press that he was going to Christ Church because he could be dead a week in the city before anyone found his body . . ." "Too often, looking rather formidable, he would be sitting by himself, watched from other tables. . . ." "He had also perhaps acquired some tragic quality of isolation. . . ." The life of a homosexual is onely in its passing contacts (an early sonnet, never reprinted, addressed itself to "you,/ Lovely and willing every afternoon./ But find myself with my routine to do,/ And knowing that I shall forget you soon") and its pro-

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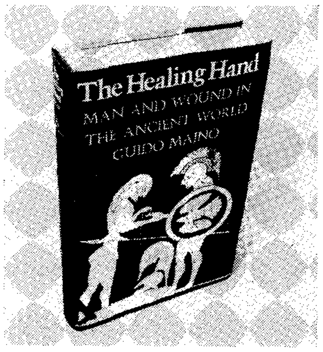

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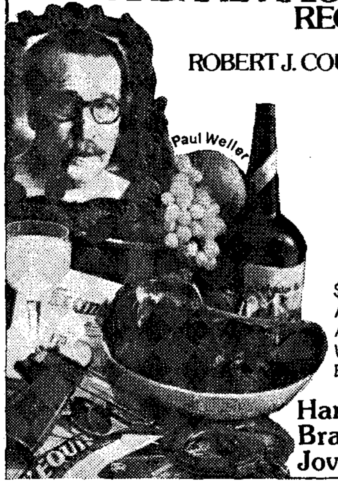

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genitive barrenness; Auden keenly felt the lack of a family. But he struck up friendships easily, and at least one of his companionships had the stability of a good marriage; his sexual nature was not at the root of the "touch of the solitary" Golo Mann detected amid his "intricate web of human relationships." In his lines on the death of Freud, he wrote "to be free/ Is often to be lonely." If he seemed more alone than his contemporaries, it may be that he, with the confident decisiveness that was his, had turned a more major portion of himself inward, toward his art and his determination, early announced, to be great. And if he eludes, for all the piquancy and affection of their remembrances, these friends and admirers, Cyril Connolly gives the reason:

> I keep trying to describe Wystan yet I feel I am but making a grotesque waxwork because I cannot communicate the mysterious certainty of inspiration that covered old envelopes with his tiny crabbed writing.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Commemorations, by Hans Herlin, translated from the German by Eric Mosbacher (St. Martin's). A depressingly smooth, streamlined ride through the horrors of Nazi Germany via the memory of a middle-aged photographer who is suddenly offered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to kill a man he hates: the concentration-camp doctor who was responsible for the death of a woman he loved. Two very different sorts of books have actually been fused into one here. One presents a searching, if rather slick, picture of some of the day-to-day moral issues Germans had to face (or not face) during the war; the other is an even slicker popular novel that offers superficial vignettes and wisdom about the lives of the rich and powerful in Germany. Both are fairly well written, but they have a tentative, centerless quality, and each saps strength from the other. The "serious" themes—the photographer's love for the dead woman, his possible complicity in her death, and his general passivity and fecklessness (he spent the war photographing plundered objets d'art)—constantly interfere with the story of the manhunt and the family of rich, amoral industrialists who have orchestrated it. And vice versa. It's as if Mr. Herlin couldn't decide

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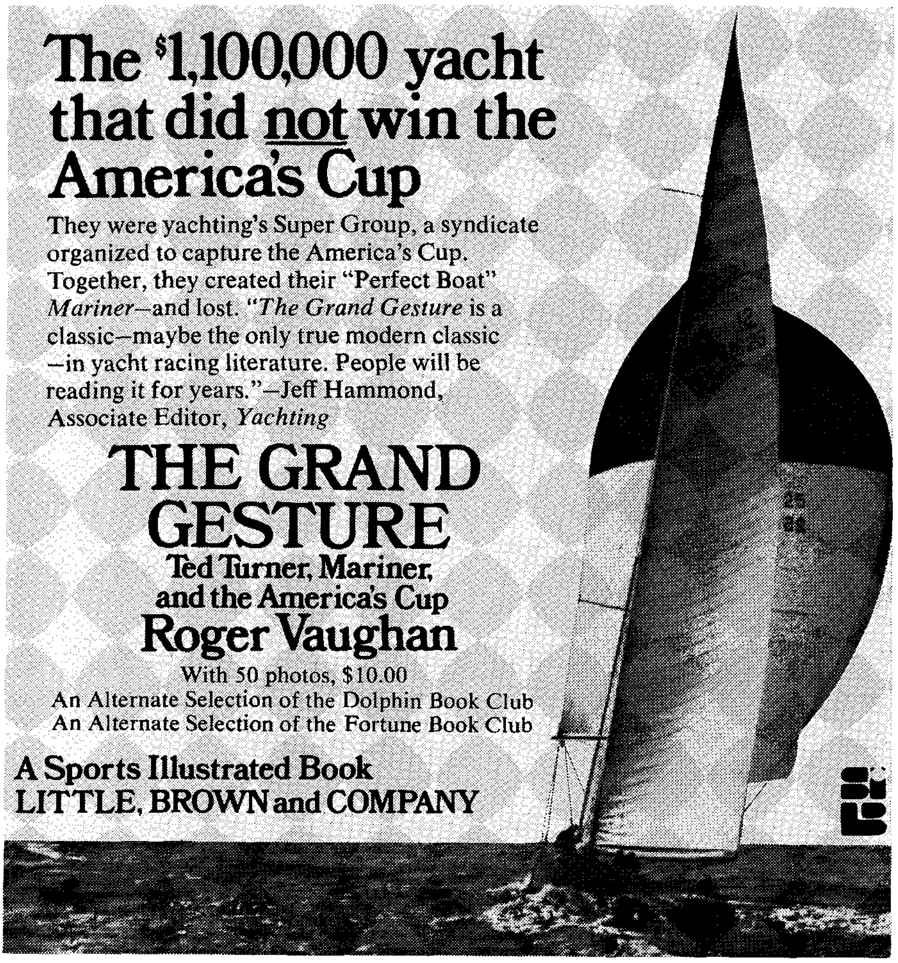
GENERAL

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR OIL: OILMEN AND THE ISLAMIC EAST, by Christopher T. Rand (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An exceptionally readable, persuasive indictment of the world's seven great oil cartels—Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, Standard of California, British Petroleum, and Royal Dutch/Shell—and of recent and current American Administrations that have catered to them. The author is an Arabist, a Persian expert, and a journalist who has worked all over the Middle East. He says that these companies, and nobody else, have kept oil prices up, by fixing prices, destroying competition, and deliberately underproducing, while concealing their activities behind propaganda that embroils the United States beyond its practical or political necessities. Mr. Rand's tone is not hysterical or sensational; his book is loaded with facts, and his style is simple, artful, and witty. He tells a lot of modern history as well as business history, keeping track of each oil-producing country's story without repetitiveness. He says flatly that there is no current worldwide oil shortage—that the Middle Eastern oil fields (as well as oil fields elsewhere) are far richer than these companies let on, and that the cartels have acquired huge concessions in several Middle Eastern countries for the sole purpose of keeping them out of production. Mr. Rand believes that some Islamic regimes have been corrupt, and a few crackbrained, but that the majority have been quite as rational as Western governments, and certainly as honest as the oil companies. He thinks that oil consumers would benefit if Middle Eastern oil were nationalized and sold to any and every oil refiner instead of being handed over to irresponsible monopolies that divert at least some of their profits to corrupting and confusing the politics of consuming nations.

CHARLES OLSON AND EZRA POUND: AN ENCOUNTER AT ST. ELIZABETHS, by Charles Olson, edited by Catherine Seelye (Viking/Grossman). Charles Olson, who died in 1970, was not yet a recognized poet when, in 1946, he was drawn to visit Ezra Pound, who was then locked up in a Washington mental hospital because of his wartime



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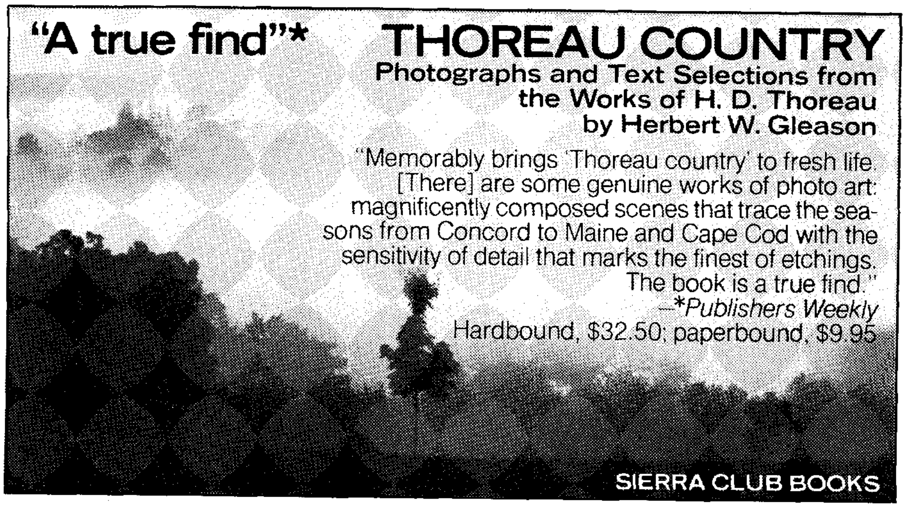

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broadcasts for the Axis. Olson, a New Deal Democrat who worked for the Office of War Information, wanted to know how an American poetic genius could be a Fascist. This book collects Olson's notes and memoranda of his visits as well as the prose reflections and poems that his visits evoked. First off, the work reminds us what a considerable writer Olson himself was; both prose and verse are strong, sure, intuitive. He tells us that Pound retained an exceptional ear for, and deep interest in, poetry, and he also shows, in detail, how Pound's personality and behavior kept raising the question of whether he was insane or wicked. Mental states vary over time, and Olson is only one witness, but from these pages, at least, the answer appears to be that Pound was both—mad and evil (or exceptionally nasty)—but also a poet. Olson finally found the man intolerable.

THANK GOD WE KEPT THE FLAG FLYING: THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF LADYSMITH, 1899-1900, by Kenneth Griffith (Viking). A documentary-film producer who started as an actor, Mr. Griffith first saw South Africa—and first got interested in the Boer War—while touring with the Old Vic. His theme is that profiteering financiers safe in London sent untold numbers of soldiers to amass an empire, and these soldiers, though ill used and underpaid, fought with incredible bravery. Ladysmith, in Natal, besieged by the Boers from November through February, held out gallantly, sustained by humor and patriotism (and little else), while the signally incompetent British general, Sir Redvers Buller, inching toward the town, mismanaged one battle after another. The book is full of improbable, true coincidences—for example, young Winston Churchill, a war correspondent, and young Mahatma Gandhi, a volunteer stretcher bearer, were both at Spion Kop, the scene of a particularly bloody engagement. Still, the author never strays far from his purpose, which is to celebrate courage in a cause he deems mistaken.

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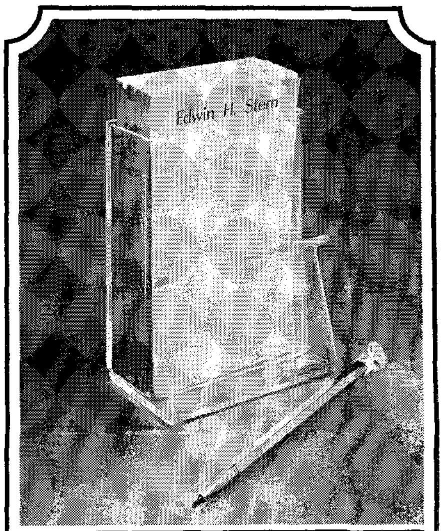
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette*]

Alan Crosby and Miss Edith Yoder sang several of Mr. Crosby's songs, accompanying themselves on guitar and flute.



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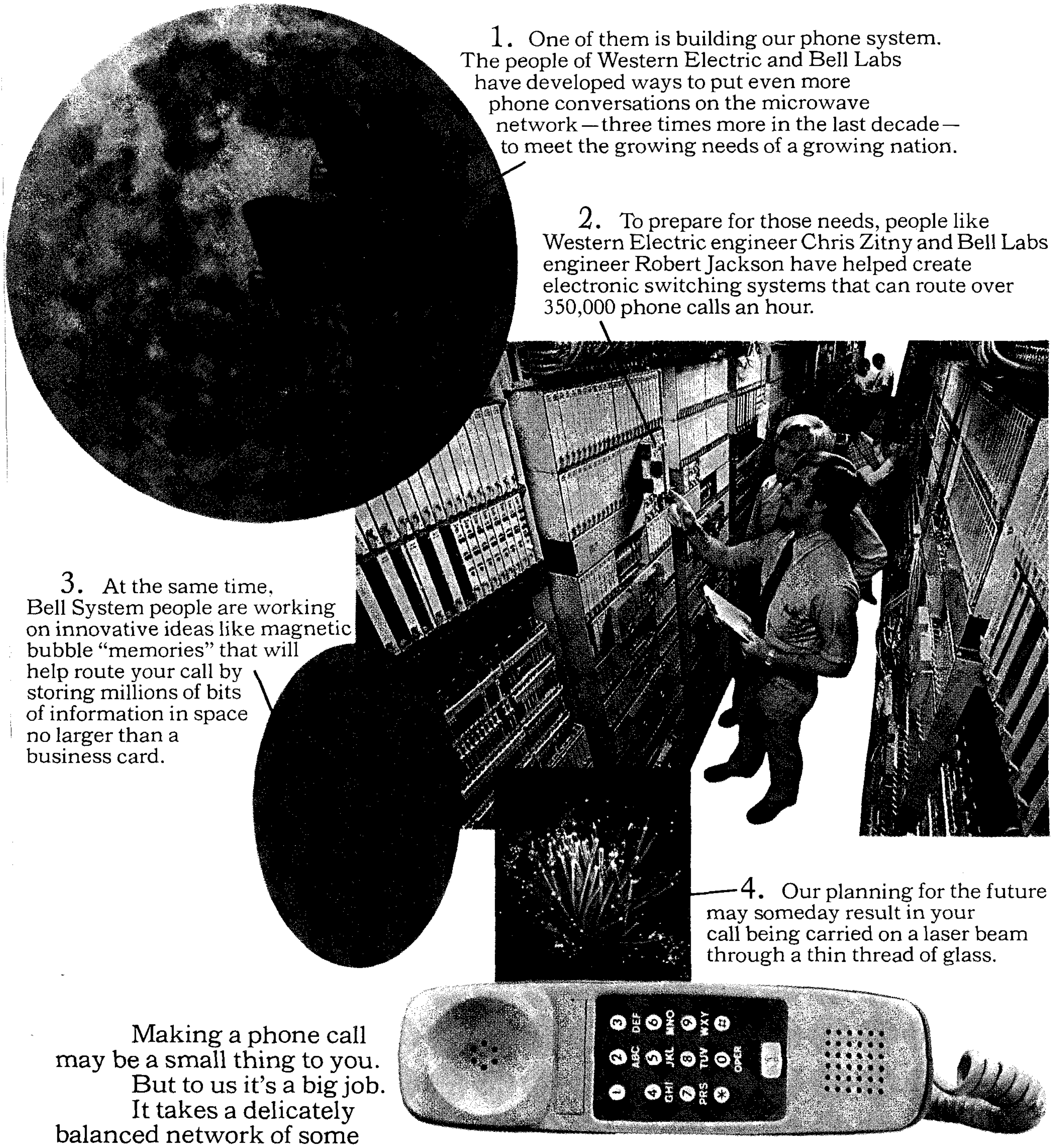
There are still some things Americans know how to do best.



1. One of them is building our phone system. The people of Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed ways to put even more phone conversations on the microwave network—three times more in the last decade—to meet the growing needs of a growing nation.

2. To prepare for those needs, people like Western Electric engineer Chris Zitny and Bell Labs engineer Robert Jackson have helped create electronic switching systems that can route over 350,000 phone calls an hour.

3. At the same time, Bell System people are working on innovative ideas like magnetic bubble "memories" that will help route your call by storing millions of bits of information in space no larger than a business card.

4. Our planning for the future may someday result in your call being carried on a laser beam through a thin thread of glass.

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